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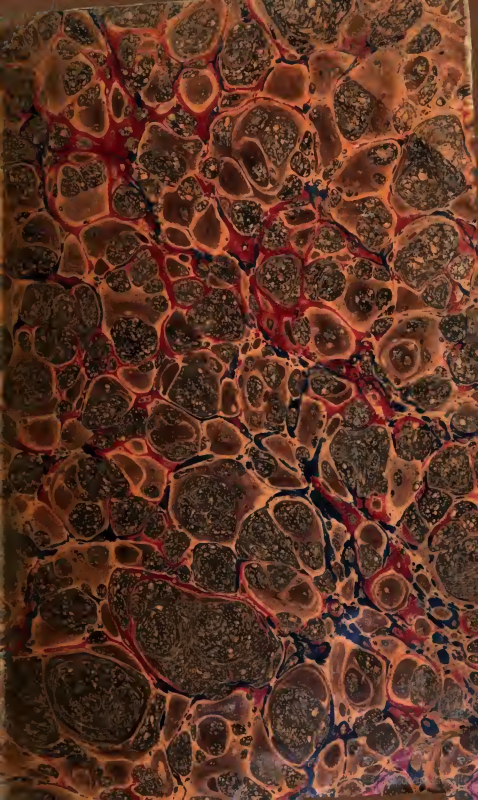
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SELECT POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
**THOMAS MOORE,**

CONSISTING OF

LALLA ROOKH. — IRISH MELODIES. — THE LOVES OF  
THE ANGELS. — THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND.



PARIS,  
BAUDRY'S EUROPEAN LIBRARY,  
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1847

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PARIS.—PRINTED BY FAIN AND THUNOT,  
Rue Racine, 28, near the Odeon.

# LALLA ROOKH,

AN ORIENTAL ROMANCE;

BY

THOMAS MOORE.



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BOOKSELLERS ON THE CONTINENT

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1844

# EARLY HISTORY

OF THE

STATE OF

NEW YORK

FROM

1614

TO

1784

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
THOMAS MOORE.

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LALLA ROOKH,

AN ORIENTAL ROMANCE.

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[The figures between parentheses () refer to notes placed at the end of the poem; the others refer to notes in the margin.—EDITOR.]

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TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

*This Poem is Dedicated*

BY HIS VERY GRATEFUL AND AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,  
THOMAS MOORE.

May 19 1817.

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In the eleventh year of the reign of Aurungzebe, Abdalla, king of the Lesser Bucharia, a lineal descendant from the Great Zingis, having abdicated the throne in favour of his son, set out on a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Prophet (1); and, passing into India through the delightful valley of Cashmere, rested for a short time at Delhi on his way. He was entertained by Aurungzebe in a style of magnificent hospitality, worthy alike of the visitor and the host, and was afterwards escorted with the same splendour to Surat, where he embarked for Arabia. During the stay of the royal pilgrim at Delhi, a marriage was agreed upon between the prince, his son, and the youngest daughter of the emperor, Lalla Rookh; <sup>1</sup>—a princess described by the poets of her time, as more beautiful than Leila (2), Shirine (3), Dewilde (4), or any of those heroines whose names and loves embellish the songs of Persia and Hindostan. It was intended that the nuptials should be celebrated at Cashmere; where the young king, as soon as the cares of empire would permit, was to meet, for the first time, his lovely bride, and, after a few months' repose in that enchanting valley, conduct her over the snowy hills into Bucharia.

<sup>1</sup> Tulip Chock.

The day of Lalla Rookh's departure from Delhi was as splendid as sunshine and pageantry could make it. The bazaars and baths were all covered with the richest tapestry; hundreds of gilded barges upon the Jumna floated with their banners sailing in the water, while through the streets groups of beautiful children went strewing the most delicious flowers around, as in that Persian festival called the Scattering of the Roses; <sup>1</sup> till every part of the city was as fragrant as if a caravan of musk from Khoten had passed through it. The Princess, having taken leave of her kind father, who at parting hung a cornelian of Yemcn round her neck, on which was inscribed a verse from the Koran,—and having sent a considerable present to the Fakirs, who kept up the Perpetual Lamp in her sister's tomb, meekly ascended the palanquin prepared for her; and, while Aurungzebe stood to take a last look from his balcony, the procession moved slowly on the road to Lahore.

Seldom had the Eastern world seen a cavalcade so superb. From the gardens in the suburbs to the imperial palace, it was one unbroken line of splendour. The gallant appearance of the Rajas and Mogul lords, distinguished by those insignia of the emperor's favour (5), the feathers of the egret of Cashmere in their turbans, and the small silver-rimmed kettle-drums at the bows of their saddles;—the costly armour of their cavaliers, who vied, on this occasion, with the guards of the great Keder Khan (6), in the brightness of their silver battle-axes, and the massiness of their maces of gold;—the glittering of the gilt pine-apples (7) on the tops of the palanquins;—the embroidered trappings of the elephants, bearing on their backs small turrets, in the shape of little antique temples, within which the ladies of Lalla Rookh lay, as it were, enshrined;—the rose-coloured veils of the Princess's own sumptuous litter (8), at the front of which a fair young female slave sat fanning her (9) through the curtains, with feathers of the Argus pheasant's wing;—and the lovely troop of the Tartarian and Cashmerian maids of honour, whom the young king had sent to accompany his bride, and who rode on each side of the litter, upon small Arabian horses;—all was brilliant, tasteful, and magnificent, and pleased even the critical and fastidious Fadladeen, great Nazir or Chamberlain of the Haram, who was borne in his palanquin immediately after the Princess, and considered himself not the least important personage of the pageant.

Fadladeen was a judge of every thing,—from the penciling of a Circassian's eye-lids to the deepest questions of science and literature; from the mixture of a conserve of rose-leaves to the composition of an epic poem: and such influence had his opinion upon the various tastes of the day, that all the cooks and poets of Delhi stood in awe of him. His political conduct and opinions were founded upon that line of Sadi,—“Should the prince at noon-day say, ‘It is night,’ declare that you behold the moon and stars.”—And his zeal for religion, of which Aurungzebe was a munificent protector (10), was about as disinterested as that of the goldsmith who fell in love with the diamond eyes of the idol (11) of Jaghernaut.

<sup>1</sup> Gul Resazee.



During the first days of their journey, Lalla Rookh, who had passed all her life within the shadow of the royal gardens of Delhi (12), found enough in the beauty of the scenery through which they passed to interest her mind and delight her imagination; and when, at evening or in the heat of the day, they turned off from the high road to those retired and romantic places which had been selected for her encampments,—sometimes on the banks of a small rivulet, as clear as the waters of the Lake of Pearl (13); sometimes under the sacred shade of a Banyan-tree, from which the view opened upon a glade covered with antelopes; and often in those hidden, embowered spots, described by one from the Isles of the West (14), as “places of melancholy, delight, and safety, where all the company around was wild peacocks and turtle-doves;”—she felt a charm in these scenes, so lovely and so new to her, which, for a time, made her indifferent to every other amusement. But Lalla Rookh was young, and the young love variety; nor could the conversation of her ladies and the great chamberlain, Fadladeen (the only persons, of course, admitted to her pavilion), sufficiently enliven those many vacant hours, which were devoted neither to the pillow nor the palankeen. There was a little Persian slave who sung sweetly to the Vina, and who, now and then, lulled the Princess to sleep with the ancient ditties of her country, about the loves of Wamak and Ezra (15), the fair-haired Zal and his mistress Rodahyer (16); not forgetting the combat of Rustam with the terrible White Demon (17). At other times she was amused by those graceful dancing-girls of Delhi, who had been permitted by the Bramins of the Great Pagoda to attend her, much to the horror of the good Mussulman Fadladeen, who could see nothing graceful or agreeable in idolaters, and to whom the very tinkling of their golden anklets (18) was an abomination.

But these and many other diversions were repeated till they lost all their charm, and the nights and noon-days were beginning to move heavily, when, at length, it was recollected that, among the attendants sent by the bridegroom, was a young poet of Cashmere, much celebrated throughout the valley for his manner of reciting the stories of the East, on whom his royal master had conferred the privilege of being admitted to the pavilion of the Princess, that he might help to beguile the tediousness of the journey by some of his most agreeable recitals. At the mention of a poet, Fadladeen elevated his critical eye-brows, and, having refreshed his faculties with a dose of that delicious opium (19) which is distilled from the black poppy of the Thebais, gave orders for the minstrel to be forthwith introduced into the presence.

The Princess, who had once in her life seen a poet from behind the screens of gauze in her father's hall, and had conceived from that specimen no very favourable ideas of the caste, expected but little in this new exhibition to interest her;—she felt inclined however to alter her opinion on the very first appearance of Feramorz. He was a youth about Lalla Rookh's own age, and graceful as that idol of women, Krishna, <sup>1</sup> (20)—such as he appears to their young imagina-

<sup>1</sup> The Indian Apollo.

tions, heroic, beautiful, breathing music from his very eyes, and exalting the religion of his worshippers into love. His dress was simple, yet not without some marks of costliness; and the ladies of the Princess were not long in discovering that the cloth, which encircled his high Tartarian cap, was of the most delicate kind that the shawl-goats of Tibet (21) supply. Here and there, too, over his vest, which was confined by a flowered girdle of Kashan, hung strings of fine pearl, disposed with an air of studied negligence;—nor did the exquisite embroidery of his sandals escape the observation of these fair critics; who, however they might give way to Fadladeen upon the unimportant topics of religion and government, had the spirit of martyrs in every thing relating to such momentous matters as jewels and embroidery.

For the purpose of relieving the pauses of recitation by music, the young Cashimerian held in his hand a kitar;—such as, in old times, the Arab maids of the West used to listen to by moonlight in the gardens of the Alhambra—and having premised, with much humility, that the story he was about to relate was founded on the adventures of that Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, who, in the year of the Hegira 163, created such alarm throughout the eastern empire, made an obeisance to the Princess and thus began:—

#### THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN.<sup>1</sup> (22)

In that delightful Province of the Sun,  
The first of Persian lands he shines upon,  
Where, all the loveliest children of his beam,  
Flow'rets and fruits blush over every stream (23),  
And, fairest of all streams, the Murga roves  
Among Merou's<sup>2</sup> bright palaces and groves;—  
There on that throne, to which the blind belief  
Of millions raised him, sat the Prophet-Chief,  
The Great Mokanna. O'er his features hung  
The Veil, the Silver Veil, which he had flung  
In mercy there, to hide from mortal sight  
His dazzling brow, till man could bear its light.  
For, far less luminous, his votaries said,  
Were even the gleams, miraculously shed,  
O'er Moussa's<sup>2</sup> cheek (24), when down the Mount he trod,  
All glowing from the presence of his God!

On either side, with ready hearts and hands,  
His chosen guard of bold Believers stands;  
Young fire-eyed disputants, who deem their swords,  
On points of faith, more eloquent than words;  
And such their zeal, there's not a youth with brand  
Uplifted there, but, at the Chief's command,

<sup>1</sup> Khorassan signifies, in the old Persian language, Province or Region of the Sun.—SIR W. JONES.

<sup>2</sup> One of the royal cities of Khorassan.

<sup>2</sup> Moses.

Would make his own devoted heart its sheath,  
 And bless the lips that doom'd so dear a death!  
 In hatred to the Caliph's hue of night <sup>1</sup> (25),  
 Their vesture, helms and all, is snowy white;  
 Their weapons various;—some equipp'd, for speed,  
 With javelins of the light Kathaian reed (26);  
 Or bows of buffalo horn, and shining quivers  
 Fill'd with the stems<sup>2</sup> that bloom on Iran's rivers (27);  
 While some, for war's more terrible attacks,  
 Wield the huge mace and ponderous battle-axe;  
 And, as they wave aloft in morning's beam  
 The milk-white plumage of their helms, they seem  
 Like a chenar-tree grove (28), when Winter throws  
 O'er all its tufted heads his feathering snows.

Between the porphyry pillars, that uphold  
 The rich moresque-work of the roof of gold,  
 Aloft the Haram's curtain'd galleries rise,  
 Where, through the silken net-work, glancing eyes,  
 From time to time, like sudden gleams that glow  
 Through autumn clouds, shine o'er the pomp below.—  
 What impious tongue, ye blushing saints, would dare  
 To hint that aught but Heaven hath placed you there?  
 Or that the loves of this light world could bind,  
 In their gross chain, your Prophet's soaring mind?  
 No—wrongful thought!—commission'd from above  
 To people Eden's bowers with shapes of love  
 (Creatures so bright, that the same lips and eyes  
 They wear on earth will serve in Paradise),  
 There to recline among Heaven's native maids,  
 And crown the Elect with bliss that never fades!—  
 Well hath the Prophet-Chief his bidding done;  
 And every beauteous race beneath the sun,  
 From those who kneel at Brahma's burning founts<sup>3</sup>  
 To the fresh nymphs bounding o'er Yemen's mounts;  
 From Persia's eyes of full and fawnlike ray,  
 To the small, half-shut glances of Kathay;<sup>4</sup>  
 And Georgia's bloom, and Azab's darker smiles,  
 And the gold ringlets of the Western Isles;  
 All, all are there;—each land its flower hath given,  
 To form that fair young nursery for Heaven!

But why this pageant now? this arm'd array?  
 What triumph crowds the rich Divan to-day  
 With turban'd heads, of every hue and race,

<sup>1</sup> Black was the colour adopted by the Caliphs of the house of Abbas, in their garments, turbans, and standards.

<sup>2</sup> Pichula, used anciently for arrows by the Persians.

<sup>3</sup> The burning fountains of Brahma, near Chittogong, esteemed as holy.—TURNER.

<sup>4</sup> China.

Bowing before that veil'd and awful face,  
 Like tulip-beds (29) of different shape and dyes,  
 Bending beneath the invisible West-wind's sighs?  
 What new-made mystery now, for Faith to sign,  
 And blood to seal, as genuine and divine,—  
 What dazzling mimicry of God's own power  
 Hath the bold Prophet plann'd to grace this hour?  
 Not such the pageant now, though not less proud,—  
 Yon warrior-youth, advancing from the crowd,  
 With silver bow, with belt of broider'd crape,  
 And fur-bound bonnet of Bucharian shape (30),  
 So fiercely beautiful in form and eye,  
 Like war's wild planet in a summer-sky;—  
 That youth to-day,—a proselyte, worth hordes  
 Of cooler spirits and less practised swords,—  
 Is come to join, all bravery and belief,  
 The creed and standard of the Heaven-sent Chief.

Though few his years, the West already knows  
 Young Azim's fame;—beyond the Olympian snows,  
 Ere manhood darken'd o'er his downy cheek,  
 O'erwhelm'd in fight and captive to the Greek,<sup>1</sup>  
 He linger'd there till peace dissolved his chains;—  
 Oh! who could, even in bondage, tread the plains  
 Of glorious Greece, nor feel his spirit rise  
 Kindling, within him? who, with heart and eyes,  
 Could walk where Liberty had been, nor see  
 The shining foot-prints of her Deity,  
 Nor feel those God-like breathings in the air,  
 Which mutely told her spirit had been there?  
 Not he, that youthful warrior,—no, too well  
 For his soul's quiet work'd the awakening spell;  
 And, now returning to his own dear land,  
 Full of those dreams of good that, vainly grand,  
 Haunt the young heart;—proud views of human-kind,  
 Of men to gods exalted and refined;—  
 False views, like that horizon's fair deceit,  
 Where earth and heaven but *seem*, alas, to meet!—  
 Soon as he heard an arm divine was raised  
 To right the nations, and beheld, emblazed  
 On the white flag Mokanna's host unfurl'd,  
 Those words of sunshine, "Freedom to the World!"  
 At once his faith, his sword, his soul, obey'd  
 The inspiring summons; every chosen blade  
 That fought beneath that banner's sacred text,  
 Seem'd doubly edged—for this world and the next;  
 And ne'er did Faith with her smooth bandage bind

<sup>1</sup> In the war of the Caliph Mahadi against the Empress Irene, for an account of which  
 see GIBBON, vol. x.

Eyes more devoutly willing to be blind,  
 In Virtue's cause :—never was soul inspired  
 With livelier trust in what it most desired,  
 Than his, the enthusiast there, who kneeling, pale  
 With pious awe, before that Silver Veil,  
 Believes the form to which he bends his knee,  
 Some pure, redeeming angel, sent to free  
 This fetter'd world from every bond and stain,  
 And bring its primal glories back again !

Low as young Azim knelt, that motley crowd  
 Of all earth's nations sunk the knee and bow'd,  
 With shouts of "Alla!" echoing long and loud ;  
 While high in air, above the Prophet's head,  
 Hundreds of banners, to the sunbeam spread,  
 Waved, like the wings of the white birds that fan  
 The flying throne of star-taught Soliman (31) !  
 Then thus he spoke :—"Stranger, though new the frame  
 Thy soul inhabits now, I've track'd its flame  
 For many an age,<sup>1</sup> in every chance and change  
 Of that Existence, through whose varied range,—  
 As through a torch-race, where, from hand to hand  
 The flying youths transmit their shining brand,—  
 From frame to frame the unextinguish'd soul  
 Rapidly passes, till it reach the goal !

"Nor think 't is only the gross Spirits, warm'd  
 With duskier fire and for earth's medium form'd,  
 That run this course ;—Beings the most divine  
 Thus deign through dark mortality to shine.  
 Such was the Essence that in Adam dwelt,  
 To which all Heaven, except the Proud One, knelt :<sup>2</sup>  
 Such the refined Intelligence that glow'd  
 In Moussa's frame ; and, thence descending, flow'd  
 Through many a prophet's breast (32),—in Issa<sup>3</sup> shone  
 And in Mohammed burn'd ; till, hastening on,  
 (As a bright river that, from fall to fall  
 In many a maze descending, bright through all,  
 Finds some fair region where, each labyrinth pass'd,  
 In one full lake of light it rests at last !)  
 That Holy Spirit, settling calm and free  
 From lapse or shadow, centres all in me !"

Again, throughout the assembly at these words,  
 Thousands of voices rung ; the warriors' swords  
 Were pointed up to heaven ; a sudden wind

<sup>1</sup> The transmigration of souls was one of his doctrines.—See D'HANDELOR.

<sup>2</sup> "And when we said unto the angels, 'Worship Adam,' they all worshipped him, except Eblis (Lucifer), who refused."—*The Koran*, ch. ii.

<sup>3</sup> Jesus.

In the open banners play'd, and from behind  
 These Persian hangings, that but ill could screen  
 The Haram's loveliness, white hands were seen  
 Waving embroidered scarfs, whose motion gave  
 A perfume forth;—like those the Houris wave  
 When beckoning to their bowers the Immortal Brave.

"But these," pursued the Chief, "are truths sublime,  
 That claim a holier mood and calmer time  
 Than earth allows us now;—this sword must first  
 The darkling prison-house of mankind burst,  
 Ere Peace can visit them, or Truth let in  
 Her wakening day-light on a world of sin!  
 But then, celestial warriors, then, when all  
 Earth's shrines and thrones before our banner fall;  
 When the glad slave shall at these feet lay down  
 His broken chain, the tyrant lord his crown,  
 The priest his book, the conqueror his wreath,  
 And from the lips of Truth one mighty breath  
 Shall, like a whirlwind, scatter in its breeze  
 That whole dark pile of human mockeries;—  
 Then shall the reign of Mind commence on earth,  
 And starting fresh, as from a second birth,  
 Man, in the sunshine of the world's new spring,  
 Shall walk transparent, like some holy thing!  
 Then, too, your Prophet from his angel brow  
 Shall cast the Veil, that hides its splendours now,  
 And gladden'd Earth shall, through her wide expanse,  
 Bask in the glories of this countenance!

"For thee, young warrior, welcome!—thou hast yet  
 Some tasks to learn, some frailties to forget,  
 Ere the white war-plume o'er thy brow can wave;—  
 But, once my own, mine all till in the grave!"  
 The pomp is at an end,—the crowds are gone—  
 Each ear and heart still haunted by the tone  
 Of that deep voice, which thrill'd like Alla's own!  
 The young all dazzled by the plumes and lances,  
 The glittering throne, and Haram's half-caught glances;  
 The old deep pondering on the promised reign  
 Of peace and truth; and all the female train  
 Ready to risk their eyes, could they but gaze  
 A moment on that brow's miraculous blaze!"

But there was one among the chosen maids  
 Who blush'd behind the gallery's silken shades,—  
 One, to whose soul the pageant of to-day  
 Has been like death;—you saw her pale dismay,  
 Ye wondering sisterhood, and heard the burst  
 Of exclamation from her lips, when first

She saw that youth, too well, too dearly known,  
Silently kneeling at the Prophet's throne.

Ah, Zelica! there *was* a time, when bliss  
Shone o'er thy heart from every look of his;  
When but to see him, hear him, breathe the air  
In which he dwelt, was thy soul's fondest prayer!  
When round him hung such a perpetual spell,  
Whate'er he did, none ever did so well.  
Too happy days! when, if he touch'd a flower,  
Or gem of thine, 't was sacred from that hour;  
When thou didst study him till every tone,  
And gesture, and dear look became thy own,—  
Thy voice like his, the changes of his face  
In thine reflected with still lovelier grace,  
Like echo, sending back sweet music, fraught  
With twice the aërial sweetness it had brought!  
Yet now he comes—brighter than even he  
E'er beam'd before,—but ah! not bright for thee;  
No—dread, unlook'd-for, like a visitant  
From the other world, he comes as if to haunt  
Thy guilty soul with dreams of lost delight,  
Long lost to all but Memory's aching sight:—  
Sad dreams! as when the Spirit of our Youth  
Returns in sleep, sparkling with all the truth  
And innocence once ours, and leads us back,  
In mournful mockery, o'er the shining track  
Of our young life, and points out every ray  
Of hope and peace we've lost upon the way!

Once happy pair!—in proud Bokhara's groves,  
Who had not heard of their first youthful loves?  
Born by that ancient flood,<sup>1</sup> which from its spring  
In the Dark Mountains swiftly wandering,  
Enrich'd by every pilgrim brook that shines  
With relics from Bucharra's ruby mines,  
And, lending to the Caspian half its strength,  
In the cold Lake of Eagles sinks at length;—  
There, on the banks of that bright river born,  
The flowers, that hung above the wave at morn,  
Bless'd not the waters as they murmur'd by  
With holier scent and lustre, than the sigh  
And virgin glance of first affection cast  
Upon their youth's smooth current as it pass'd!  
But war disturb'd this vision—far away  
From her fond eyes, summon'd to join the array

<sup>1</sup> The Amoo, which rises in the Belur Tag, or Dark Mountains, and running nearly from east to west, splits into two branches, one of which falls into the Caspian Sea, and the other into Aral Nahr, or the Lake of Eagles.

Of Persia's warriors on the hills of Thrace,  
 The youth exchanged his sylvan dwelling-place  
 For the rude tent and war-field's deathful clash,—  
 His Zelica's sweet glances for the flash  
 Of Grecian wild-fire,—and Love's gentle chains  
 For bleeding bondage on Byzantium's plains.

Month after month, in widowhood of soul  
 Drooping, the maiden saw two summers roll  
 Their suns away—but ah! how cold and dim  
 Even summer suns, when not beheld with him!  
 From time to time ill-omen'd rumours came  
 (Like spirit-tongues, muttering the sick man's name,  
 Just ere he dies); at length, those sounds of dread  
 Fell withering on her soul, "Azim is dead!"  
 Oh grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate  
 First leaves the young heart lone and desolate  
 In the wide world, without that only tie  
 For which it loved to live or fear'd to die—  
 Lorn as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath spoken  
 Since the sad day its master-chord was broken!

Fond maid, the sorrow of her soul was such,  
 Even reason blighted sunk beneath its touch;  
 And though, ere long, her sanguine spirit rose  
 Above the first dead pressure of its woes,  
 Though health and bloom return'd, the delicate chain  
 Of thought, once tangled, never cleared again.  
 Warm, lively, soft as in youth's happiest day,  
 The mind was still all there, but turned astray;—  
 A wandering bark, upon whose pathway shone  
 All stars of heaven, except the guiding one!  
 Again she smiled, nay, much and brightly smiled,  
 But 't was a lustre, strange, unreal, wild;  
 And when she sung to her lute's touching strain,  
 'T was like the notes, half ecstasy, half pain,  
 The bulbul<sup>†</sup> utters, ere her soul depart,  
 When, vanquish'd by some minstrel's powerful art,  
 She dies upon the lute whose sweetness broke her heart!

Such was the mood in which that mission found  
 Young Zelica,—that mission, which around  
 The Eastern world, in every region bless'd  
 With woman's smile, sought out its loveliest,  
 To grace that galaxy of lips and eyes,  
 Which the Veil'd Prophet destined for the skies!—  
 And such quick welcome as a spark receives  
 Dropp'd on a bed of autumn's wither'd leaves,  
 Did every tale of these enthusiasts find

† The nightingale.



In the wild maiden's sorrow-blighted mind.  
 All fire at once the maddening zeal she caught;—  
 Elect of Paradise! blest, rapturous thought;  
 Predestined bride, in heaven's eternal dome,  
 Of some brave youth—ha! durst they say “of some?”  
 No—of the one, one only object traced  
 In her heart's core too deep to be effaced:  
 The one whose memory, fresh as life, is twined  
 With every broken link of her lost mind;  
 Whose image lives, though Reason's self be wreck'd,  
 Safe 'mid the ruins of her intellect!

Alas, poor Zelica! it needed all  
 The fantasy which held thy mind in thrall,  
 To see in that gay Haram's glowing maids  
 A sainted colony for Eden's shades;  
 Or dream that he,—of whose unholy flame  
 Thou wert too soon the victim,—shining came  
 From Paradise, to people its pure sphere  
 With souls like thine, which he hath ruin'd here!  
 No—had not Reason's light totally set,  
 And left thee dark, thou hadst an amulet  
 In the loved image, graven on thy heart,  
 Which would have saved thee from the tempter's art,  
 And kept alive, in all its bloom of breath,  
 That purity, whose fading is love's death!  
 But lost, inflamed,—a restless zeal took place  
 Of the mild virgin's still and feminine grace;  
 First of the Prophet's favourites, proudly first  
 In zeal and charms,—too well the Impostor nursed  
 Her soul's delirium, in whose active flame,  
 Thus lighting up a young, luxuriant frame,  
 He saw more potent sorceries to bind  
 To his dark yoke the spirits of mankind,  
 More subtle chains than hell itself e'er twined.  
 No art was spared, no witchery;—all the skill  
 His demons taught him was employ'd to fill  
 Her mind with gloom and ecstasy by turns—  
 That gloom, through which Frenzy but fiercer burns;  
 That ecstasy, which from the depth of sadness  
 Glares like the maniac's moon, whose light is madness.

'T was from a brilliant banquet, where the sound  
 Of poesy and music breathed around,  
 Together picturing to her mind and ear  
 The glories of that heaven, her destined sphere,  
 Where all was pure, where every stain that lay  
 Upon the spirit's light should pass away,  
 And, realizing more than youthful love  
 E'er wish'd or dream'd, she should for ever rove

Through fields of fragrance by her Azim's side,  
 His own bless'd, purified, eternal bride!—  
 'T was from a scene, a witching trance like this,  
 He hurried her away, yet breathing bliss,  
 To the dim charnel-house; through all its steams  
 Of damp and death, led only by those gleams  
 Which foul Corruption lights, as with design  
 To show the gay and proud *she* too can shine!—  
 And, passing on through upright ranks of dead,  
 Which to the maiden, doubly crazed by dread,  
 Seem'd, through the bluish death-light round them cast,  
 To move their lips in mutterings as she pass'd—  
 There, in the awful place, when each had quaff'd  
 And pledged in silence such a fearful draught,  
 Such—oh! the look and taste of that red bowl  
 Will haunt her till she dies—he bound her soul  
 By a dark oath, in hell's own language framed,  
 Never, while earth his mystic presence claim'd,  
 While the blue arch of day hung o'er them both,  
 Never, by that all-imprecating oath,  
 In joy or sorrow from his side to sever.—  
 She swore, and the wide charnel echoed, “Never, never!”

From that dread hour, entirely, wildly given  
 To him and—she believed, lost maid!—to Heaven,  
 Her brain, her heart, her passions all inflamed,  
 How proud she stood, when in full Haram named  
 The Priestess of the Faith!—how flash'd her eyes  
 With light, alas! that was not of the skies,  
 When round, in trances only less than hers,  
 She saw the Haram kneel, her prostrate worshippers!  
 Well might Mokanna think that form alone  
 Had spells enough to make the world his own:—  
 Light, lovely limbs, to which the spirit's play  
 Gave motion, airy as the dancing spray,  
 When from its stem the small bird wings away!  
 Lips in whose rosy labyrinth, when she smiled,  
 The soul was lost; and blushes, swift and wild  
 As are the momentary meteors sent  
 Across the uncalm, but beauteous firmament.  
 And then her look!—oh! where's the heart so wise,  
 Could unbewildered meet those matchless eyes?  
 Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite withal,  
 Like those of angels, just before their fall;  
 Now shadow'd with the shames of earth—now cross'd  
 By glimpses of the heaven her heart had lost;  
 In every glance there broke, without control,  
 The flashes of a bright but troubled soul,  
 Where sensibility still wildly play'd,  
 Like lightning, round the ruins it had made!

And such was now young Zelica—so changed  
 From her who, some years since, delighted ranged  
 The almond groves that shade Bokhara's tide,  
 All life and bliss, with Azim by her side!  
 So alter'd was she now, this festal day,  
 When, 'mid the proud Divan's dazzling array,  
 The vision of that Youth, whom she had loved,  
 And wept as dead, before her breathed and moved ;—  
 When—bright, she thought, as if from Eden's track  
 But half-way trodden, he had wander'd back  
 Again to earth, glistering with Eden's light—  
 Her beauteous Azim shone before her sight.

O Reason! who shall say what spells renew,  
 When least we look for it, thy broken clew!  
 Through what small vistas o'er the darken'd brain  
 Thy intellectual day-beam bursts again!  
 And how, like forts, in which beleaguers win  
 Unhoped-for entrance through some friend within,  
 One clear idea, waken'd in the breast  
 By Memory's magic, lets in all the rest!  
 Would it were thus, unhappy girl, with thee!  
 But, though light came, it came but partially;  
 Enough to show the maze in which thy sense  
 Wander'd about, but not to guide it thence;  
 Enough to glimmer o'er the yawning wave,  
 But not to point the harbour which might save.  
 Hours of delight and peace, long left behind,  
 With that dear form came rushing o'er her mind;  
 But, oh! to think how deep her soul had gone  
 In shame and falsehood since those moments shone!  
 And then her oath—*there* madness lay again,  
 And, shuddering, back she sunk into her chain  
 Of mental darkness, as if bless'd to flee  
 From light, whose every glimpse was agony!  
 Yet, *one* relief this glance of former years  
 Brought, mingled with its pain,—tears, floods of tears,  
 Long frozen at her heart, but now like rills  
 Let loose in spring-time from the snowy hills,  
 And gushing warm, after a sleep of frost,  
 Through valleys where their flow had long been lost!

Sad and subdued, for the first time her frame  
 Trembled with horror, when the summons came  
 (A summons proud and rare, which all but she,  
 And she, till now, had heard with ecstasy),  
 To meet Mokauna at his place of prayer,  
 A garden oratory, cool and fair,  
 By the stream's side, where still at close of day  
 The Prophet of the Veil retired to pray;

Sometimes alone—but oftener far, with one,  
 One chosen nymph to share his orison.

Of late none found such favour in his sight  
 As the young Priestess; and though, since that night  
 When the death-caverns echoed every tone  
 Of the dire oath that made her all his own,  
 The impostor, sure of his infatuate prize,  
 Had, more than once, thrown off his soul's disguise,  
 And utter'd such unheavenly, monstrous things,  
 As even across the desperate wanderings  
 Of a weak intellect, whose lamp was out,  
 Threw startling shadows of dismay and doubt;—  
 Yet zeal, ambition, her tremendous vow,  
 The thought, still haunting her, of that bright brow  
 Whose blaze, as yet from mortal eye conceal'd,  
 Would soon, proud triumph! be to her reveal'd,  
 To her alone; and then the hope, most dear,  
 Most wild of all, that her transgression here  
 Was but a passage through earth's grosser fire,  
 From which the spirit would at last aspire,  
 Even purer than before,—as perfumes rise  
 Through flame and smoke, most welcome to the skies—  
 And that when Azim's fond, divine embrace  
 Should circle her in heaven, no darkening trace  
 Would on that bosom he once loved remain,  
 But all be bright, be pure, be *his* again!—  
 These were the wildering dreams, whose cursed deceit  
 Had chain'd her soul beneath the tempter's feet,  
 And made her think even damning falsehood sweet.  
 But now that Shape, which had appall'd her view,  
 That Semblance—oh how terrible, if true!—  
 Which came across her frenzy's full career  
 With shock of consciousness, cold, deep, severe.  
 As when, in northern seas, at midnight dark,  
 An isle of ice encounters some swift bark,  
 And, startling all its wretches from their sleep,  
 By one cold impulse hurls them to the deep—  
 So came that shock not frenzy's self could bear,  
 And waking up each long-lull'd image there,  
 But check'd her headlong soul, to sink it in despair!

Wan and dejected, through the evening dusk,  
 She now went slowly to that small kiosk,  
 Where, pondering alone his impious schemes,  
 Mokanna waited her—too wrapt in dreams  
 Of the fair-ripening future's rich success,  
 To heed the sorrow, pale and spiritless,  
 That sat upon his victim's downcast brow,  
 Or mark how slow her step, how alter'd now

From the quick ardent Priestess, whose light bound  
 Came like a spirit o'er the unechoing ground,—  
 From that wild Zelica, whose every glance  
 Was thrilling fire, whose every thought a trance!

Upon his couch the Veil'd Mokanna lay,  
 While lamps around—not such as lend their ray,  
 Glimmering and cold, to those who nightly pray  
 In holy Koom,<sup>1</sup> or Mecca's dim arcades,—  
 But brilliant, soft, such lights as lovely maids  
 Look loveliest in, shed their luxurious glow  
 Upon his mystic Veil's white glittering flow.  
 Beside him, 'stead of beads and books of prayer,  
 Which the world fondly thought he mused on there,  
 Stood vases, fill'd with Kishmee's<sup>2</sup> golden wine,  
 And the red weepings of the Shiraz vine;  
 Of which his curtain'd lips full many a draught  
 Took zealously, as if each drop they quaff'd,  
 Like Zemzem's Spring of Holiness,<sup>3</sup> had power  
 To freshen the soul's virtues into flower!  
 And still he drank and ponder'd—nor could see  
 The approaching maid, so deep his reverie;  
 At length, with fiendish laugh, like that which broke  
 From Eblis at the Fall of Man, he spoke:—  
 “Yes, ye vile race, for hell's amusement given,  
 Too mean for earth, yet claiming kin with heaven;  
 God's images, forsooth!—such gods as lie  
 Whom India serves, the monkey deity;—<sup>4</sup> (33)  
 Ye creatures of a breath, proud things of clay,  
 To whom, if Lucifer, as grandams say,  
 Refused, though at the forfeit of Heaven's light,  
 To bend in worship, Lucifer was right!—(34)  
 Soon shall I plant this foot upon the neck  
 Of your foul race, and, without fear or check,  
 Luxuriating in hate, avenge my shame,  
 My deep-felt, long-nursed loathing of man's name!—  
 Soon, at the head of myriads, blind and fierce  
 As hooded falcons, through the universe  
 I'll sweep my darkening, desolating way,  
 Weak man my instrument, curst man my prey!

“Ye wise, ye learn'd, who grope your dull way on  
 By the dim twinkling gleams of ages gone,  
 Like superstitious thieves, who think the light

<sup>1</sup> The cities of Com (or Koom) and Cashan are full of mosques, mausoleums, and sepulchres of the descendants of Ali, the saints of Persia.—CHARDIN.

<sup>2</sup> An island in the Persian Gulf, celebrated for its white wine.

<sup>3</sup> The miraculous well at Mecca; so called, says Sale, from the murmuring of its waters.

<sup>4</sup> The god Hannaman.

From dead men's marrow guides them best at night<sup>1</sup>—  
 Ye shall have honours—wealth;—yes, sages, yes—  
 I know, grave fools, your wisdom's nothingness;  
 Undazzled it can track yon starry sphere,  
 But a gilt stick, a bauble blinds it here.  
 How I shall laugh, when trumpeted along,  
 In lying speech, and still more lying song,  
 By these learn'd slaves, the meanest of the throng;  
 Their wits bought up, their wisdom shrunk so small,  
 A sceptre's puny point can wield it all!

“Ye too, believers of incredible creeds,  
 Whose faith inshrines the monsters which it breeds;  
 Who, bolder even than Nimrod, think to rise  
 By nonsense heap'd on nonsense to the skies;  
 Ye shall have miracles, ay, sound ones too,  
 Seen, heard, attested, every thing—but true.  
 Your preaching zealots, too inspired to seek  
 One grace of meaning for the things they speak;  
 Your martyrs, ready to shed out their blood  
 For truths too heavenly to be understood:  
 And your state priests, sole venders of the lore  
 That works salvation;—as on Ava's shore,  
 Where none but priests are privileged to trade  
 In that best marble of which Gods are made;<sup>2</sup>—(35)  
 They shall have mysteries—ay, precious stuff  
 For knaves to thrive by—mysteries enough;  
 Dark, tangled doctrines, dark as fraud can weave,  
 Which simple votaries shall on trust receive,  
 While craftier feign belief, till they believe.  
 A Heaven too ye must have, ye lords of dust,—  
 A splendid Paradise,—pure souls, ye must:  
 That Prophet ill sustains his holy call,  
 Who finds not Heaven to suit the tastes of all;  
 Houris for boys, omniscience for sages,  
 And wings and glories for all ranks and ages.  
 Vain things!—as lust or vanity inspires,  
 The Heaven of each is but what each desires,  
 And, soul or sense, whate'er the object be,  
 Man would be man to all eternity!  
 So let him—Eblis! grant this crowning curse,  
 But keep him what he is, no Hell were worse.”—

“Oh my lost soul!” exclaim'd the shuddering maid,  
 Whose ears had drunk like poison all he said.—  
 Mokanna started—not abash'd, afraid,—

<sup>1</sup> A kind of lantern formerly used by robbers, called the hand of Glozy, the candle for which was made of the fat of a dead malefactor. This, however, was rather a western than an eastern superstition.

<sup>2</sup> *SMITH'S ARTS*, vol. ii. p. 376.

He knew no more of fear than one who dwells  
 Beneath the tropics knows of icicles !  
 But, in those dismal words that reach'd his ear,  
 " Oh my lost soul ! " there was a sound so drear,  
 So like that voice, among the sinful dead,  
 In which the legend o'er Hell's Gate is read,  
 That, new as't was from her, whom nought could dim  
 Or sink till now, it startled even him.

" Ha, my fair Priestess ! "—thus with ready wile,  
 The Impostor turn'd to greet her—" thou, whose smile  
 Hath inspiration in its rosy beam  
 Beyond the enthusiast's hope or Prophet's dream !  
 Light of the Faith ! who twinest religion's zeal  
 So close with love's, men know not which they feel,  
 Nor which to sigh for in their trance of heart,  
 The Heaven thou preachest or the Heaven thou art !  
 What should I be without thee ? without thee  
 How dull were power, how joyless victory !  
 Though borne by angels, if that smile of thine  
 Bless'd not my banner, 't were but half divine.  
 But—why so mournful, child ? those eyes, that shone  
 All life last night—what !—is their glory gone ?  
 Come, come—this morn's fatigue hath made them pale,  
 They want rekindling—suns themselves would fail,  
 Did not their comets bring, as I to thee,  
 From Light's own fount supplies of brilliancy !  
 Thou seest this cup—no juice of earth is here,  
 But the pure waters of that upper sphere,  
 Whose rills o'er ruby beds and topaz flow  
 Catching the gem's bright colour, as they go.  
 Nightly my Genii come and fill these urns—  
 Nay, drink—in every drop life's essence burns ;  
 'T will make that soul all fire, those eyes all light—  
 Come, come, I want thy loveliest smiles to-night ;  
 There is a youth—why start ?—thou saw'st him then ;  
 Look'd he not nobly ? such the god-like men  
 Thou 'lt have to woo thee in the bowers above ;—  
 Though he, I fear, hath thoughts too stern for love,  
 Too ruled by that cold enemy of bliss  
 The world calls Virtue—we must conquer this ;—  
 Nay, shrink not, pretty sage ; 't is not for thee  
 To scan the mazes of Heaven's mystery.  
 The steel must pass through fire ere it can yield  
 Fit instruments for mighty hands to wield.  
 This very night I mean to try the art  
 Of powerful beauty on that warrior's heart.  
 All that my Haram boasts of bloom and wit,  
 Of skill and charms, most rare and exquisite,  
 Shall tempt the boy ;—young Mirzala's blue eyes,

Whose sleepy lid like snow on violets lies ;  
 Arouya's cheeks, warm as a spring-day sun,  
 And lips that, like the seal of Solomon,  
 Have magic in their pressure ; Zeba's lute,  
 And Lilla's dancing feet, that gleam and shoot  
 Rapid and white as sea-birds o'er the deep !  
 All shall combine their witching powers to steep  
 My convert's spirit in that softening trance,  
 From which to Heaven is but the next advance ;  
 That glowing, yielding fusion of the breast,  
 On which Religion stamps her image best.  
 But hear me, Priestess ! though each nymph of these  
 Hath some peculiar practised power to please,  
 Some glance or step which, at the mirror tried,  
 First charms herself, then all the world beside ;  
 There still wants *one*, to make the victory sure,  
 One, who in every look joins every lure ;  
 Through whom all beauty's beams concentrated pass,  
 Dazzling and warm, as through love's burning-glass ;  
 Whose gentle lips persuade without a word,  
 Whose words, even when unmeaning, are adored,  
 Like inarticulate breathings from a shrine,  
 Which our faith takes for granted are divine !  
 Such is the nymph we want, all warmth and light,  
 To crown the rich temptations of to-night ;  
 Such the refined enchantress that must be  
 This hero's vanquisher,—and thou art she !”

With her hands clasp'd, her lips apart and pale,  
 The maid had stood, gazing upon the Veil  
 From which these words, like south-winds through a fence  
 Of Kerzrah flowers, came fill'd with pestilence :<sup>1</sup>  
 So boldly utter'd too ! as if all dread  
 Of frowns from her, of virtuous frowns, were fled ;  
 And the wretch felt assured that, once plunged in,  
 Her woman's soul would know no pause in sin !

At first, though mute she listen'd, like a dream  
 Seem'd all he said ; nor could her mind, whose beam  
 As yet was weak, penetrate half his scheme.  
 But when, at length, he utter'd “Thou art she !”  
 All flash'd at once, and shrieking piteously,  
 “Oh not for worlds !” she cried—“Great God ! to whom  
 I once knelt innocent, is this my doom ?  
 Are all my dreams, my hopes of heavenly bliss,  
 My purity, my pride, then come to this,—  
 To live, the wanton of a fiend ! to be

<sup>1</sup> “It is commonly said in Persia, that if a man breathe in the hot south-wind which in June or July passes over that flower, the Kerzerch, it will kill him.”—THAYLOR.



The pander of his guilt—oh infamy!  
 And sunk, myself, as low as hell can steep  
 In its hot flood, drag others down as deep!  
 Others?—ha! yes—that youth who came to-day—  
*Not* him I loved—not him—oh! do but say,  
 But swear to me this moment 't is not he,  
 And I will serve, dark fiend! will worship even thee!"

"Beware, young raving thing!—in time beware,  
 Nor utter what I cannot, must not bear;  
 Even from *thy* lips. Go—try thy lute, thy voice;  
 The boy must feel their magic—I rejoice  
 To see those fires, no matter whence they rise,  
 Once more illumine my fair Priestess' eyes;  
 And should the youth, whom soon those eyes shall warm,  
*Indeed* resemble thy dead lover's form,  
 So much the happier wilt thou find thy doom;  
 As one warm lover, full of life and bloom,  
 Excels ten thousand cold ones in the tomb.  
 Nay, nay, no frowning, sweet!—those eyes were made  
 For love, not anger—I must be obey'd."

"Obey'd!—'t is well—yes, I deserve it all—  
 On me, on me Heaven's vengeance cannot fall  
 Too heavily;—but Azim, brave and true  
 And beautiful—must *he* be ruin'd too?  
 Must he too, glorious as he is, be driven  
 A renegade like me from Love and Heaven?  
 Like me!—weak wretch, I wrong him—not like me;  
 No—he 's all truth and strength and purity!  
 Fill up your maddening hell-cup to the brim,  
 Its witchery, fiends; will have no charm for him.  
 Let loose your glowing wantons from their bowers,  
 He loves, he loves, and can defy their powers!  
 Wretch as I am, in *his* heart still I reign  
 Pure as when first we met, without a stain!  
 Though ruin'd—lost—my memory, like a charm  
 Left by the dead, still keeps his soul from harm.  
 Oh! never let him know how deep the brow  
 He kiss'd at parting is dishonour'd now—  
 Ne'er tell him how debased, how sunk is she,  
 Whom once he loved—once!—*still* loves dotingly!  
 Thou laugh'st, tormentor,—what!—thou 'lt brand my name!  
 Do, do,—in vain—he 'll not believe my shame;—  
 He thinks me true, that nought beneath God's sky  
 Could tempt or change me, and—so once thought I.  
 But this is past—though worse than death my lot,  
 Than hell—'t is nothing, while *he* knows it not.  
 Far off to some benighted land I'll fly,  
 Where sunbeams ne'er shall enter till I die;

Where none will ask the lost one whence she came,  
 But I may fade and fall without a name!  
 And thou—curst man or fiend, whate'er thou art,  
 Who found'st this burning plague-spot in my heart,  
 And spread'st it—oh, so quick!—through soul and frame,  
 With more than demon's art, till I became  
 A loathsome thing, all pestilence, all flame!—  
 If, when I'm gone——

“Hold, fearless maniac, hold,  
 Nor tempt my rage—by Heaven, not half so bold  
 The puny bird that dares with teasing hum  
 Within the crocodile's stretch'd jaws to come!”<sup>1</sup> (56)  
 And so thou 'lt fly, forsooth!—what!—give up all  
 Thy chaste dominion in the Haram Hall,  
 Where, now to Love and now to Alla given,  
 Half mistress and half saint, thou hang'st as even  
 As doth Medina's tomb, 'twixt hell and heaven!  
 Thou 'lt fly?—as easily may reptiles run  
 The gaunt snake once hath fix'd his eyes upon;  
 As easily, when caught, the prey may be  
 Pluck'd from his loving folds, as thou from me.  
 No, no, 't is fix'd—let good or ill betide,  
 Thou 'rt mine till death, till death Mokanna's bride!  
 Has thou forgot thy oath?”—

At this dread word,  
 The maid, whose spirit his rude taunts had stirr'd  
 Through all its depths, and roused an anger there  
 That burst and lighten'd even through her despair,  
 Shrunk back, as if a blight were in the breath  
 That spoke that word, and stagger'd, pale as death.

“Yes, my sworn bride, let others seek in bowers  
 Their bridal-place—the charnel-vault was ours!  
 Instead of scents and balms, for thee and me  
 Rose the rich steams of sweet mortality;—  
 Gay flickering death-lights shone while we were wed,  
 And, for our guests, a row of goodly dead  
 (Immortal spirits in their time no doubt),  
 From recking shrouds upon the rite look'd out!  
 That oath thou heard'st more lips than thine repeat—  
 That cup—thou shudderest, lady—was it sweet?  
 That cup we pledged, the charnel's choicest wine,  
 Hath bound thee—ay—body and soul all mine;  
 Bound thee by chains that, whether bless'd or curst  
 No matter now, not Hell itself shall burst!  
 Hence, woman, to the Haram, and look gay,  
 Look wild, look—any thing but sad; yet stay—

<sup>1</sup> The ancient story concerning the Trochilus, or humming-bird, entering with impunity into the mouth of the crocodile, is firmly believed at Java.—BARROW'S *Cochin-China*.

One moment more—from what this night hath pass'd,  
 I see thou know'st me, know'st me *well* at last.  
 Ha! ha! and so, fond thing, thou thought'st all true,  
 And that I love mankind!—I do, I do—  
 As victims, love them; as the sea-dog doats  
 Upon the small sweet fry that round him floats;  
 Or, as the Nile-bird loves the slime that gives  
 That rank and venomous food on which she lives!'

"And, now thou see'st my *soul's* angelic hue,  
 'Tis time these *features* were uncurtain'd too;—  
 This brow, whose light—oh, rare celestial light!  
 Hath been reserved to bless thy favour'd sight;  
 These dazzling eyes, before whose shrouded night  
 Thou 'st seen immortal Man kneel down and quake—  
 Would that they *were* Heaven's lightnings for his sake!  
 But turn and look—then wonder, if thou wilt,  
 That I should hate, should take revenge, by guilt,  
 Upon the hand, whose mischief or whose mirth  
 Sent me thus maim'd and monstrous upon earth;  
 And on that race who, though more vile they be  
 Than mowing apes, are demi-gods to me!  
 Here—judge if Hell, with all its power to damu,  
 Can add one curse to the foul thing I am!"—

He raised his veil—the maid turn'd slowly round,  
 Look'd at him—shriek'd—and sunk upon the ground!

On their arrival, next night, at the place of encampment, they were surprised and delighted to find the groves all round illuminated; some artists of Yamtcheou having been sent on previously (37) for the purpose. On each side of the green alley, which led to the Royal Pavilion, artificial sceneries of bamboo-work (38) were erected, representing arches, minarets, and towers, from which hung thousands of silken lanterns, painted by the most delicate pencils of Canton. Nothing could be more beautiful than the leaves of the mango-trees and acacias, shining in the light of the bamboo scenery, which shed a lustre round as soft as that of the nights of Peristan.

Lalla Rookh, however, who was too much occupied by the sad story of Zelica and her lover, to give a thought to any thing else, except, perhaps, him who related it, hurried on through this scene of splendour to her pavilion, greatly to the mortification of the poor artists of Yamtcheou,—and was followed with equal rapidity by the Great Chamberlain, cursing, as he went, that ancient Mandarin, whose parental anxiety in lighting up the shores of the lake, where his beloved daughter had wandered and been lost, was the origin of these fantastic Chinese illuminations (39).

1 Circum easdem ripas (Nili, viz.) ales est Ibis. Ea serpentium populatur ova, gratissimumque ex his escam nidis suis refert.—SOLINUS.

All is in motion; rings and plumes and pearls  
 Are shining every where:—some younger girls  
 Are gone by moonlight to the garden beds,  
 To gather fresh cool chaplets for their heads;  
 Gay creatures! sweet, though mournful, 't is to see  
 How each prefers a garland from that tree  
 Which brings to mind her childhood's innocent day,  
 And the dear fields and friendships far away.  
 The maid of India, blest again to hold  
 In her full lap the Champac's leaves of gold,<sup>1</sup>  
 Thinks of the time when, by the Ganges' flood,  
 Her little playmates scatter'd many a bud  
 Upon her long black hair, with glossy gleam  
 Just dripping from the consecrated stream;  
 While the young Arab, haunted by the smell  
 Of her own mountain flowers, as by a spell,—  
 The sweet Elcaya,<sup>2</sup> and that courteous tree  
 Which bows to all who seek its canopy—<sup>3</sup>  
 Sees, call'd up round her by these magic scents,  
 The well, the camels, and her father's tents;  
 Sighs for the home she left with little pain,  
 And wishes even its sorrows back again!

Meanwhile, through vast illuminated halls,  
 Silent and bright, where nothing but the falls  
 Of fragrant waters, gushing with cool sound  
 From many a jasper fount, is heard around,  
 Young Azim roams bewilder'd,—nor can guess  
 What means this maze of light and loneliness.  
 Here the way leads, o'er tessellated floors  
 Or mats of Cairo, through long corridors,  
 Where, ranged in cassolets and silver urns,  
 Sweet wood of aloe or of sandal burns;  
 And spicy rods, such as illumine at night  
 The bowers of Tibet<sup>4</sup> send forth odorous light,  
 Like Peris' wands, when pointing out the road  
 For some pure spirit to its blest abode!—  
 And here, at once, the glittering saloon  
 Bursts on his sight, boundless, and bright as noon;  
 Where, in the midst, reflecting back the rays  
 In broken rainbows, a fresh fountain plays  
 High as the enamell'd cupola, which towers

<sup>1</sup> "The appearance of the blossoms of the gold-coloured Champac on the black hair of the Indian women has supplied the Sanscrit poets with many elegant allusions."—See *Asiatic Researches*, vol. iv.

<sup>2</sup> "A tree famous for its perfume, and common on the hills of Yemen."—Nesbitt.

<sup>3</sup> Of the genus *mimosa*, "which droops its branches whenever any person approaches it, seeming as if it saluted those who retire under its shade."—Nesbitt.

<sup>4</sup> "Cloves are a principal ingredient in the composition of the perfumed rods, which men of rank keep constantly burning in their presence."—TURNER'S Tibet.

All rich with arabesques of gold and flowers :  
And the mosaic floor beneath shines through  
The sprinkling of that fountain's silvery dew,  
Like the wet, glistening shells, of every dye,  
That on the margin of the Red Sea lie.

Here too he traces the kind visitings  
Of woman's love, in those fair living things  
Of land and wave, whose fate—in bondage thrown  
For their weak loveliness—is like her own !  
On one side, gleaming with a sudden grace  
Through water, brilliant as the crystal vase  
In which it undulates, small fishes shine,  
Like golden ingots from a fairy mine ;—  
While, on the other, latticed lightly in  
With odoriferous woods of Comorin,<sup>1</sup>  
Each brilliant bird that wings the air is seen ;  
Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam between  
The crimson blossoms of the coral tree<sup>2</sup>  
In the warm isles of India's sunny sea :  
Mecca's blue sacred pigeon,<sup>3</sup> and the thrush  
Of Hindostan,<sup>4</sup> whose holy warblings gush,  
At evening, from the tall pagoda's top ;—  
Those golden birds that, in the spice-time, drop  
About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food (41)  
Whose scent hath lured them o'er the summer flood ;<sup>5</sup>  
And those that under Araby's soft sun  
Build their high nests of budding cinnamon ;—<sup>6</sup>  
In short, all rare and beauteous things that fly  
Through the pure element, here calmly lie  
Sleeping in light, like the green birds<sup>7</sup> that dwell  
In Eden's radiant fields of asphodel !

So on, through scenes past all imagining,—  
More like the luxuries of that impious king,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "C'est d'où vient le bois d'aloès, que les Arabes appellent Oud Comari, et celui du sandal, qui s'y trouve en grande quantité."—D'HERRLOT.

<sup>2</sup> "Thousands of variegated loories visit the coral trees."—BARROW.

<sup>3</sup> "In Mecca there are quantities of blue pigeons, which none will affright or abuse, much less kill."—PITT'S *Account of the Mahometans*.

<sup>4</sup> "The Pagoda thrush is esteemed among the first choristers of India. It sits perched on the sacred pagodae, and from thence delivers its melodious song."—PENNANT'S *Hindostan*.

<sup>5</sup> Birds of Paradise, which, at the nutmeg season, come in flights from the southern isles to India; and "the strength of the nutmeg," says Tavernier, "so intoxicates them, that they fall dead drunk to the earth."

<sup>6</sup> "That bird which liveth in Arabia, and buildeth its nest with cinnamon."—BROWN'S *Vulgar Errors*.

<sup>7</sup> "The spirits of the martyrs will be lodged in the crops of green birds."—GIBBON, vol. ix. p. 424.

<sup>8</sup> Shedad, who made the delicious gardens of Irim, in imitation of Paradise, and was destroyed by lightning the first time he attempted to enter them.

Whom Death's dark angel, with his lightning torch,  
Struck down and blasted even in pleasure's porch,  
Than the pure dwelling of a prophet, sent,  
Arm'd with Heaven's sword, for man's enfranchisement—  
Young Azim wander'd, looking sternly round,  
His simple garb and war-boots' clanking sound  
But ill according with the pomp and grace  
And silent lull of that voluptuous place!

"Is this then," thought the youth, "is this the way  
To free man's spirit from the deadening sway  
Of worldly sloth?—to teach him, while he lives,  
To know no bliss but that which virtue gives,  
And when he dies, to leave his lofty name  
A light, a land-mark on the cliffs of fame?  
It was not so, land of the generous thought  
And daring deed! thy godlike sages taught;  
It was not thus, in bowers of wanton ease,  
Thy Freedom nursed her sacred energies;  
Oh! not beneath the enfeebling, withering glow  
Of such dull luxury did those myrtles grow  
With which she wreathed her sword, when she would dare  
Immortal deeds; but in the bracing air  
Of toil,—of temperance,—of that high, rare,  
Ethereal virtue, which alone can breathe  
Life, health, and lustre into Freedom's wreath!  
Who—that surveys this span of earth we press,  
This speck of life in time's great wilderness,  
This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,  
The past, the future, two eternities!—  
Would sully the bright spot or leave it bare,  
When he might build him a proud temple there,  
A name that long shall hallow all its space,  
And be each purer soul's high resting-place?  
But no—it cannot be, that one whom God  
Has sent to break the wizard Falsehood's rod,  
A Prophet of the Truth, whose mission draws  
Its rights from Heaven, should thus profane his cause  
With the world's vulgar pomps;—no, no—I see—  
He thinks me weak—this glare of luxury  
Is but to tempt, to try the eagle's gaze  
Of my young soul;—shine on, 't will stand the blaze!"

So thought the youth;—but, e'en while he defied  
This witching scene, he felt its witchery glide  
Through every sense.—The perfume breathing round  
Like a pervading spirit;—the still sound  
Of falling waters, lulling as the song  
Of Indian bees at sunset, when they throng  
Around the fragrant Nilica, and deep

In its blue blossoms hush themselves to sleep!  
 And music too—dear music! that can touch  
 Beyond all else the soul that loves it much—  
 Now heard far off, so far as but to seem  
 Like the faint exquisite music of a dream;—  
 All was too much for him, too full of bliss:  
 The heart could nothing feel, that felt not this.  
 Soften'd, he sunk upon a couch, and gave  
 His soul up to sweet thoughts, like wave on wave  
 Succeeding in smooth seas, when storms are laid;—  
 He thought of Zelica, his own dear maid,  
 And of the time when, full of blissful sighs,  
 They sat and look'd into each other's eyes,  
 Silent and happy—as if God had given  
 Nought else worth looking at on this side heaven!

“O my loved mistress! whose enchantments still  
 Are with me, round me, wander where I will—  
 It is for thee, for thee alone I seek  
 The paths of glory—to light up thy cheek  
 With warm approval—in that gentle look  
 To read my praise, as in an angel's book,  
 And think all toils rewarded, when from thee  
 I gain a smile, worth immortality!  
 How shall I bear the moment, when restored  
 To that young heart where I alone am lord,  
 Though of such bliss unworthy,—since the best  
 Alone deserve to be the happiest!—  
 When from those lips, unbreathed upon for years,  
 I shall again kiss off the soul-felt tears,  
 And find those tears warm as when last they started,  
 Those sacred kisses pure as when we parted!  
 O my own life!—why should a single day,  
 A moment keep me from those arms away?”

While thus he thinks, still nearer on the breeze  
 Come those delicious dream-like harmonies,  
 Each note of which but adds new downy links  
 To the soft chain in which his spirit sinks.  
 He turns him toward the sound, and, far away  
 Through a long vista, sparkling with the play  
 Of countless lamps,—like the rich track which Day  
 Leaves on the waters, when he sinks from us;  
 So long the path, its light so tremulous;—  
 He sees a group of female forms advance,  
 Some chain'd together in the mazy dance  
 By fetters, forged in the green sunny bowers,

1 “My Pundits assure me that the plant before us (the Nilica) is their Sephalica, thus named because the bees are supposed to sleep on its blossoms.”—SIR W. JONES.

As they were captives to the King of Flowers—(42);  
 And some disporting round, unlin'd and free,  
 Who seem'd to mock their sisters' slavery,  
 And round and round them still, in wheeling flight,  
 Went, like gay moths about a lamp at night;  
 While others waked, as gracefully along  
 Their feet kept time, the very soul of song  
 From psaltery, pipe, and lutes of heavenly thrill,  
 Or their own youthful voices, heavenlier still!  
 And now they come, now pass before his eye,  
 Forms such as Nature moulds, when she would vie  
 With Fancy's pencil, and give birth to things  
 Lovely beyond its fairest picturings?  
 Awhile they dance before him, then divide,  
 Breaking, like rosy clouds at even-tide  
 Around the rich pavilion of the sun,—  
 Till silently dispersing, one by one,  
 Through many a path that from the chamber leads  
 To gardens, terraces, and moonlight meads,  
 Their distant laughter comes upon the wind,  
 And but one trembling nymph remains behind,—  
 Beckoning them back in vain, for they are gone,  
 And she is left in all that light alone;  
 No veil to curtain o'er her beauteous brow,  
 In its young bashfulness more beauteous now;  
 But a light golden chain-work round her hair (43),  
 Such as the maids of Yezd (44) and Shiraz wear,  
 From which, on either side, gracefully hung  
 A golden amulet, in the Arab tongue,  
 Engraven o'er with some immortal line  
 From holy writ, or bard scarce less divine;  
 While her left hand, as shrinkingly she stood,  
 Held a small lute of gold and sandal-wood,  
 Which once or twice she touch'd with hurried strain,  
 Then took her trembling fingers off again.  
 But when at length a timid glance she stole  
 At Azim, the sweet gravity of soul  
 She saw through all his features calm'd her fear,  
 And, like a half-tamed antelope, more near,  
 Though shrinking still, she came;—then sat her down  
 Upon a musnud's<sup>1</sup> edge, and, bolder grown,  
 In the pathetic mode of Isfahan<sup>2</sup>  
 Touch'd a preluding strain and thus began:—

There's a bower of roses by Bendmeer's<sup>3</sup> stream,  
 And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;

<sup>1</sup> Musnuds are cushioned seats, usually reserved for persons of distinction.

<sup>2</sup> The Persians, like the ancient Greeks, call their musical modes or perdas by the names of different countries or cities, as the mode of Isfahan, the mode of Irah, etc.

<sup>3</sup> A river which flows near the ruins of Chilmihar.



In the time of my childhood 't was like a sweet dream,  
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.

That bower and its music I never forget,  
But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,  
I think—is the nightingale singing there yet?  
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave;  
But some blossoms were gather'd, while freshly they shone,  
And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, that gave  
All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,  
An essence that breathes of it many a year;  
Thus bright to my soul, as 't was then to my eyes,  
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer!

“Poor maiden!” thought the youth, “if thou wert sent,  
With thy soft lute and beauty's blandishment,  
To wake unholy wishes in this heart,  
Or tempt its truth, thou little know'st the art.  
For though thy lip should sweetly counsel wrong,  
Those vestal eyes would disavow its song.  
But thou hast breathed such purity, thy lay  
Returns so fondly to youth's virtuous day,  
And leads thy soul—if e'er it wander'd thence—  
So gently back to its first innocence,  
That I would sooner stop the unchain'd dove,  
When swift returning to its home of love,  
And round its snowy wing new fetters twine,  
Than turn from virtue one pure wish of thine!”

Scarce had this feeling pass'd, when, sparkling through  
The gently-open'd curtains of light blue  
That veil'd the breezy casement, countless eyes,  
Peeping like stars through the blue evening skies,  
Look'd laughing in, as if to mock the pair  
That sat so still and melancholy there—  
And now the curtains fly apart, and in  
From the cool air, 'mid showers of jessamine  
Which those without fling after them in play,  
Two lightsome maidens spring, lightsome as they  
Who live in the air on odours, and around  
The bright saloon, scarce conscious of the ground,  
Chase one another, in a varying dance  
Of mirth and languor, coyness and advance,  
Too eloquently like love's warm pursuit:  
While she, who sung so gently to the lute  
Her dream of home, steals timidly away,

Shrinking as violets do in summer's ray,—  
 But takes with her from Azim's heart that sigh  
 We sometimes give to forms that pass us by  
 In the world's crowd, too lovely to remain,  
 Creatures of light we never see again !

Around the white necks of the nymphs who danced  
 Hung carcanets of orient gems, that glanced  
 More brilliant than the sea-glass glittering o'er  
 The hills of crystal on the Caspian shore ;<sup>1</sup>  
 While from their long dark tresses, in a fall  
 Of curls descending, bells as musical  
 As those that, on the golden-shafted trees  
 Of Eden, shake in the Eternal Breeze,<sup>2</sup>  
 Rung round their steps, at every bound more sweet,  
 As 't were the ecstatic language of their feet !  
 At length the chase was o'er, and they stood wreathed  
 Within each others' arms ; while soft there breathed  
 Through the cool casement, mingled with the sighs  
 Of moonlight flowers, music that seem'd to rise  
 From some still lake, so liquidly it rose ;  
 And, as it swell'd again at each faint close,  
 The ear could track, through all that maze of chords  
 And young sweet voices, these impassion'd words :—

A spirit there is, whose fragrant sigh  
 Is burning now through earth and air ;  
 Where cheeks are blushing, the Spirit is nigh,  
 Where lips are meeting, the Spirit is there !

His breath is the soul of flowers like these,  
 And his floating eyes—oh ! they resemble  
 Blue water-lilies, <sup>3</sup> (45) when the breeze  
 Is making the stream around them tremble !

Hail to thee, hail to thee, kindling power !  
 Spirit of Love, Spirit of Bliss !  
 Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,  
 And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

By the fair and brave,  
 Who blushing unite,  
 Like the sun and wave,  
 When they meet at night !

<sup>1</sup> "To the north of us (on the coast of the Caspian, near Badku) was a mountain which sparkled like diamonds, arising from the sea-glass and crystals with which it abounds."—*Journey of the Russian Ambassador to Persia*, 1746.

<sup>2</sup> "To which will be added the sound of the bells, hanging on the trees, which will be put in motion by the wind proceeding from the throne of God, as often as the blessed wish for music."—SALE.

<sup>3</sup> The blue lotos, which grows in Cashmere and in Persia.

By the tear that shows  
 When passion is nigh,  
 As the rain-drop flows  
 From the heat of the sky!

By the first love-beat  
 Of the youthful heart,  
 By the bliss to meet,  
 And the pain to part!

By all that thou hast  
 To mortals given,  
 Which—oh! could it last,  
 This earth were heaven!

We call thee hither, entrancing Power!  
 Spirit of Love! Spirit of bliss!  
 Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,  
 And there never was moonlight so sweet at this.

Impatient of a scene, whose luxuries stolc,  
 Spite of himself, too deep into his soul,  
 And where, 'midst all that the young heart loves inost,  
 Flowers, music, smiles, to yield was to be lost,  
 The youth had started up, and turn'd away  
 From the light nymphs and their luxurious lay,  
 To muse upon the pictures that hung round (46),—  
 Bright images, that spoke without a sound,  
 And views, like vistas into fairy ground.  
 But here again new spells came o'er his sense;—  
 All that the pencil's mute omnipotence  
 Could call up into life, of soft and fair,  
 Of fond and passionate, was glowing there :  
 Nor yet too warm, but touch'd with that fine art  
 Which paints of pleasure but the purer part;  
 Which knows even Beauty when half-veil'd is best,  
 Like her own radiant planet of the west,  
 Whose orb when half-retired looks loveliest (47)!

*There* hung the history of the Genii-King,  
 Traced through each gay voluptuous wandering  
 With her from Saba's bowers, in whose bright eyes  
 He read that to be blest is to be wise;—<sup>1</sup> (48)  
*Here* fond Zuleika<sup>2</sup> (49) woos with open arms  
 The Hebrew boy, who flies from her young charms,  
 Yet, flying, turns to gaze, and, half undone,  
 Wishes that Heaven and she could both be won!

<sup>1</sup> For the loves of King Solomon (who was supposed to preside over the whole race of Genii) with Balkis, the Queen of Sheba or Saba, see D'HANBELLOT, and the *Notes on the Koran*, chap. 2.

<sup>2</sup> The wife of Potiphar, thus named by the Orientals. Her adventure with the Patriarch Joseph is the subject of many of their poems and romances.

And here Mohammed, born for love and guile,  
 Forgets the Koran in his Mary's smile;—  
 Then beckons some kind angel from above  
 With a new text to consecrate their love!<sup>1</sup>

With rapid step, yet pleased and lingering eye,  
 Did the youth pass these pictured stories by,  
 And hasten'd to a casement, where the light  
 Of the calm moon came in, and freshly bright  
 The fields without were seen, sleeping as still  
 As if no life remain'd in breeze or rill.  
 Here paused he, while the music, now less near,  
 Breathed with a holier language on his ear,  
 As though the distance; and that heavenly ray  
 Through which the sounds came floating, took away  
 All that had been too earthly in the lay.  
 Oh! could he listen to such sounds, unmoved,  
 And by that light—nor dream of her he loved?  
 Dream on, unconscious boy! while yet thou mayst;  
 'T is the last bliss thy soul shall ever taste.  
 Clasp yet awhile her image to thy heart,  
 Ere all the light, that made it dear, depart.  
 Think of her smiles as when thou saw'st them last,  
 Clear, beautiful, by nought of earth o'ercast;  
 Recall her tears, to thee at parting given,  
 Pure as they weep, if angels weep, in heaven!  
 Think in her own still bower she waits thee now,  
 With the same glow of heart and bloom of brow,  
 Yet shrined in solitude—thine all, thine only,  
 Like the one star above thee, bright and lonely!  
 Oh, that a dream so sweet, so long enjoy'd,  
 Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy'd!

The song is hush'd, the laughing nymphs are flown,  
 And he is left, musing of bliss, alone;—  
 Alone! no, not alone—that heavy sigh,  
 That sob of grief, which broke from some one nigh—  
 Whose could it be?—alas! is misery found  
 Here, even here, on this enchanted ground?  
 He turns, and sees a female form, close veil'd,  
 Leaning, as if both heart and strength had fail'd,  
 Against a pillar near;—not glittering o'er  
 With gems and wreaths, such as the others wore,  
 But in that deep blue, melancholy dress,<sup>2</sup>  
 Bokhara's maidens wear in mindfulness  
 Of friends or kindred, dead or far away;—

<sup>1</sup> The particulars of Mahomet's amour with Mary, the Coptic girl, in justification of which he added a new chapter to the Koran, may be found in GAGNIER'S *Notes upon Abulfeza*, p. 151.

<sup>2</sup> "Deep blue is their mourning colour."—HANWAY.

And such as Zelica had on that day  
He left her,—when, with heart too full to speak,  
He took away her last warm tears upon his cheek.

A strange emotion stirs within him,—more  
Than mere compassion ever waked before;—  
Unconsciously he opes his arms, while she  
Springs forward, as with life's last energy,  
But, swooning in that one convulsive bound,  
Sinks, ere she reach his arms, upon the ground;—  
Her veil falls off—her faint hands clasp his knees—  
'T is she herself!—'t is Zelica he sees!  
But, ah! so pale, so changed—none but a lover  
Could in that wreck of beauty's shrine discover  
The once adored divinity! even he  
Stood for some moments mute, and doubtingly  
Put back the ringlets from her brow, and gazed  
Upon those lids, where once such lustre blazed,  
Ere he could think she was *indeed* his own,  
Own darling maid, whom he so long had known  
In joy and sorrow, beautiful in both;  
Who, even when grief was heaviest—when loth  
He left her for the wars—in that worst hour  
Sat in her sorrow like the sweet night-flower,<sup>1</sup>  
When darkness brings its weeping glories out,  
And spreads its sighs like frankincense about!

“Look up, my Zelica—one moment show  
Those gentle eyes to me, that I may know  
Thy life, thy loveliness is not all gone,  
But *there*, at least, shines as it ever shone.  
Come, look upon thy Azim—one dear glance,  
Like those of old, were heaven! whatever chance  
Hath brought thee here, oh! 't was a blessed one!  
There—my sweet lips—they move—that kiss hath run  
Like the first shoot of life through every vein,  
And now I clasp her, mine, all mine again!  
Oh the delight—now, in this very hour,  
When, had the whole rich world been in my power,  
I should have singled out thee, only thee,  
From the whole world's collected treasury—  
To have thee here—to hang thus fondly o'er  
My own best, purest Zelica once more!”—

It was indeed the touch of those loved lips  
Upon her eyes that chased their short eclipse;  
And, gradual as the snow, at heaven's breath,  
Melts off and shows the azure flowers beneath,

<sup>1</sup> The sorrowful nyctanthus, which begins to spread its rich odour after sunset.

Her lids unclosed, and the bright eyes were seen  
 Gazing on his,—not, as they late had been,  
 Quick, restless, wild,—but mournfully serene;  
 As if to lie, even for that tranced minute,  
 So near his heart, had consolation in it;  
 And thus to wake in his beloved caress  
 Took from her soul one half its wretchedness.  
 But when she heard him call her good and pure,  
 Oh 't was too much—too dreadful to endure!  
 Shuddering she broke away from his embrace,  
 And, hiding with both hands her guilty face,  
 Said, in a tone whose anguish would have riven  
 A heart of very marble, “pure!—oh Heaven!”—

That tone—those looks so changed—the withering blight  
 That sin and sorrow leave where'er they light—  
 The dead despondency of those sunk eyes,  
 Where once, had he thus met her by surprise,  
 He would have seen himself, too happy boy,  
 Reflected in a thousand lights of joy;  
 And then the place, that bright unholy place,  
 Where vice lay hid beneath each winning grace  
 And charm of luxury, as the viper weaves  
 Its wily covering of sweet balsam-leaves:—  
 All struck upon his heart, sudden and cold  
 As death itself;—it needs not to be told—  
 No, no—he sees it all, plain as the brand  
 Of burning shame can mark—whate'er the hand  
 That could from heaven and him such brightness sever,  
 'T is done—to Heaven and him she's lost for ever!  
 It was a dreadful moment; not the tears,  
 The lingering lasting misery of years,  
 Could match that minute's anguish—all the worst  
 Of sorrow's elements in that dark burst  
 Broke o'er his soul, and, with one crash of fate,  
 Laid the whole hopes of his life desolate!

“Oh! curse me not,” she cried, as wild he toss'd  
 His desperate hand tow'rd's heaven—“though I am lost,  
 Think not that guilt, that falsehood made me fall,  
 No, no—'t was grief, 't was madness did it all!  
 Nay, doubt me not—though all thy love hath ceased—  
 I know it hath—yet, yet believe, at least,  
 That every spark of reason's light must be  
 Quench'd in this brain, ere I could stay from thee!  
 They told me thou wert dead;—why, Azim, why  
 Did we not, both of us, that instant die

<sup>1</sup> “Concerning the vipers, which Pliny says were frequent among the balsam-trees, I made very particular inquiry; several were brought me alive, both to Yumbo and Jidda.”  
 —BRUCE.

When we were parted!—Oh! couldst thou but know,  
 With what a deep devotedness of woe  
 I wept thy absence—o'er and o'er again  
 Thinking of thee, still thee, till thought grew pain,  
 And memory, like a drop that, night and day,  
 Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart away!  
 Didst thou but know how pale I sat at home,  
 My eyes still turn'd the way thou wert to come,  
 And, all the long, long night of hope and fear,  
 Thy voice and step still sounding in my ear—  
 Oh God! thou wouldst not wonder that, at last,  
 When every hope was all at once o'er cast,  
 When I heard frightful voices round me say  
*Azim is dead!*—this wretched brain gave way,  
 And I became a wreck, at random driven,  
 Without one glimpse of reason or of Heaven—  
 All wild—and even this quenchless love within  
 Turn'd to foul fires to light me into sin!  
 Thou pitiest me—I knew thou wouldst—that sky  
 Hath nought beneath it half so lorn as I.  
 The fiend, who lured me hither—hist! come near,  
 Or thou too, *thou* art lost, if he should hear—  
 Told me such things—oh! with such devilish art  
 As would have ruin'd ev'n a holier heart—  
 Of thee, and of that ever-radiant sphere,  
 Where, blest at length, if I but served *him* here,  
 I should for ever live in thy dear sight,  
 And drink from those pure eyes eternal light!  
 Think, think how lost, how madden'd I must be,  
 To hope that guilt could lead to God or thee!  
 Thou weep'st for me—do, weep—oh! that I durst  
 Kiss off that tear! but, no—these lips are curst,  
 They must not touch thee; one divine caress,  
 One blessed moment of forgetfulness  
 I've had within those arms, and *that* shall lie,  
 Shrined in my soul's deep memory till I die!  
 The last of joy's last relics here below,  
 The one sweet drop in all this waste of woe,  
 My heart has treasured from affection's spring,  
 To soothe and cool its deadly withering!  
 But thou—yes, thou must go—for ever go;  
 This place is not for thee—for thee! oh no!  
 Did I but tell thee half, thy tortured brain  
 Would burn like mine, and mine go wild again!  
 Enough, that Guilt reigns here—that hearts, once good,  
 Now tainted, chill'd, and broken, are his food.—  
 Enough, that we are parted—that there rolls  
 A flood of headlong fate between our souls,  
 Whose darkness severs me as wide from thee  
 As hell from heaven, to all eternity!"—

"Zelica! Zelica!" the youth exclaim'd,  
 In all the tortures of a mind inflamed  
 Almost to madness—"by that sacred Heaven,  
 Where yet, if prayers can move, thou 'lt be forgiven,  
 As thou art here—here, in this writhing heart,  
 All sinful, wild, and ruin'd as thou art!  
 By the remembrance of our once pure love,  
 Which, like a church-yard light, still burns above  
 The grave of our lost souls—which guilt in thee  
 Cannot extinguish, nor despair in me!  
 I do conjure, implore thee to fly hence—  
 If thou hast yet one spark of innocence,  
 Fly with me from this place."——

"With thee! oh bliss,

'T is worth whole years of torment to hear this.  
 What! take the lost one with thee!—let her rove  
 By thy dear side, as in those days of love,  
 When we were both so happy, both so pure!—  
 Too heavenly dream! if there 's on earth a cure  
 For the sunk heart, 't is this—day after day  
 To be the blest companion of thy way!—  
 To hear thy angel eloquence—to see  
 Those virtuous eyes for ever turn'd on me;  
 And in their light, re-chasten'd silently,  
 Like the stain'd web that whitens in the sun,  
 Grow pure by being purely shone upon!  
 And thou wilt pray for me—I know thou wilt—  
 At the dim vesper hour, when thoughts of guilt  
 Come heaviest o'er the heart, thou 'lt lift thine eyes,  
 Full of sweet tears, unto the darkening skies,  
 And plead for me with Heaven, till I can dare  
 To fix my own weak, sinful glances there;  
 Till the good angels, when they see me cling  
 For ever near thee, pale and sorrowing,  
 Shall for thy sake pronounce my soul forgiven,  
 And bid thee take thy weeping slave to heaven!  
 Oh yes, I 'll fly with thee"——

Scarce had she said

These breathless words, when a voice, deep and dread  
 As that of Monker, waking up the dead  
 From their first sleep—so startling 't was to both—  
 Rung through the casement near, "Thy oath! thy oath!"  
 Oh heaven, the ghastliness of that maid's look!—  
 "'T is he," faintly she cried, while terror shook  
 Her inmost core, nor durst she lift her eyes,  
 Though through the casement, now, nought but the skies  
 And moon-light fields were seen, calm as before—  
 "'T is he, and I am his—all, all is o'er—  
 Go—fly this instant, or thou 'rt ruin'd too—  
 My oath, my oath, oh God! 't is all too true,



True as the worm in this cold heart it is—  
 I am Mokanna's bride—his, Azim, his—  
 The dead stood round us, while I spoke that vow,  
 Their blue lips echoed it—I hear them now!  
 Their eyes glared on me, while I pledged that bowl,  
 'T was burning blood—I feel it in my soul!  
 And the Veil'd Bridegroom—hist! I've seen to-night  
 What angels know not of—so foul a sight,  
 So horrible—oh! never mayst thou see  
 What *there* lies hid from all but hell and me!  
 But I must hence—off, off—I am not thine,  
 Nor Heaven's nor Love's, nor aught that is divine—  
 Hold me not—ha! think'st thou the fiends that sever  
 Hearts, cannot sunder hands?—thus then—for ever!"

With all that strength which madness lends the weak,  
 She flung away his arm; and, with a shriek,—  
 Whose sound, though he should linger out inore years  
 Than wretch e'er told can never leave his ears,—  
 Flew up through that long avenue of light,  
 Fleetly as some dark ominous bird of night  
 Across the sun, and soon was out of sight.

Lalla Rookh could think of nothing all day but the misery of these two young lovers. Her gaiety was gone, and she looked pensively even upon Fadladeen. She felt too, without knowing why, a sort of uneasy pleasure in imagining that Azim must have been just such a youth as Feramorz; just as worthy to enjoy all the blessings, without any of the pangs of that illusive passion, which too often, like the sunny apples of Istkahar (50), is all sweetness on one side, and all bitterness on the other.

As they passed along a sequestered river after sunset, they saw a young Hindoo girl upon the bank (51), whose employment seemed to them so strange, that they stopped their palankeens to observe her. She had lighted a small lamp, filled with oil of cocoa, and placing it in an earthen dish, adorned with a wreath of flowers, had committed it with a trembling hand to the stream, and was now anxiously watching its progress down the current, heedless of the gay cavalcade which had drawn up beside her. Lalla Rookh was all curiosity;—when one of her attendants, who had lived upon the banks of the Ganges (where this ceremony is so frequent, that often, in the dusk of the evening, the river is seen glittering all over with lights, like the Oton-tala or Sea of Stars), (52) informed the Princess that it was the usual way in which the friends of those who had gone on dangerous voyages offered up vows for their safe return. If the lamp sunk immediately, the omen was disastrous: but if it went shining down the stream, and continued to burn till entirely out of sight, the return of the beloved object was considered as certain.

Lalla Rookh, as they moved on, more than once looked back, to

observe how the young Hindoo's lamp proceeded; and, while she saw with pleasure that it was still unextinguished, she could not help fearing that all the hopes of this life were no better than that feeble light upon the river. The remainder of the journey was passed in silence. She now, for the first time, felt that shade of melancholy which comes over the youthful maiden's heart, as sweet and transient as her own breath upon a mirror; nor was it till she heard the lute of Feramorz, touched lightly at the door of her pavilion, that she waked from the reverie in which she had been wandering. Instantly her eyes were lighted up with pleasure, and, after a few unheard remarks from Fadladeen upon the indecorum of a poet seating himself in presence of a princess, every thing was arranged as on the preceding evening, and all listened with eagerness, while the story was thus continued:—

Whose are the gilded tents that crowd the way,  
Where all was waste and silent yesterday?  
This City of War, which, in a few short hours,  
Hath sprung up here (53), as if the magic powers  
Of him who, in the twinkling of a star,  
Built the high pillar'd halls of Chilminar,<sup>1</sup>  
Had conjured up, far as the eye can see,  
This world of tents and domes and sun-bright armory!—  
Princely pavilions, screen'd by many a fold  
Of crimson cloth, and topp'd with balls of gold;—  
Steeds, with their housings of rich silver spun,  
Their chains and poutrel glittering in the sun;  
And camels, tufted o'er with Yemen's shells (54),  
Shaking in every breeze their light-toned bells!

But yester-eve, so motionless around,  
So mute was this wide plain, that not a sound  
But the far torrent, or the locust bird<sup>2</sup>  
Hunting among the thickets, could be heard;—  
Yet hark! what discords now, of every kind,  
Shouts, laughs, and screams, are revelling in the wind!  
The neigh of cavalry;—the tinkling throngs  
Of laden camels and their drivers' songs (55);—  
Ringing of arms, and flapping in the breeze  
Of streamers, from ten thousand canopies;—  
War-music, bursting out from time to time  
With gong and tymbalon's tremendous clime;—  
Or, in the pause, when harsher sounds are mute,  
The mellow breathings of some horn or flute,

<sup>1</sup> The edifices of Chilminar and Balbec are supposed to have been built by the Genii, acting under the orders of Jan ben Jan, who governed the world long before the time of Adam.

<sup>2</sup> A native of Khorassan, and allured southward by means of the water of a fountain, between Shiraz and Ispahan, called the Fountain of Birds, of which it is so fond that it will follow wherever that water is carried.

That far off, broken by the eagle note  
Of the Abyssinian trumpet, <sup>1</sup> swell and float!

Who leads this mighty army?—ask ye “who?”  
And mark ye not those banners of dark hue,  
The Night and Shadow, <sup>2</sup> over yonder tent?—  
It is the Caliph's glorious armament.  
Roused in his palace by the dread alarms,  
That hourly came, of the false prophet's arms,  
And of his host of infidels, who hurl'd  
Defiance fierce at Islam <sup>3</sup> and the world;—  
Though worn with Grecian warfare, and behind  
The veils of his bright palace calm reclined,  
Yet brook'd he not such blasphemy should stain,  
Thus unrevenged, the evening of his reign;  
But, having sworn upon the Holy Grave <sup>4</sup>  
To conquer or to perish, once more gave  
His shadowy banners proudly to the breeze,  
And, with an army nursed in victories,  
Here stands to crush the rebels that o'er-run  
His blest and beauteous Province of the Sun.

Ne'er did the march of Mahadi display  
Such pomp before;—not even when on his way  
To Mecca's temple, when both land and sea  
Were spoil'd to feed the Pilgrim's luxury; <sup>5</sup>  
When round him, 'mid the burning sands, he saw  
Fruits of the north in icy freshness thaw,  
And cool'd his thirsty lip, beneath the glow  
Of Mecca's sun, with urns of Persian snow:—<sup>6</sup>  
Nor e'er did armament more grand than that  
Pour from the kingdoms of the Caliphate,  
First in the van, the People of the Rock, <sup>7</sup>  
On their light mountain steeds, of royal stock, <sup>8</sup>  
Then chieftains of Damascus, proud to see  
The flashing of their swords' rich marquetry: <sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> “This trumpet is often called, in Abyssinia, *nessor cano*, which signifies the Note of the Eagle.”—*Note of Bruce's Editor*.

<sup>2</sup> The two black standards borne before the Caliphs of the House of Abbas were called, allegorically, The Night and the Shadow.—*See Gibbon*.

<sup>3</sup> The Mahometan Religion.

<sup>4</sup> “The Persians swear by the Tomb of Shah Besade, who is buried at Casbin; and when one desires another to asseverate a matter, he will ask him, if he dare swear by the Holy Grave.”—*Strutt*.

<sup>5</sup> Mahadi, in a single pilgrimage to Mecca, expended six millions of dinars of gold.

<sup>6</sup> *Nivem Meccam apportavi, rem ibi aul nunquam aul raro visam.*—*Abulfeda*.

<sup>7</sup> The inhabitants of Hejaz or Arabia Petraea, called by an Eastern writer “The People of the Rock.”—*Edn Haekal*.

<sup>8</sup> “Those horses, called by the Arabians *Kochlani*, of whom a written genealogy has been kept for two thousand years. They are said to derive their origin from King Solomon's steeds.”—*Nisabun*.

<sup>9</sup> Many of the figures on the blades of their swords are wrought in gold or silver, or in marquetry with small gems.”—*Asiat. Misc.* vol. i.

Men from the regions near the Volga's mouth,  
 Mix'd with the rude black archers of the south ;  
 And Indian lancers, in white-turban'd ranks,  
 From the far Sinde, or Attock's sacred banks,  
 With dusky legions from the land of Myrrh,<sup>1</sup>  
 And many a mace-arm'd Moor and Mid-Sea islander.  
 Nor less in number, though more new and rude  
 In warfare's school, was the vast multitude  
 That, fired by zeal, or by oppression wrong'd,  
 Round the white standard of the Impostor throng'd.  
 Beside his thousands of believers,—blind,  
 Burning and headlong as the Samiel wind,—  
 Many who felt, and more who fear'd to feel,  
 The bloody Islamite's converting steel,  
 Flock'd to his banner ;—chiefs of the Uzbek race,  
 Waving their heron crests with martial grace ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Turkomans, countless as their flocks, led forth  
 From the aromatic pastures of the north ;  
 Wild warriors of the turquoise hills,<sup>3</sup>—and those  
 Who dwell beyond the everlasting snows  
 Of Hindoo Kosh,<sup>4</sup> in stormy freedom bred,  
 Their fort the rock, their camp the torrent's bed.  
 But none, of all who own'd the Chief's command,  
 Rush'd to that battle-field with bolder hand,  
 Or sterner hate, than Iran's outlaw'd men,  
 Her Worshippers of fire<sup>5</sup>—all panting then  
 For vengeance on the accursed Saracen ;  
 Vengeance at last for their dear country spurn'd,  
 Her throne usurp'd, and her bright shrines o'erturn'd.  
 From Yezd's<sup>6</sup> eternal Mansion of the Fire,  
 Where aged saints in dreams of heaven expire ;  
 From Badku, and those fountains of blue flame  
 That burn into the Caspian,<sup>7</sup> fierce they came,  
 Careless for what or whom the blow was sped,  
 So vengeance triumph'd, and their tyrants bled !

<sup>1</sup> Azab or Saba.

<sup>2</sup> "The chiefs of the Uzbek Tartars wear a plume of white heron's feathers in their turbans."—*Account of Independent Tartary*.

<sup>3</sup> In the mountains of Nishapour and Tous (in Khorassan) they find turquoises.—EAS HAKKAL.

<sup>4</sup> For a description of these stupendous ranges of mountains, see ELPHINSTONE'S *Cambul*.

<sup>5</sup> The Ghebres or Guchres, those original natives of Persia, who adhered to their ancient faith, the religion of Zoroaster, and who, after the conquest of their country by the Arabs, were either persecuted at home, or forced to become wanderers abroad.

<sup>6</sup> "Yezd, the chief residence of those ancient natives, who worship the Sun and the Fire, which latter they have carefully kept lighted, without being once extinguished for a moment, above three thousand years, on a mountain near Yezd, called Ater Quedah, signifying the House or Mansion of the Fire. He is reckoned very unfortunate who dies off that mountain."—STEPHEN'S *Persia*.

<sup>7</sup> "When the weather is hazy, the springs of Naptha (on an island near Baku) boil up the higher, and the Naptha often takes fire on the surface of the earth, and runs in a flame into the sea to a distance almost incredible."—HARWAY, on the *Everlasting Fire at Baku*.

Such was the wild and miscellaneous host,  
That high in air their motley banners tost  
Around the Prophet-Chief—all eyes still bent  
Upon that glittering Veil, where'er it went,  
That beacon through the battle's stormy flood,  
That rainbow of the field, whose showers were blood !

Twice hath the sun upon their conflict set,  
And risen again, and found them grappling yet ;  
While streams of carnage, in his noon-tide blaze,  
Smoke up to heaven—hot as that crimson haze  
By which the prostrate caravan is awed (56),  
In the Red Desert, when the wind 's abroad !  
“ On, Swords of God ! ” the panting Caliph calls,—  
“ Thrones for the living—Heaven for him who falls ! ”—  
“ On, brave avengers, on,” Mokanna cries,  
“ And Eblis blast the recreant slave that flies ! ”  
Now comes the brunt, the crisis of the day—  
They clash—they strive—the Caliph's troops give way !  
Mokanna's self plucks the black banner down,  
And now the Orient World's imperial crown  
Is just within his grasp—when, hark, that shout !  
Some hand hath check'd the flying Moslems' rout,  
And now they turn—they rally—at their head  
A warrior (like those angel youths who led,  
In glorious panoply of heaven's own mail,  
The Champions of the Faith through Beder's vale),<sup>1</sup>  
Bold as if gifted with ten thousand lives,  
Turns on the fierce pursuers' blades, and drives  
At once the multitudinous torrent back,  
While hope and courage kindle in his track,  
And, at each step, his bloody falchion makes  
Terrible vistas, through which victory breaks !  
In vain Mokanna, 'midst the general flight,  
Stands, like the red moon on some stormy night,  
Among the fugitive clouds that, hurrying by,  
Leave only her unshaken in the sky !—  
In vain he yells his desperate curses out,  
Deals death promiscuously to all about,  
To foes that charge, and coward friends that fly,  
And seems of *all* the Great Arch-enemy !  
The panic spreads—“ a miracle ! ” throughout  
The Moslem ranks, “ a miracle ! ” they shout,  
All gazing on that youth, whose coming seems  
A light, a glory, such as breaks in dreams ;  
And every sword, true as o'er billows dim  
The needle tracks the lead-star, following him !

<sup>1</sup> In the great victory gained by Mahomed at Beder, he was assisted, say the Mussulmans, by three thousand angels, led by Gabriel mounted on his horse Hiazum.—See *the Koran and its Commentators*.

Right tow'rd's Mokanna now he cleaves his path,  
 Impatient cleaves, as though the bolt of wrath  
 He bears from Heaven withheld its awful burst  
 From weaker heads, and souls but half-way curst,  
 To break o'er him, the mightiest and the worst !  
 But vain his speed—though in that hour of blood,  
 Had all God's seraphs round Mokanna stood,  
 With swords of fire, ready like fate to fall,  
 Mokanna's soul would have defied them all ;—  
 Yet now, the rush of fugitives, too strong  
 For human force, hurries even him along ;  
 In vain he struggles 'mid the wedged array  
 Of flying thousands—he is borne away ;  
 And the sole joy his baffled spirit knows  
 In this forced flight is—murdering, as he goes !  
 As a grim tiger, whom the torrent's might  
 Surprises in some parch'd ravine at night  
 Turns, even in drowning, on the wretched flocks  
 Swept with him in that snow-flood from the rocks,  
 And, to the last, devouring on his way,  
 Bloodies the stream he has not power to stay !

“Alla il Alla !”—the glad shout renew—  
 “Alla Akbar !”<sup>1</sup>—the Caliph's in Merou.  
 Hang out your gilded tapestry in the streets,  
 And light your shrines and chaunt your ziraleets ;<sup>2</sup>  
 The swords of God have triumph'd—on his throne  
 Your Caliph sits, and the Veil'd Chief hath flown.  
 Who does not envy that young warrior now,  
 To whom the Lord of Islam bends his brow,  
 In all the graceful gratitude of power,  
 For his throne's safety in that perilous hour ?  
 Who doth not wonder, when, amidst the acclaim  
 Of thousands, heralding to heaven his name—  
 'Mid all those holier harmonies of fame,  
 Which sound along the path of virtuous souls,  
 Like music round a planet as it rolls !—  
 He turns away coldly, as if some gloom  
 Hung o'er his heart no triumphs can illumine—  
 Some sightless grief, upon whose blasted gaze  
 Though glory's light may play, in vain it plays !  
 Yes, wretched Azim ! thine is such a grief,  
 Beyond all hope, all terror, all relief ;  
 A dark, cold calm, which nothing now can break,  
 Or warm or brighten,—like that Syrian Lake,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Tecbir, or cry of the Arabs. “Alla Akbar !” says Ockley, “means God is most mighty.”

<sup>2</sup> The ziraleet is a kind of chorus which the women of the East sing upon joyful occasions.—RUSSEL.

<sup>3</sup> The Dead Sea, which contains neither animal nor vegetable life.

Upon whose surface morn and summer shed  
 Their smiles in vain, for all beneath is dead !—  
 Hearts there have been, o'er which this weight of woe  
 Came by long use of suffering, tame and slow ;  
 But thine, lost youth ! was sudden—over thee  
 It broke at once, when all seem'd ecstasy !  
 When Hope look'd up, and saw the gloomy past  
 Melt into splendour, and bliss dawn at last—  
 'T was then, even then, o'er joys so freshly blown,  
 This mortal blight of misery came down ;  
 Even then the full warm gushings of thy heart  
 Were check'd—like fount-drops, frozen as they start !  
 And there, like them, cold, sunless relics hang,  
 Each fix'd and chill'd into a lasting pang !

One sole desire, one passion now remains,  
 To keep life's fever still within his veins,—  
 Vengeance !—dire vengeance on the wretch who cast  
 O'er him and all he loved that ruinous blast.  
 For this, when rumours reach'd him in his flight  
 Far, far away, after that fatal night,—  
 Rumours of armies, thronging to the attack  
 Of the Veil'd Chief,—for this he wing'd him back,  
 Fleet as the vulture speeds to flags unfurl'd,  
 And came when all seem'd lost, and wildly hurl'd  
 Himself into the scale, and saved a world !  
 For this he still lives on, careless of all  
 The wreaths that glory on his path lets fall ;  
 For this alone exists—like lightning-fire,  
 To speed one bolt of vengeance, and expire !

But safe as yet that Spirit of Evil lives ;  
 With a small band of desperate fugitives,  
 The last sole stubborn fragment, left unriven,  
 Of the proud host that late stood fronting heaven,  
 He gain'd Merou—breathed a short curse of blood  
 O'er his lost throne—then pass'd the Jihon's flood,<sup>1</sup>  
 And gathering all, whose madness of belief  
 Still saw a Saviour in their down-fall'n chief,  
 Raised the white banner within Neksheb's gates,<sup>2</sup>  
 And there, untamed, the approaching conqueror waits.

Of all his Harain, all that busy live,  
 With music and with sweets sparkling alive,  
 He took but one, the partner of his flight,  
 One, not for love—not for her beauty's light—  
 For Zelica stood withering 'midst the gay,  
 Wan as the blossom that fell yesterday

<sup>1</sup> The ancient Oxus.

<sup>2</sup> A city of Transoxiana.

From the Alma tree and dies, while overhead  
 To-day's young flower is springing in its stead!<sup>1</sup>  
 No, not for love—the deepest damn'd must be  
 Touch'd with heaven's glory, ere such fiends as he  
 Can feel one glimpse of love's divinity!  
 But no, she is his victim;—*there* lie all  
 Her charms for him—charms that can never pall,  
 As long as hell within his heart can stir,  
 Or one faint trace of heaven is left in her.  
 To work an angel's ruin,—to behold  
 As white a page as Virtue e'er unroll'd  
 Blacken, beneath his touch, into a scroll  
 Of damning sins, seal'd with a burning soul—  
 This is his triumph—this the joy accurst,  
 That ranks him among demons all but first!  
 This gives the victim, that before him lies  
 Blighted and lost, a glory in his eyes,  
 A light like that with which hell-fire illumines  
 The ghastly, writhing wretch whom it consumes!

But other tasks now wait him—tasks that need  
 All the deep daringness of thought and deed  
 With which the Dives<sup>2</sup> have gifted him—for mark,  
 Over yon plains, which night had else made dark,  
 Those lanterns, countless as the winged lights  
 That spangle India's fields on showery nights,<sup>3</sup>  
 Far as their formidable gleams they shed,  
 The mighty tents of the beleaguerer spread,  
 Glimmering along the horizon's dusky line,  
 And thence in nearer circles, till they shine  
 Among the founts and groves, o'er which the town  
 In all its arm'd magnificence looks down.  
 Yet, fearless, from his lofty battlements  
 Mokanna views that multitude of tents;  
 Nay, smiles to think that, though entoil'd, beset,  
 Not less than myriads dare to front him yet;—  
 That, friendless, throneless, he thus stands at bay,  
 Even thus a match for myriads such as they!  
 "Oh! for a sweep of that dark angel's wing,  
 Who brush'd the thousands of the Assyrian king<sup>4</sup>  
 To darkness in a moment, that I might  
 People hell's chambers with yon host to-night!  
 But come what may, let who will grasp the throne,  
 Caliph or Prophet, man alike shall groan;

<sup>1</sup> "You never can cast your eyes on this tree, but you meet there either blossoms or fruit: and as the blossom drops underneath on the ground (which is frequently covered with these purple-coloured flowers), others come forth in their stead," etc. etc.—NIEBUHR.

<sup>2</sup> The demons of the Persian mythology.

<sup>3</sup> Carreri mentions the fire-flies in India during the rainy season.—See his *Travels*.

<sup>4</sup> Sennacherib, called by the Orientals King of Moussal.—D'HARBELOT.



Let who will torture him, priest, caliph, king,  
 Alike this loathsome world of his shall ring  
 With victims' shrieks and howlings of the slave,—  
 Sounds that shall glad me even within my grave!"  
 Thus to himself—but to the scanty train  
 Still left around him, a far different strain:  
 "Glorious defenders of the sacred crown  
 I bear from heaven, whose light nor blood shall drown  
 Nor shadow of earth eclipse;—before whose gems  
 The paly pomp of this world's diadems,  
 The crown of Gerashid, the pillar'd throne  
 Of Parviz,<sup>1</sup> (57) and the heron crest that shone<sup>2</sup>  
 Magnificent, o'er Ali's beauteous eyes,<sup>3</sup>  
 Fade like the stars when morn is in the skies:  
 Warriors, rejoice—the port, to which we've pass'd  
 O'er destiny's dark wave, beams out at last!  
 Victory's our own—'t is written in that Book  
 Upon whose leaves none but the angels look,  
 That Islam's sceptre shall beneath the power  
 Of her great foe fall broken in that hour,  
 When the moon's mighty orb, before all eyes,  
 From Neksheb's Holy Well (58) portentously shall rise!  
 Now turn and see!"—

They turn'd, and, as he spoke,  
 A sudden splendour all around them broke,  
 And they beheld an orb, ample and bright,  
 Rise from the Holy Well, and cast its light  
 Round the rich city and the plain for miles—<sup>4</sup>  
 Flinging such radiance o'er the gilded tiles  
 Of many a dome and fair-roof'd minaret,  
 As autumn suns shed round them when they set!  
 Instant from all who saw the illusive sign  
 A murmur broke—"Miraculous! divine!"  
 The Gheber bow'd, thinking his idolstar  
 Had waked, and burst impatient through the bar  
 Of midnight, to inflame him to the war!  
 While he of Moussa's creed saw, in that ray,  
 The glorious Light which, in his freedom's day,  
 Had rested on the Ark,<sup>5</sup> and now again  
 Shone out to bless the breaking of his chain!

<sup>1</sup> Chosroes. For the description of his Throne or Palace, see GINNON and D'HERBELOT.

<sup>2</sup> "The crown of Gerashid is cloudy and tarnished before the heron tuft of thy turban."  
 —From one of the elegies or songs in praise of Ali, written in characters of gold round the  
 gallery of Abbas's tomb.—See CHARDIN.

<sup>3</sup> The beauty of Ali's eyes was so remarkable, that whenever the Persians would describe any thing as very lovely, they say it is Ayn Hali, or the eyes of Ali.—CHARDIN.

<sup>4</sup> "Il amusa pendant deux mois le peuple de la ville de Neksheb, en faisant sortir toutes les nuits du fond d'un puits un corps lumineux semblable à la lune, qui portait sa lumière jusqu'à la distance de plusieurs milles."—D'HERBELOT. Hence he was called Sazendeh mah, or the Moon-maker.

<sup>5</sup> The Sheebinah, called Sakinat in the Koran.—See SALZ's Note, chap. ii.

"To victory!" is at once the cry of all—  
 Nor stands Mokanna loitering at that call;  
 But instant the huge gates are flung aside,  
 And forth, like a diminutive mountain-tide  
 Into the boundless sea, they speed their course  
 Right on into the Moslem's mighty force.  
 The watchmen of the camp,—who, in their rounds,  
 Had paused and even forgot the punctual sounds  
 Of the small drum with which they count the night,<sup>1</sup>  
 To gaze upon that supernatural light,—  
 Now sink beneath an unexpected arm,  
 And in a death-groan give their last alarm.  
 "On for the lamps, that light yon lofty screen,"<sup>2</sup> (59)  
 Nor blunt your blades with massacre so mean;  
 There rests the Caliph—speed—onc lucky lance  
 May now achieve mankind's deliverance!"  
 Desperate the die—such as they only cast  
 Who venture for a world, and stake their last.  
 But Fate's no longer with him—blade for blade  
 Springs up to meet them through the glimmering shade,  
 And, as the clash is heard, new legions soon  
 Pour to the spot,—like bees of Kauseroon—,<sup>3</sup>  
 To the shrill timbrel's summons, till, at length,  
 The mighty camp swarms out in all its strength,  
 And back to Nekshib's gates, covering the plain  
 With random slaughter, drives the adventurous train;  
 Among the last of whom, the Silver Veil  
 Is seen glittering at times, like the white sail  
 Of some toss'd vessel, on a stormy night,  
 Catching the tempest's momentary light!

And hath not *this* brought the proud spirit low?  
 Nor dash'd his brow, nor check'd his daring? No.  
 Though half the wretches, whom at night he led  
 To thrones and victory, lie disgraced and dead,  
 Yet morning hears him, with unshrinking crest,  
 Still vaunt of thrones and victory, to the rest;—  
 And they believe him!—Oh, the lover may  
 Distrust that look which steals his soul away;—  
 The babe may cease to think that it can play  
 With heaven's rainbow;—alchymists may doubt  
 The shining gold their crucible gives out;—  
 But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast  
 To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

<sup>1</sup> The parts of the night are made known as well by instruments of music, as by the rounds of the watchmen with cries and small drums.—See BRADEN'S *Oriental Customs*, vol. i. p. 119.

<sup>2</sup> The Serraporda, high screens of red cloth, stiffened with cane, used to inclose a considerable space round the royal tents.—*Notes on the Bahardanush*.

<sup>3</sup> "From the groves of orange-trees at Kauseroon, the bees cull a celebrated honey."—MORIER'S *Travels*.

And well the Impostor knew all lures and arts  
 That Lucifer e'er taught to tangle hearts :  
 Nor, 'mid these last bold workings of his plot  
 Against men's souls, is Zelica forgot.  
 Ill-fated Zelica ! had reason been  
 Awake, through half the horrors thou hast seen,  
 Thou never couldst have borne it—Death had come  
 At once, and taken thy wrong spirit home.  
 But 't was not so—a torpor, a suspense  
 Of thought, almost of life, came o'er the intense  
 And passionate struggles of that fearful night,  
 When her last hope of peace and Heaven took flight :  
 And though, at times, a gleam of frenzy broke—  
 As through some dull volcano's veil of smoke  
 Ominous flashings now and then will start,  
 Which show the fire's still busy at its heart ;  
 Yet was she mostly wrapp'd in sullen gloom,—  
 Not such as Azim's, brooding o'er its doom,  
 And calm without, as is the brow of death  
 While busy worms are gnawing underneath !  
 But in a blank and pulseless torpor, free  
 From thought or pain, a seal'd up apathy,  
 Which left her oft, with scarce one living thrill,  
 The cold, pale victim of her torturer's will.

Again, as in Merou, he had her deck'd  
 gorgeously out, the priestess of the sect ;  
 And led her glittering forth before the eyes  
 Of his rude train, as to a sacrifice ;  
 Pallid as she, the young devoted bride  
 Of the fierce Nile, when, deck'd in all the pride  
 Of nuptial pomp, she sinks into his tide !  
 And while the wretched maid hung down her head,  
 And stood, as one just risen from the dead,  
 Amid that gazing crowd, the fiend would tell  
 His credulous slaves it was some charm or spell  
 Possess'd her now,—and from that darken'd trance  
 Should dawn ere long their Faith's deliverance.  
 Or if, at times, goaded by guilty shame,  
 Her soul was roused, and words of wildness came,  
 Instant the bold blasphemer would translate  
 Her ravings into oracles of fate,  
 Would hail Heaven's signals in her flashing eyes,  
 And call her shrieks the language of the skies !

But vain at length his arts—despair is seen

\* 1 "A custom still subsisting at this day seems to me to prove that the Egyptians formerly sacrificed a young virgin to the God of the Nile; for they now make a statue of earth in shape of a girl, to which they give the name of the Betrothed Bride, and throw it into the river."—SAVARY.

Gathering around ; and famine comes to glean  
 All that the sword had left unrep'd :—in vain  
 At morn and eve across the northern plain  
 He looks impatient for the promised spears  
 Of the wild Hordes and Tartar mountaineers :  
 They come not—while his fierce beleaguers pour  
 Engines of havoc in, unknown before (60),  
 And horrible as new ;<sup>1</sup>—javelins, that fly  
 Enwreathed with smoky flames through the dark sky,  
 And red-hot globes that, opening as they mount,  
 Discharge, as from a kindled Naptha fount (61),  
 Showers of consuming fire o'er all below ;  
 Looking, as through the illumined night they go,  
 Like those wild birds<sup>2</sup> that, by the Magians oft,  
 At festivals of fire, were sent aloft  
 Into the air, with blazing faggots tied  
 To their huge wings, scattering combustion wide !  
 All night, the groans of wretches who expire,  
 In agony, beneath these darts of fire,  
 Ring through the city—while, descending o'er  
 Its shrines and domes and streets of sycamore ;—  
 Its lone bazaars, with their bright cloths of gold,  
 Since the last peaceful pageant left unroll'd ;—  
 Its beauteous marble baths, whose idle jets  
 Now gush with blood ; and its tall minarets,  
 That late have stood up in the evening glare  
 Of the red sun, unhallow'd by a prayer ;—  
 O'er each, in turn, the dreadful flame-bolts fall,  
 And death and conflagration throughout all  
 The desolate city hold high festival !

Mokanna sees the world is his no more ;  
 One sting at parting, and his grasp is o'er.  
 "What ! drooping now ?"—thus, with unblushing check,  
 He hails the few, who yet can hear him speak,  
 Of all those famish'd slaves, around him lying,  
 And by the light of blazing temples dying ;—  
 "What ! drooping now !—now, when at length we press  
 Home o'er the very threshold of success !  
 When Alla from our ranks hath thinn'd away  
 Those grosser branches, that kept out his ray  
 Of favour from us, and we stand at length

<sup>1</sup> The Greek fire, which was occasionally lent by the Emperors to their allies. "It was," says Gibbon, "either launched in red-hot balls of stone and iron, or darted in arrows and javelins, twisted round with flax and tow, which had deeply imbibed the inflammable oil."

<sup>2</sup> "At the great festival of fire, called the Sheb-Sezé, they used to set fire to large bunches of dry combustibles, fastened round wild beasts and birds, which being then let loose, the air and earth appeared one great illumination ; and as these terrified creatures naturally fled to the wood for shelter, it is easy to conceive the conflagrations they produced."—RICHARDSON'S *Dissertation*.

Heirs of his light and children of his strength,  
 The chosen few, who shall survive the fall  
 Of kings and thrones, triumphant over all!  
 Have you then lost, weak murmurers as you are,  
 All faith in him who was your Light, your Star?  
 Have you forgot the eye of glory, hid  
 Beneath this Veil, the flashing of whose lid  
 Could, like a sun-stroke of the desert, wither  
 Millions of such as yonder Chief brings hither?  
 Long have its lightnings slept—too long—but now  
 All earth shall feel the unveiling of this brow!  
 To-night! yes, sainted men! this very night,  
 I bid you all to a fair festal rite,  
 Where,—having deep refresh'd each weary limb  
 With viands such as feast Heaven's cherubin,  
 And kindled up your souls, now sunk and dim,  
 With that pure wine the dark-eyed maids above  
 Keep, seal'd with precious musk, for those they love,—  
 I will myself uncurtain in your sight  
 The wonders of this brow's ineffable light;  
 Then lead you forth, and with a wink disperse  
 Yon myriads, howling through the universe!"

Eager they listen—while each accent darts  
 New life into their chill'd and hope-sick hearts;—  
 Such treacherous life as the cool draught supplies  
 To him upon the stake, who drinks and dies!  
 Wildly they point their lances to the light  
 Of the fast-sinking sun, and shout! "to-night!"—  
 "To-night," their Chief re-echoes, in a voice  
 Of fiend-like mockery that bids hell rejoice!  
 Deluded victims—never hath this earth  
 Seen mourning half so mournful as their mirth!  
*Here*, to the few, whose iron frames had stood  
 This racking waste of famine and of blood,  
 Faint, dying wretches clung, from whom the shout  
 Of triumph like a maniac's laugh broke out;—  
*There*, others, lighted by the smouldering fire,  
 Danced, like wan ghosts about a funeral pyre,  
 Among the dead and dying, strew'd around;—  
 While some pale wretch look'd on, and from his wound  
 Plucking the fiery dart by which he bled,  
 In ghastly transport waved it o'er his head!

'T was more than midnight now—a fearful pause  
 Had follow'd the long shouts, the wild applause,  
 That lately from those royal gardens burst,

1 "The righteous shall be given to drink of pure wine, sealed; the seal whereof shall be musk."—*Isaiah*, chap. lxxviii.

Where the Veil'd demon held his feast accurst,  
 When Zelica—alas, poor ruin'd heart,  
 In every horror doom'd to bear its part!—  
 Was bidden to the banquet by a slave,  
 Who, while his quivering lip the summons gave,  
 Grew black, as though the shadows of the grave  
 Compass'd him round, and, ere he could repeat  
 His message through, fell lifeless at her feet!  
 Shuddering she went—a soul-felt pang of fear,  
 A presage that her own dark doom was near,  
 Roused every feeling, and brought reason back  
 Once more, to writhe her last upon the rack.  
 All round seem'd tranquil—even the foe had ceased,  
 As if aware of that demoniac feast,  
 His fiery bolts; and though the heavens look'd red,  
 'T was but some distant conflagration's spread.  
 But hark!—she stops—she listens—dreadful tone!  
 'T is her Tormentor's laugh—and now, a groan,  
 A long death-groan comes with it—can this be  
 The place of mirth, the bower of revelry?  
 She enters—Holy Alla, what a sight  
 Was there before her! By the glimmering light  
 Of the pale dawn, mix'd with the flare of brands  
 That round lay burning, dropp'd from lifeless hands,  
 She saw the board, in splendid mockery spread,  
 Rich censers breathing—garlands overhead,—  
 The urns, the cups, from which they late had quaff'd,  
 All gold and gems, but—what had been the draught?  
 Oh! who need ask, that saw those livid guests,  
 With their swoll'n heads sunk blackening on their breasts,  
 Or looking pale to Heaven with glassy glare,  
 As if they sought but saw no mercy there;  
 As if they felt, though poison rack'd them through,  
 Remorse, the deadlier torment of the two!  
 While some, the bravest, hardiest in the train  
 Of their false Chief, who on the battle-plain  
 Would have met death with transport by his side,  
 Here mute and helpless gasp'd;—but as they died,  
 Look'd horrible vengeance with their eyes' last strain,  
 And clench'd the slackening hand at him in vain.

Dreadful it was to see he ghastly stare,  
 The stony look of horror and despair,  
 Which some of these expiring victims cast  
 Upon their souls' tormentor to the last;—  
 Upon that mocking Fiend, whose Veil, now raised,  
 Show'd them, as in death's agony they gazed,  
 Not the long promised light, the brow, whose beaming  
 Was to come forth, all conquering, all redeeming,  
 But features horribler than Hell e'er traced

On its own brood!—no Demon of the Waste,<sup>1</sup>  
 No church-yard Ghoul, caught lingering in the light  
 Of the bless'd sun, e'er blasted human sight  
 With lineaments so foul, so fierce as those  
 The impostor now, in grinning mockery, shows.—  
 "There, ye wise Saints, behold your Light, your Star;—  
 Ye *would* be dupes and victims, and ye *are*.  
 Is it enough? or must I, while a thrill  
 Lives in your sapient bosoms, cheat you still?  
 Swear that the burning death ye feel within  
 Is but the trance with which Heaven's joys begin;  
 That this foul visage, foul as e'er disgraced  
 Even monstrous man, is—after God's own taste;  
 And that—but see!—ere I have half-way said  
 My greetings through, the uncourteous souls are fled.  
 Farewell, sweet spirits! not in vain ye die,  
 If Eblis loves you half so well as I.—  
 Ha, my young bride!—'t is well—take thou thy seat;  
 Nay, come—no shuddering—didst thou never meet  
 The dead before?—They graced our wedding, sweet;  
 And these, my guests to-night, have brimm'd so true  
 Their parting cups, that *thou* shalt pledge one too.  
 But—how is this?—all empty? all drunk up?  
 Hot lips have been before thee in the cup,  
 Young bride,—yet stay—one precious drop remains,  
 Enough to warm a gentle Priestess' veins;—  
 Here, drink—and should thy lover's conquering arms  
 Speed hither, ere thy lip lose all its charms,  
 Give him but half this venom in thy kiss,  
 And I'll forgive my haughty rival's bliss!

"For *me*—I too must die—but not like these  
 Vile rankling things, to fester in the breeze;  
 To have this brow in ruffian triumph shown,  
 With all death's grinness added to its own,  
 And rot to dust beneath the taunting eyes  
 Of slaves, exclaiming 'There his Godship lies!'—  
 No—cursed race—since first my soul drew breath,  
 They've been my dupes, and *shall* be, even in death.  
 Thou seest yon cistern in the shade—'t is filled  
 With burning drugs, for this last hour distill'd;—(62)  
 There will I plunge me, in that liquid flame—  
 Fit bath to lave a dying Prophet's frame!  
 There perish, all—ere pulse of thine shall fail—  
 Nor leave one limb to tell mankind the tale.  
 So shall my votaries, whereso'er they rave,

<sup>1</sup> "The Afghans believe each of the numerous solitudes and deserts of their country to be inhabited by a lonely demon, whom they call the Ghoolee Beeahau; or spirit of the Waste. They often illustrate the wildness of any sequestered tribe, by saying, they are wild as the Demon of the Waste."—ELPHINSTONE'S *Candahar*.

Proclaim that Heaven took back the Saint it gave;—  
 That I've but vanish'd from this earth awhile,  
 To come again, with bright, unshrouded smile;  
 So shall they build me altars in their zeal,  
 Where knaves shall minister and fools shall kneel;  
 Where Faith may mutter o'er her mystic spell,  
 Written in blood—and Bigotry may swell  
 The sail he spreads for Heaven with blasts from Hell!  
 So shall my banner, through long ages, be  
 The rallying sign of fraud and anarchy;—  
 Kings yet unborn shall rue Mokanna's name,  
 And, though I die, my spirit, still the same,  
 Shall walk abroad in all the stormy strife,  
 And guilt and blood, that were its bliss in life!  
 But, hark! their battering engine shakes the wall—  
 Why, *let it shake*—thus can I brave them all.  
 No trace of me shall greet them, when they come,  
 And I can trust thy faith, for—thou 'lt be dumb.  
 Now mark how readily a wretch like me  
 In one bold plunge commences Deity!”

He sprung and sunk, as the last words were said—  
 Quick closed the burning waters o'er his head,  
 And Zelica was left—within the ring  
 Of those wide walls the only living thing;  
 The only wretched one, still cursed with breath,  
 In all that frightful wilderness of death!  
 More like some bloodless ghost,—such as, they tell,  
 In the lone Cities of the Silent<sup>1</sup> dwell,  
 And there, unseen of all but ALLA, sit  
 Each by its own pale carcass, watching it.

But morn is up, and a fresh warfare stirs  
 Throughout the camp of the beleaguers.  
 Their globes of fire (the dread artillery, lent  
 By Greece to conquering Mahadi) are spent;  
 And now the scorpion's shaft, the quarry sent  
 From high balistas, and the shielded throng  
 Of soldiers swinging the huge ram along,—  
 All speak the impatient Islamite's intent  
 To try, at length, if tower and battlement  
 And bastion'd wall be not less hard to win,  
 Less tough to break down, than the hearts within.  
 First in impatience and in toil is he,  
 The burning Azim—oh! could he but see  
 The Impostor once alive within his grasp,

<sup>1</sup> “They have all a great reverence for burial-grounds, which they sometimes call by the poetical name of Cities of the Silent, and which they people with the ghosts of the departed, who sit each at the head of his own grave, invisible to mortal eyes.—*HERBERT SPENCER*.”



Not the gaunt lion's hug, nor boa's clasp,  
 Could match that gripe of Vengeance, or keep pace  
 With the fell heartiness of Hate's embrace!

Loud rings the ponderous rain against the walls!  
 Now shake the ramparts, now a buttress falls,  
 But still no breach—"Once more, one mighty swing  
 Of all your beams, together thundering!"  
 There—the wall shakes—the shouting troops exult—  
 "Quick, quick discharge your weightiest catapult  
 Right on that spot, and Neksheb is our own!"—  
 "T is done—The battlements come crashing down,  
 And the huge wall, by that stroke riven in two,  
 Yawning, like some old crater, rent anew,  
 Shows the dim, desolate city smoking through!  
 But strange! no signs of life—nought living seen  
 Above, below—What can this stillness mean?  
 A minute's pause suspends all hearts and eyes—  
 "In through the breach," impetuous Azim cries;  
 But the cool Caliph, fearful of some wile  
 In this blank stillness, checks the troops awhile.—  
 Just then a figure, with slow step, advanced  
 Forth from the ruin'd walls; and, as there glanced  
 A sunbeam over it, all eyes could see  
 The well-known Silver Veil!—"T is He, 't is He,  
 Mokanna, and alone!" they shout around;  
 Young Azim from his steed springs to the ground—  
 "Mine, holy Caliph! mine," he cries, "the task  
 To crush yon daring wretch—'t is all I ask."  
 Eager he darts to meet the demon foe,  
 Who still across wide heaps of ruin slow  
 And falteringly comes, till they are near;  
 Then, with a bound, rushes on Azim's spear,  
 And, casting off the Veil in falling, shows—  
 Oh!—'t is his Zelica's life-blood that flows!

"I meant not, Azim," soothingly she said,  
 As on his trembling arm she lean'd her head,  
 And, looking in his face, saw anguish there  
 Beyond all wounds the quivering flesh can bear—  
 "I meant not *thou* shouldst have the pain of this;—  
 Though death, with thee thus tasted, is a bliss  
 Thou wouldst not rob me of, didst thou but know  
 How oft I've pray'd to God I might die so!  
 But the Fiend's venom was too scant and slow;—  
 To linger on were maddening—and I thought  
 If once that Veil—nay, look not on it—caught  
 The eyes of your fierce soldiery, I should be  
 Struck by a thousand death-darts instantly.  
 But this is sweeter—oh! believe me, yes—

I would not change this sad, but dear caress,  
 This death within thy arms I would not give  
 For the most smiling life the happiest live!  
 All that stood dark and drear before the eye  
 Of my stray'd soul, is passing swiftly by;  
 A light comes o'er me from those looks of love,  
 Like the first dawn of mercy from above;  
 And if thy lips but tell me I'm forgiven,  
 Angels will echo the blest word in Heaven!  
 But live, my Azim;—oh! to call thee mine  
 Thus once again! *my Azim*—dream divine!  
 Live, if thou ever lovedst me, if to meet  
 Thy Zelica hereafter would be sweet,  
 Oh! live to pray for her—to bend the knee  
 Morning and night before that Deity,  
 To whom pure lips and hearts without a stain,  
 As thine are, Azim, never breathed in vain,—  
 And pray that He may pardon her,—may take  
 Compassion on her soul for thy dear sake,  
 And, nought remembering but her love to thee,  
 Make her all thine, all His, eternally!  
 Go to those happy fields where first we twined  
 Our youthful hearts together—every wind  
 That meets thee there, fresh from the well-known flowers,  
 Will bring the sweetness of those innocent hours  
 Back to thy soul, and thou mayst feel again  
 For thy poor Zelica as thou didst then.  
 So shall thy orisons, like dew that flies  
 To Heaven upon the morning's sunshine, rise  
 With all love's earliest ardour to the skies!  
 And should they—but, alas! my senses fail—  
 Oh, for one minute!—should thy prayers prevail—  
 If pardon'd souls may from that World of Bliss  
 Reveal their joy to those they love in this,—  
 I'll come to thee—in some sweet dream—and tell—  
 Oh Heaven—I die—dear love! farewell, farewell."

Time fled—years on years had pass'd away,  
 And few of those who on that mournful day  
 Had stood, with pity in their eyes, to see  
 The maiden's death and the youth's agony,  
 Were living still—when, by a rustie grave  
 Beside the swift Amoo's transparent wave,  
 An aged man, who had grown aged there  
 By that lone grave, morning and night in prayer,  
 For the last time knelt down—and, though the shade  
 Of death hung darkening over him, there play'd  
 A gleam of rapture on his eye and cheek,  
 That brighten'd even death—like the last streak  
 Of intense glory on the horizon's brim,

When night o'er all the rest hangs chill and dim.—  
 His soul had seen a vision, while he slept ;  
 She, for whose spirit he had pray'd and wept  
 So many years, had come to him, all dress'd  
 In angel smiles, and told him she was bless'd !  
 For this the old man breathed his thanks, and died.—  
 And there, upon the banks of that loved tide,  
 He and his Zelica sleep side by side.

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The story of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan being ended, they were now doomed to hear Fadladeen's criticisms upon it. A series of disappointments and accidents had occurred to this learned Chamberlain during the journey. In the first place, those couriers stationed, as in the reign of Shah Jehan, between Delhi and the Western coast of India, to secure a constant supply of mangoes for the royal table, had, by some cruel irregularity, failed in their duty ; and to eat any mangoes but those of Mazagong was, of course, impossible (63). In the next place, the elephant, laden with his fine antique porcelain (64), had in an unusual fit of liveliness shattered the whole set to pieces :—an irreparable loss, as many of the vessels were so exquisitely old as to have been used under the Emperors Yan and Chun, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang. His Koran too, supposed to be the identical copy between the leaves of which Mahomet's favourite pigeon used to nestle, had been mislaid by his Koran-bearer three whole days ; not without much spiritual alarm to Fadladeen, who, though professing to hold, with other loyal and orthodox Mussulmans, that salvation could only be found in the Koran, was strongly suspected of believing in his heart, that it could only be found in his own particular copy of it. When to all these grievances is added the obstinacy of the cooks, in putting the pepper of Canara into his dishes instead of the cinnamon of Serendib, we may easily suppose that he came to the task of criticism with, at least, a sufficient degree of irritability for the purpose.

"In order," said he, importantly swinging about his chaplet of pearls, "to convey with clearness my opinion of the story this young man has related, it is necessary to take a review of all the stories that have ever—" "My good Fadladeen!" exclaimed the Princess, interrupting him, "we really do not deserve that you should give yourself so much trouble. Your opinion of the poem we have just heard will, I have no doubt, be abundantly edifying without any further waste of your valuable erudition." "If that be all," replied the critic,—evidently mortified at not being allowed to show how much he knew about every thing, but the subject immediately before him—"if that be all that is required, the matter is easily dispatched." He then proceeded to analyze the poem, in that strain (so well known to the unfortunate bards of Delhi), whose censures were an infliction from which few recovered, and whose very praises were like the honey extracted from the bitter flowers of the aloe. The

chief personages of the story were, if he rightly understood them, an ill-favoured gentleman, with a veil over his face;—a young lady, whose reason went and came according as it suited the poet's convenience to be sensible or otherwise;—and a youth in one of those hideous Bucharian bonnets, who took the aforesaid gentleman in a veil for a Divinity. "From such materials," said he, "what can be expected?—after rivalling each other in long speeches and absurdities, through some thousands of lines as indigestible as the filberts of Berdaa, our friend in the veil jumps into a tub of aquafortis; the young lady dies in a set speech, whose only recommendation is that it is her last; and the lover lives on to a good old age, for the laudable purpose of seeing her ghost, which he at last happily accomplishes, and expires. This, you will allow, is a fair summary of the story; and if Nasser, the Arabian merchant, told no better, our Holy Prophet (to whom be all honour and glory!) had no need to be jealous of his abilities for story-telling."<sup>1</sup>

With respect to the style, it was worthy of the matter;—it had not even those politic contrivances of structure, which make up for the commonness of the thoughts by the peculiarity of the manner, nor that stately poetical phraseology by which sentiments, mean in themselves, like the blacksmith's<sup>2</sup> apron converted into a banner, are so easily gilt and embroidered into consequence. Then, as to the versification, it was, to say no worse of it, execrable: it had neither the copious flow of Ferdosi, the sweetness of Hafez, nor the sententious march of Sadi; but appeared to him, in the uneasy heaviness of its movements, to have been modelled upon the gait of a very tired dromedary. The licenses too in which it indulged were unpardonable;—for instance this line, and the poem abounded with such—

Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream.

"What critic that can count," said Fadladeen, "and has his full complement of fingers to count withal, would tolerate for an instant such syllabic superfluities!"—He here looked round, and discovered that most of his audience were asleep; while the glimmering lamps seemed inclined to follow their example. It became necessary, therefore, however painful to himself, to put an end to his valuable animadversions for the present, and he accordingly concluded, with an air of dignified candour, thus:—"Notwithstanding the observations which I have thought it my duty to make, it is by no means my wish to discourage the young man:—so far from it, indeed, that if he will but totally alter his style of writing and thinking, I have very little doubt that I shall be vastly pleased with him."

Some days elapsed, after this harangue of the Great Chamberlain, before Lalla Rookh could venture to ask for another story. The

<sup>1</sup> La lecture de ces Fables plaisait si fort aux Arabes, que, quand Mahomet les entretenait de l'Histoire de l'Ancien Testament, ils les méprisaient, lui disant que celles que Nasser leur racontait étaient beaucoup plus belles. Cette préférence attira à Nasser la malediction de Mahomet et de tous ses disciples.—D'HARBELOT.

<sup>2</sup> The Blacksmith Gao, who successfully resisted the tyrant Zohak, and whose apron became the Royal Standard of Persia.

youth was still a welcome guest in the pavilion;—to *one* heart, perhaps, too dangerously welcome—but all mention of poetry was, as if by common consent, avoided. Though none of the party had much respect for Fadladeen, yet his censures, thus magisterially delivered, evidently made an impression on them all. The Poet himself, to whom criticism was quite a new operation (being wholly unknown in that Paradise of the Indies, Cashmere), felt the shock as it is generally felt at first, till use has made it more tolerable to the patient;—the ladies began to suspect that they ought not to be pleased, and seemed to conclude that there must have been much good sense in what Fadladeen said, from its having set them all so soundly to sleep;—while the self-complacent Chamberlain was left to triumph in the idea of having, for the hundred and fiftieth time in his life, extinguished a poet. Lalla Rookh alone—and Love knew why—persisted in being delighted with all she had heard, and in resolving to hear more as speedily as possible. Her manner, however, of first returning to the subject was unlucky. It was while they rested during the heat of noon near a fountain, on which some hand had rudely traced those well-known words from the Garden of Sadi,—“Many, like me, have viewed this fountain, but they are gone and their eyes are closed for ever!”—that she took occasion, from the melancholy beauty of this passage, to dwell upon the charms of poetry in general. “It is true,” she said, “few poets can imitate that sublime bird, which flies always in the air (65), and never touches the earth:—it is only once in many ages a genius appears, whose words, like those on the Written Mountain, last for ever (66):—but still there are some, as delightful, perhaps, though not so wonderful, who, if not stars over our head, are at least flowers along our path, and whose sweetness of the moment we ought gratefully to inhale, without calling upon them for a brightness and a durability beyond their nature. In short,” continued she, blushing, as if conscious of being caught in an oration, “it is quite cruel that a poet cannot wander through his regions of enchantment, without having a critic for ever, like the old Man of the Sea, upon his back!”<sup>1</sup>—Fadladeen, it was plain, took this last luckless allusion to himself, and would treasure it up in his mind as a whetstone for his next criticism. A sudden silence ensued; and the Princess, glancing a look at Feramorz, saw plainly she must wait for a more courageous moment.

But the glories of nature, and her wild fragrant airs, playing freshly over the current of youthful spirits, will soon heal even deeper wounds than the dull Fadladeens of this world can inflict. In an evening or two after, they came to the small Valley of Gardens, which had been planted by order of the Emperor for his favourite sister Rochinara, during their progress to Cashmere, some years before; and never was there a more sparkling assemblage of sweets, since the Gulzar-e-Irem, or Rose-Bower of Irem. Every precious flower was there to be found, that poetry, or love, or religion has ever consecrated; from the dark hyacinth, to which Hafez compares

<sup>1</sup> The Huma.

<sup>2</sup> The Story of Sinbad.

his mistress's hair (67), to the *Camalata*, by whose rosy blossoms the heaven of India is scented (68). As they sat in the cool fragrance of this delicious spot, and Lalla Rookh remarked that she could fancy it the abode of that Flower-loving Nymph whom they worship in the temples of Kathay (69), or of one of those Peris, those beautiful creatures of the air, who live upon perfumes, and to whom a place like this might make some amends for the Paradise they have lost, —the young Poet, in whose eyes she appeared, while she spoke, to be one of the bright spiritual creatures she was describing, said, hesitatingly, that he remembered a story of a Peri, which, if the Princess had no objection, he would venture to relate. "It is," said he, with an appealing look to Fadladeen, "in a lighter and humbler strain than the other;" then, striking a few careless but melancholy chords on his kitar, he thus began:—

### PARADISE AND THE PERI.

One morn a Peri at the gate  
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;  
And as she listen'd to the Springs  
Of Life within, like music flowing,  
And caught the light upon her wings  
Through the half-open portal glowing,  
She wept to think her recreant race  
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy," exclaim'd this child of air,  
"Are the holy spirits who wander there,  
'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;  
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,  
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,  
One blossom of heaven out-blooms them all!  
Though sunny the lake of cool Cashmere,  
With its plane-tree isle reflected clear,<sup>1</sup>  
And sweetly the founts of that valley fall;  
Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay,  
And the golden floods that thitherward stray,<sup>2</sup>  
Yet—oh, 't is only the Blest can say  
How the waters of heaven outshine them all!

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,  
From world to luminous world, as far  
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;  
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,  
And multiply each through endless years,  
One minute of heaven is worth them all!"

<sup>1</sup> "Numerous small islands emerge from the Lake of Cashmere. One is called Char Chensaur, from the plane-trees upon it."—FORSTER.

<sup>2</sup> "The Altan Koi, or Golden River of Tibet, which runs into the Lakes of Sing-su-hay, has abundance of gold in its sands, which employs the inhabitants all summer in gathering it."—*Description of Tibet*, in PINKERTON.

The glorious angel, who was keeping  
 The gates of light, beheld her weeping ;  
 And as he nearer drew and listen'd  
 To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd  
 Within his eyelids, like the spray  
 From Eden's fountain, when it lies  
 On the blue flower, which—Brainins say—  
 Blooms no where but in Paradise (70) !  
 "Nymph of a fair, but erring line!"  
 Gently he said—"One hope is thine :  
 'T is written in the Book of fate,  
*The Peri yet may be forgiven,*  
*Who brings to this Eternal Gate*  
*The Gift that is most dear to Heaven !*  
 Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin ;—  
 'T is sweet to let the pardon'd in !"

Rapidly as comets run  
 To the embraces of the sun—  
 Fleeter than the starry brands  
 Flung at night from angel hands<sup>1</sup>  
 At those dark and daring sprites  
 Who would climb the empyreal heights—  
 Down the blue vault the Peri flies,  
 And, lighted earthly by a glance  
 That just then broke from morning's eyes,  
 Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go  
 To find this gift for Heaven?—"I know  
 The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,  
 In which unnumber'd rubies burn,  
 Beneath the pillars of Chilminar ;—<sup>2</sup>  
 I know where the Isles of Perfume are (71),  
 Many a fathom down in the sea,  
 To the south of sun-bright Araby ;—<sup>3</sup>  
 I know too where the Genii hid  
 The jewell'd cup of their king Jamshid,<sup>4</sup>  
 With Life's elixir sparkling high—  
 But gifts like these are not for the sky.  
 Where was there ever a gem that shone

<sup>1</sup> "The Mahometans suppose that falling-stars are the firebrands wherewith the good angels drive away the bad, when they approach too near the empyreum or verge of the heavens."—FAYER.

<sup>2</sup> "The Forty Pillars ; so the Persians call the ruins of Persepolis. It is imagined by them that this palace and the edifices at Balbec were built by Genii, for the purpose of hiding in their subterraneous caverns immense treasures, which still remain there.—D'HANDELLOT, VOLNEY.

<sup>3</sup> The Isles of Panchaia.

<sup>4</sup> "The cup of Jamshid, discovered, they say, when digging for the foundations of Persepolis."—RICHARDSON.

Like the steps of Alla's wonderful throne?  
And the Drops of Life—oh! what would they be  
In the boundless Deep of Eternity?"

While thus she mused, her pinions fann'd  
The air of that sweet Indian land,  
Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads  
O'er coral rocks and amber beds (72);  
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam  
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;  
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,  
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;  
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice  
Might be a Peri's Paradise!

But crimson now her rivers ran

With human blood—the smell of death  
Came reeking from those spicy bowers,  
And man, the sacrifice of man,

Mingled his taint with every breath  
Upwafted from the innocent flowers!  
Land of the Sun! what foot invades  
Thy pagods and thy pillar'd shades (73)—  
Thy cavern shrines and idol stones,  
Thy monarchs and their thousand thrones (74)?  
'T is He of Gazna!—fierce in wrath!

He comes, and India's diadems  
Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path.—

His blood-hounds he adorns with gems,  
Torn from the violated necks  
Of many a young and loved sultana;—  
Maidens within their pure Zenana,  
Priests in the very fane, he slaughters,  
And chokes up with the glittering wrecks  
Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the Peri turns her gaze,  
And, through the war-field's bloody haze,  
Beholds a youthful warrior stand,

Alone, beside his native river,—  
The red blade broken in his hand,  
And the last arrow in his quiver.

"Live," said the conqueror, "live to share  
The trophies and the crowns I bear!"  
Silent that youthful warrior stood—  
Silent he pointed to the flood

<sup>1</sup> "Mahmood of Gazna, or Ghizni, who conquered India in the beginning of the eleventh century.—See his *History* in Dow and Sir J. MALCOLM.

<sup>2</sup> "It is reported that the hunting equipage of the Sultan Mahmood was so magnificent, that he kept four hundred grey-hounds and blood-hounds, each of which wore a collar set with jewels, and a covering edged with gold and pearls."—*Universal History*, vol. iii.



All crimson with his country's blood,  
 Then sent his last remaining dart,  
 For answer, to the invader's heart.  
 False flew the shaft, though pointed well;  
 The tyrant lived, the hero fell!—  
 Yet mark'd the Peri where he lay,  
 And, when the rush of war was past,  
 Swiftly descending on a ray  
 Of morning light, she caught the last,  
 Last glorious drop his heart had shed,  
 Before its free-born spirit fled!

"Be this," she cried, as she wing'd her flight,  
 "My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.  
 Though foul are the drops that oft distil  
 On the field of warfare, blood like this,  
 For Liberty shed, so holy is (75),  
 It would not stain the purest rill  
 That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss!  
 Of! if there be, on this earthly sphere,  
 A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,  
 'T is the last libation Liberty draws  
 From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"

"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave  
 The gift into his radiant hand,  
 "Sweet is our welcome of the brave,  
 Who die thus for their native land.—  
 But see—alas!—the crystal bar  
 Of Eden moves not—holier far  
 Than even this drop the boon must be,  
 That opes the gates of heaven for thee!"

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,  
 Now among Afric's Lunar Mountains,<sup>1</sup> (76)  
 Far to the south, the Peri lighted;  
 And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains  
 Of that Egyptian tide, whose birth  
 Is hidden from the sons of earth,  
 Deep in those solitary woods,  
 Where oft the Genii of the Floods  
 Dance round the cradle of their Nile,  
 And hail the new-born Giant's smile!<sup>2</sup>  
 Thence, over Egypt's palmy groves,  
 Her grotts and sepulchres of kings,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "The mountains of the Moon, or the Montes Lunæ of antiquity, at the foot of which the Nile is supposed to arise."—BRUCE.

<sup>2</sup> "The Nile, which the Abyssinians know by the names of Abey and Alawy or the Giant."—*Asiat. Research.* vol. i. p. 387.

<sup>3</sup> See PERRY's *View of the Levant*, for an account of the sepulchres in Upper Thebes,

The exiled Spirit sighing roves ;  
 And now hangs listening to the doves  
 In warm Rosetta's vale <sup>1</sup>—now loves  
 To watch the moonlight on the wings  
 Of the white pelicans that break  
 The azure calm of Mœris' Lake.<sup>2</sup>  
 'T was a fair scene—a land more bright  
 Never did mortal eye behold !  
 Who could have thought, that saw this night  
 Those valleys and their fruits of gold  
 Basking in heaven's serene light ;—  
 Those groups of lovely date-trees bending  
 Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,  
 Like youthful maids, when sleep descending  
 Warns them to their silken beds ; <sup>3</sup>—  
 Those virgin lilies, all the night  
 Bathing their beauties in the lake,  
 That they may rise more fresh and bright,  
 When their beloved sun 's awake ;—  
 Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem  
 The relics of a splendid dream ;  
 Amid whose fairy loneliness  
 Nought but the lapwing's cry is heard,  
 Nought seen but (when the shadows, flitting  
 Fast from the moon, unshathe its gleam)  
 Some purple-winged Sultana <sup>4</sup> sitting  
 Upon a column, motionless  
 And glittering, like an idol bird !—  
 Who could have thought that there, e'en there,  
 Amid those scenes so still and fair,  
 The Demon of the Plague hath cast  
 From his hot wing a deadlier blast,  
 More mortal far, than ever came  
 From the red Desert's sands of flame !  
 So quick, that every living thing  
 Of human shape, touch'd by his wing,  
 Like plants where the Simoom hath past,  
 At once falls black and withering !

The sun went down on many a brow,  
 Which, full of bloom and freshness then,

and the numberless grottoes, covered all over with hieroglyphics, in the mountains of Upper Egypt.

<sup>1</sup> "The orchards of Rosetta are filled with turtle-doves."—SONNINI.

<sup>2</sup> Savary mentions the pelicans upon Lake Mœris.

<sup>3</sup> "The superb date-tree, whose head languidly reclines, like that of a handsome woman overcome with sleep."—DAFAR EL HADAD.

<sup>4</sup> "That beautiful bird with plumage of the finest shining blue, with purple beak and legs, the natural and living ornament of the temples and palaces of the Greeks and Romans, which, from the stateliness of its port, as well as the brilliancy of its colours, has obtained the title of Sultana."—SONNINI.

Is rankling in the pest-house now,  
 And ne'er will feel that sun again!  
 And oh! to see the unburied heaps  
 On which the lonely moonlight sleeps—  
 The very vultures turn away,  
 And sicken at so foul a prey!  
 Only the fierce hyæna stalks<sup>1</sup>  
 Throughout the city's desolate walks (77)  
 At midnight, amid his carnage plies—  
 Woe to the half-dead wretch, who meets  
 The glaring of those large blue eyes<sup>2</sup>  
 Amid the darkness of the streets!

"Poor race of men!" said the pitying Spirit,  
 "Dearly ye pay for your primal Fall—  
 Some flowrets of Eden ye still inherit,  
 But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!"  
 She wept—the air grew pure and clear  
 Around her, as the bright drops ran;  
 For there's a magic in each tear  
 Such kindly Spirits weep for man!

Just then beneath some orange trees,  
 Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze  
 Were wantoning together, free,  
 Like Age at play with Infancy—  
 Beneath that fresh and springing bower,  
 Close by the lake, she heard the moan  
 Of one who, at this silent hour,  
 Had thither stolen to die alone.  
 One who in life, where'er he moved,  
 Drew after him the hearts of many;  
 Yet now, as though he ne'er were loved,  
 Dies here, unseen, unwept by any!  
 None to watch near him—none to slake  
 The fire that in his bosom lies,  
 With even a sprinkle from that lake  
 Which shines so cool before his eyes.  
 No voice, well-known through many a day,  
 To speak the last, the parting word,  
 Which, when all other sounds decay,  
 Is still like distant music heard:  
 That tender farewell on the shore  
 Of this rude world, when all is o'er,  
 Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark  
 Puts off into the unknown Dark.

<sup>1</sup> Jackson, speaking of the plague that occurred in West Barbary, when he was there, says, "The birds of the air fled away from the abodes of men. The hyænas, on the contrary, visited the cemeteries, &c." etc.

<sup>2</sup> Bruce.

Deserted youth! one thought alone  
 Shed joy around his soul in death—  
 That she, whom he for years had known,  
 And loved, and might have call'd his own,  
 Was safe from this foul midnight's breath;—  
 Safe in her father's princely halls,  
 Where the cool airs from fountain falls,  
 Freshly perfumed by many a brand  
 Of the sweet wood from India's land,  
 Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd.

But see,—who yonder comes (78) by stealth,  
 This melancholy bower to seek,  
 Like a young envoy, sent by Health,  
 With rosy gifts upon her cheek?  
 'T is she—far off, through moonlight dim,  
 He knew his own betrothed bride,  
 She, who would rather die with him,  
 Than live to gain the world beside!—  
 Her arms are round her lover now,  
 His livid cheek to hers she presses,  
 And dips, to bind his burning brow,  
 In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses  
 Ah! once, how little did he think  
 An hour would come when he should shrink  
 With horror from that dear embrace,  
 Those gentle arms, that were to him  
 Holy as is the cradling-place  
 Of Eden's infant cherubim!  
 And now he yields—now turns away,  
 Shuddering as if the venom lay  
 All in those proffer'd lips alone—  
 Those lips that, then so fearless grown,  
 Never until that instant came  
 Near his unask'd or without shame.  
 "Oh! let me only breathe the air,  
 The blessed air, that 's breathed by thee,  
 And, whether on its wings it bear  
 Healing or death, 't is sweet to me!  
 There,—drink my tears, while yet they fall,—  
 Would that my bosom's blood were balm,  
 And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,  
 To give thy brow one minute's calm.  
 Nay, turn not from me that dear face—  
 Am I not thine—thy own loved bride—  
 The one, the chosen one, whose place  
 In life or death is by thy side!  
 Think'st thou that she, whose only light,  
 In this dim world, from thee hath shone,  
 Could bear the long, the cheerless night,

That must be hers when thou art gone?  
 That I can live, and let thee go,  
 Who art my life itself?—No, no—  
 When the stem dies, the leaf that grew  
 Out of its heart must perish too!  
 Then turn to me, my own love, turn,  
 Before like thee I fade and burn;  
 Cling to these yet cool lips, and share  
 The last pure life that lingers there!"  
 She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp  
 In charnel airs or cavern-damp,  
 So quickly do his baleful sighs  
 Quench all the sweet light of her eyes!  
 One struggle—and his pain is past—  
 Her lover is no longer living!  
 One kiss the maiden gives, one last,  
 Long kiss, which she expires in giving.

"Sleep," said the Peri, as softly she stole  
 The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,  
 As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast—  
 "Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,  
 In balmy airs than ever yet stirr'd  
 The enchanted pile of that lonely bird,  
 Who sings at the last his own death lay,<sup>1</sup>  
 And in music and perfume dies away!"  
 Thus saying, from her lips she spread  
 Uncarthy breathings through the place,  
 And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed  
 Such lustre o'er each paly face,  
 That like two lovely saints they seem'd  
 Upon the eve of doomsday taken  
 From their dim graves, in odour sleeping;—  
 While that benevolent Peri beam'd  
 Like their good angel, calmly keeping  
 Watch o'er them till their souls would waken!

But morn is blushing in the sky;  
 Again the Peri soars above,  
 Bearing to Heaven that precious sigh  
 Of pure, self-sacrificing love.  
 High throb'd her heart, with hope elate,  
 The Elysian palm she soon shall win,  
 For the bright Spirit at the gate  
 Smiled as she gave that offering in;  
 And she already hears the trees

<sup>1</sup> "In the East, they suppose the phoenix to have fifty orifices in his bill, which are continued to his tail; and that, after living one thousand years, he builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious air of different harmonies through his fifty organ pipes, flaps his wings with a velocity which sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself."—RICHARDSON.

Of Eden, with their crystal bells  
 Ringing in that ambrosial breeze  
 That from the Throne of Alla swells;  
 And she can see the starry bowls  
 That lie around that lucid lake,  
 Upon whose banks admitted souls  
 Their first sweet draught of glory take!<sup>1</sup>

But, ah! even Peris' hopes are vain—  
 Again the Fates forbade, again  
 The immortal barrier closed—"Not yet,"  
 The angel said as, with regret,  
 He shut from her that glimpse of glory—  
 "True was the maiden, and her story,  
 Written in light o'er Alla's head,  
 By seraph eyes shall long be read.  
 But Peri, see—the crystal bar  
 Of Eden moves not—holier far  
 Than even this sigh the boon must be  
 That opes the Gates of Heaven for thee."

Now, upon Syria's land of roses<sup>2</sup>  
 Softly the light of eve reposes,  
 And, like a glory, the broad sun  
 Hangs over sainted Lebanon,  
 Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,  
 And whitens with eternal sleet,  
 While summer, in a vale of flowers,  
 Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one who look'd from upper air  
 O'er all the enchanted regions there,  
 How beauteous must have been the glow,  
 The life, the sparkling from below!  
 Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks  
 Of golden melons on their banks,  
 More golden where the sun-light falls;—  
 Gay lizards, glittering on the walls;—<sup>3</sup>  
 Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright  
 As they were all alive with light;—  
 And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks  
 Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,  
 With their rich restless wings, that gleam

<sup>1</sup> "On the shores of a quadrangular lake stand a thousand goblets, made of stars, out of which souls predestined to enjoy felicity drink the crystal wave."—From CHATEAUBRIAND'S Description of the Mahometan Paradise, in his *Beauties of Christianity*.

<sup>2</sup> Richardson thinks that Syria had its name from Suri, a beautiful and delicate species of rose for which that country has been always famous; hence, Suristan, the Land of Roses.

<sup>3</sup> "The number of lizards I saw one day in the great court of the Temple of the Sun at Balbec amounted to many thousands; the ground, the walls, and stones of the ruined buildings, were covered with them."—BARCE.

Variously in the crimson beam  
 Of the warm west—as if inlaid  
 With brilliants from the mine, or made  
 Of tearless rainbows, such as span  
 The unclouded skies of Peristan!  
 And then, the mingling sounds that come,  
 Of shepherd's ancient reed,<sup>1</sup> with hum  
 Of the wild bees of Palestine (79),  
 Banqueting through the flowery vales;—  
 And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,  
 And woods, so full of nightingales (80)!

But nought can charm the luckless Peri;  
 Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—  
 Joyless she sees the sun look down  
 On that great Temple, once his own,<sup>2</sup>  
 Whose lonely columns stand sublime,  
 Flinging their shadows from on high,  
 Like dials, which the wizard, Time,  
 Had raised to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd,  
 Beneath those Chambers of the Sun,  
 Some annulet of gems, anneal'd  
 In upper fires, some tablet seal'd  
 With the great name of Solomon,  
 Which, spell'd by her illumined eyes,  
 May teach her where, beneath the moon,  
 In earth or ocean lies the boon,  
 The charm that can restore so soon  
 An erring Spirit to the skies!

Cheer'd by this hope, she bends her thither;  
 Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,  
 Nor have the golden bowers of Even  
 In the rich West begun to wither;—  
 When, o'er the vale of Balbec winging  
 Slowly, she sees a child at play,  
 Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,  
 As rosy and as wild as they;  
 Chasing with eager hands and eyes,  
 The beautiful blue damsel-flies,<sup>3</sup>  
 That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,  
 Like winged flowers or flying gems:—  
 And, near the boy, who tired with play,  
 Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,

<sup>1</sup> "The Syrinx, or Pan's pipe, is still a pastoral instrument in Syria."—RUSSEL.

<sup>2</sup> The Temple of the Sun at Balbec.

<sup>3</sup> "You behold there a considerable number of a remarkable species of beautiful insects, the elegance of whose appearance and their attire procured for them the name of Damsels."—SONNET.

She saw a wearied man dismount  
 From his hot steed, and on the brink  
 Of a small imaret's rustic fount (81)  
 Impatient fling him down to drink.  
 Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd  
 To the fair child, who fearless sat,  
 Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd  
 Upon a brow more fierce than that,—  
 Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,  
 Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire!  
 In which the Peri's eye could read  
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;  
 The ruin'd maid—the shrine profaned—  
 Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd  
 With blood of guests!—*there* written, all,  
 Black as the damning drops that fall  
 From the denouncing Angel's pen,  
 Ere mercy weeps them out again!

Yet tranquil now that man of crime  
 (As if the balmy evening time  
 Soften'd his spirit) look'd and lay,  
 Watching the rosy infant's play:  
 Though still, whene'er his eye by chance  
 Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance  
 Met that unclouded joyous gaze,  
 As torches, that have burnt all night  
 Through some impure and godless rite,  
 Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper-call to prayer,  
 As slow the orb of day-light sets,  
 Is rising sweetly on the air,  
 From Syria's thousand minarets!  
 The boy has started from the bed  
 Of flowers, where he had laid his head;  
 And down upon the fragrant sod  
 Kneels (82), with his forehead to the south,  
 Lipping the eternal name of God  
 From purity's own cherub mouth,  
 And looking, while his hands and eyes  
 Are lifted to the glowing skies,  
 Like a stray babe of Paradise,  
 Just lighted on that flowery plain,  
 And seeking for its home again!  
 Oh 't was a sight—that Heaven—that child—  
 A scene, which might have well beguiled  
 Even haughty Eblis of a sigh,  
 For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched man



Reclining there—while memory ran  
 O'er many a year of guilt and strife,  
 Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,  
 Nor found one sunny resting-place,  
 Nor brought him back one branch of grace!  
 "There *was* a time," he said, in mild  
 Heart-humbled tones—"thou blessed child!  
 When, young and haply pure as thou,  
 I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now—"  
 He hung his head—each nobler aim  
 And hope and feeling, which had slept  
 From boyhood's hour, that instant came  
 Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!  
 In whose benign, redeeming flow  
 Is felt the first, the only sense  
 Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

"There's a drop," said the Peri, "that down from the moon  
 Falls through the withering airs of June  
 Upon Egypt's land,<sup>1</sup> of so healing a power,  
 So balmy a virtue, that even in the hour  
 That drop descends, contagion dies,  
 And health reanimates earth and skies!—  
 Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,  
 The precious tears of repentance fall?  
 Though foul thy fiery plagues within,  
 One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all!"

And now—behold him kneeling there  
 By the child's side, in humble prayer,  
 While the same sunbeam shines upon  
 The guilty and the guiltless one,  
 And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven  
 The triumph of a soul forgiven!

'T was when the golden orb had set,  
 While on their knees they linger'd yet,  
 There fell a light more lovely far  
 Than ever came from sun or star,  
 Upon the tear that, warm and meek,  
 Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek:  
 To mortal eye this light might seem  
 A northern flash or meteor beam—  
 But well the enraptured Peri knew  
 'T was a bright smile the angel threw  
 From heaven's gate, to hail that tear  
 Her harbinger of glory near!

<sup>1</sup> The Nucta, or Miraculous Drop, which falls in Egypt precisely on Saint John's day, in June, and is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague.

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—  
 The gates are pass'd, and heaven is won!  
 Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am—  
 To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad  
 Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,<sup>1</sup>  
 And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad!

"Farewell, ye odours of earth, that die,  
 Passing away like a lover's sigh;—  
 My feast is now of the Tooba-Tree,<sup>2</sup>  
 Whose scent is the breath of eternity!

"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone  
 In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief,—  
 Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown,  
 To the lote-tree, springing by ALLA's throne,<sup>3</sup>  
 Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf!  
 Joy, joy for ever!—my task is done—  
 The gates are pass'd, and heaven is won!"

"And this," said the Great Chamberlain, "is poetry! this flimsy manufacture of the brain, which, in comparison with the lofty and durable monuments of genius, is as the gold filigree-work of Zamara beside the eternal architecture of Egypt!" After this gorgeous sentence, which, with a few more of the same kind, Fadladeen kept by him for rare and important occasions, he proceeded to the anatomy of the short poem just recited. "The lax and easy kind of metre in which it was written ought to be denounced," he said, "as one of the leading causes of the alarming growth of poetry in our times. If some check were not given to this lawless facility, we should soon be overrun by a race of bards as numerous and as shallow as the hundred and twenty thousand streams of Basra.<sup>4</sup> They who succeeded in this style deserved chastisement for their very success;—as warriors have been punished, even after gaining a victory, because they had taken the liberty of gaining it in an irregular or unestablished manner. What, then, was to be said to those who failed? to those who presumed, as in the present lamentable instance, to imitate the license and ease of the bolder sons of song, without any of that grace or vigour which gave a dignity even to negligence,—who, like them,

<sup>1</sup> The Country of Delight,—the name of a province in the kingdom of Jinnistan, or Fairy Land, the capital of which is called the City of Jewels. Amherabad is another of the cities of Jinnistan.

<sup>2</sup> The tree Tooba, that stands in Paradise, in the palace of Mahomet. See SALE's *Pref.* *Disc.*—"Touba," says D'HARBELOT, "signifies beatitude, or eternal happiness."

<sup>3</sup> Mahomet is described, in the 53d Chapter of the Koran, as having seen the angel Gabriel "by the lote-tree, beyond which there is no passing: near it is the Garden of Eternal Abode."—This tree, say the Commentators, stands in the seventh Heaven, on the right hand of the throne of God.

<sup>4</sup> "It is said that the rivers or streams of Basra were reckoned in the time of Relai ben Ahi Bordeh, and amounted to the number of one hundred and twenty thousand streams."  
 —EDM HAKKAL.

flung the jereed<sup>1</sup> carelessly, but not, like them, to the mark;—and who," said he, raising his voice to excite a proper degree of wakefulness in his hearers, "contrive to appear heavy and constrained in the midst of all the latitude they have allowed themselves, like one of those young pagans that dance before the Princess, who has the ingenuity to move as if her limbs were fettered, in a pair of the lightest and loosest drawers of Masnipatam!"

"It was but little suitable," he continued, "to the grave march of criticism to follow this fantastical Peri, of whom they had just heard, through all her flights and adventures between earth and heaven; but he could not help adverting to the puerile conceitedness of the Three Gifts which she is supposed to carry to the skies:—a drop of blood, forsooth; a sigh, and a tear! How the first of these articles was delivered into the Angel's 'radiant hand,' he professed himself at a loss to discover; and as to the safe carriage of the sigh and the tear, such Peris and such poets were beings by far too incomprehensible for him even to guess how they managed such matters. But, in short," said he, "it is a waste of time and patience to dwell longer upon a thing so incurably frivolous,—puny even among its own puny race, and such as only the Banyan Hospital (83) for Sick Insects<sup>2</sup> should undertake."

In vain did Lalla Rookh try to soften this inexorable critic; in vain did she resort to her most eloquent common-places,—reminding him that poets were a timid and sensitive race, whose sweetness was not to be drawn forth, like that of the fragrant grass near the Ganges, by crushing and trampling upon them (84);—that severity often destroyed every chance of the perfection which it demanded; and that, after all, perfection was like the Mountain of the Talisman,—no one had ever yet reached its summit.<sup>3</sup> Neither these gentle axioms, nor the still gentler looks with which they were inculcated, could lower for one instant the elevation of Fadladeen's eye-brows, or charm him into any thing like encouragement, or even toleration of her poet. Toleration, indeed, was not among the weaknesses of Fadladeen:—he carried the same spirit into matters of poetry and of religion, and, though little versed in the beauties or sublimities of either, was a perfect master of the art of persecution in both. His zeal, too, was the same in either pursuit; whether the game before him was pagans or poetasters,—worshippers of cows, or writers of epics.

They had now arrived at the splendid city of Lahore, whose mausoleums and shrines, magnificent and numberless, where Death seemed to share equal honours with Heaven, would have powerfully affected the heart and imagination of Lalla Rookh, if feelings more of this earth had not taken entire possession of her already.

<sup>1</sup> The name of the javelin with which the Easterns exercise.—See CASTELLAN, *Mœurs des Othomans*, tom. iii, p. 461.

<sup>2</sup> For a description of this Hospital of the Banyans, see PARSON'S *Travels*, p. 262.

<sup>3</sup> "Near this is a curious hill, called Koh Talism, the Mountain of the Talisman, because, according to the traditions of the country, no person ever succeeded in gaining its summit."—KINNEIR.

She was here met by messengers dispatched from Cashmere, who informed her that the king had arrived in the valley, and was himself superintending the sumptuous preparations that were making in the saloons of the Shalimar for her reception. The chill she felt on receiving this intelligence,—which to a bride whose heart was free and light would have brought only images of affection and pleasure,—convinced her that her peace was gone for ever, and that she was in love, irretrievably in love, with young Feramorz. The veil, which this passion wears at first, had fallen off, and to know that she loved was now as painful as to love without knowing it had been delicious. Feramorz, too—what misery would be his, if the sweet hours of intercourse so imprudently allowed them should have stolen into his heart the same fatal fascination as into hers;—if, notwithstanding her rank, and the modest homage he always paid to it, even he should have yielded to the influence of those long and happy interviews, where music, poetry, the delightful scenes of nature,—all tended to bring their hearts close together, and to waken by every means that too ready passion, which often, like the young of the desert-bird, is warmed into life by the eyes alone!<sup>1</sup> She saw but one way to preserve herself from being culpable as well as unhappy, and this, however painful, she was resolved to adopt. Feramorz must no more be admitted to her presence. To have strayed so far into the dangerous labyrinth was wrong, but to linger in it, while the clew was yet in her hand, would be criminal. Though the heart she had to offer to the King of Bucharra might be cold and broken, it should at least be pure; and she must only try to forget the short vision of happiness she had enjoyed,—like that Arabian shepherd, who, in wandering into the wilderness, caught a glimpse of the Gardens of Irim, and then lost them again for ever!<sup>2</sup>

The arrival of the young Bride at Lahore was celebrated in the most enthusiastic manner. The Rajas and Omras in her train, who had kept at a certain distance during the journey, and never encamped nearer to the Princess than was strictly necessary for her safeguard, here rode in splendid cavalcade through the city, and distributed the most costly presents to the crowd. Engines were erected in all the squares, which cast forth showers of confectionary among the people; while the artisans, in chariots (85) adorned with tinsel and flying streamers, exhibited the badges of their respective trades through the streets. Such brilliant displays of life and pageantry among the palaces, and domes, and gilded minarets of Lahore, made the city altogether like a place of enchantment:—particularly on the day when Lalla Rookh set out again upon her journey, when she was accompanied to the gate by all the fairest and richest of the nobility; and rode along between ranks of beautiful boys and girls, who waved plates of gold and silver flowers over their heads<sup>3</sup> (86) as they went, and then threw them to be gathered by the populace.

<sup>1</sup> The Arabians believe that the ostriches hatch their young by only looking at them.—P. VANSLEBE, *Relat. d'Egypte*.

<sup>2</sup> See SALL'S *Korow*, note, vol. ii. p. 454.

<sup>3</sup> *Perishta*.

For many days after their departure from Lahore a considerable degree of gloom hung over the whole party. Lalla Rookh, who had intended to make illness her excuse for not admitting the young minstrel, as usual, to the pavilion, soon found that to feign indisposition was unnecessary;—Fadladeen felt the loss of the good road they had hitherto travelled, and was very near cursing Jehan-Guire (of blessed memory!) for not having continued his delectable alley of trees<sup>1</sup> (87), at least as far as the mountains of Cashmere;—while the ladies, who had nothing now to do all day but to be fanned by peacock's feathers, and listen to Fadladeen, seemed heartily weary of the life they led, and in spite of all the Great Chamberlain's criticism, were tasteless enough to wish for the poet again. One evening, as they were proceeding to their place of rest for the night, the Princess, who, for the freer enjoyment of the air, had mounted her favourite Arabian palfrey, in passing by a small grove, heard the notes of a lute from within its leaves, and a voice, which she but too well knew, singing the following words:—

Tell me not of joys above,  
If that world can give no bliss,  
Truer, happier than the Love  
Which enslaves our souls in this:

Tell me not of Houris' eyes:—  
Far from me their dangerous glow,  
If those looks that light the skies  
Would like some that burn below!

Who that feels what Love is here,  
All its falsehood—all its pain—  
Would, for even Elysium's sphere,  
Risk the fatal dream again?

Who, that 'midst a desert's heat  
Sees the waters fade away,  
Would not rather die than meet  
Streams again as false as they?

The tone of melancholy defiance in which these words were uttered went to Lalla Rookh's heart;—and as she reluctantly rode on, she could not help feeling it as a sad but sweet certainty, that Feramorz was to the full as enamoured and miserable as herself.

The place where they encamped that evening was the first delightful spot they had come to since they left Lahore. On one side of them was a grove full of small Hindoo temples, and planted with the most graceful trees of the East; where the tamarind, the cassia, and the silken plantains of Ceylon were mingled in rich contrast with the high fan-like foliage of the Pabnyra,—that favourite tree of the luxurious bird that lights up the chambers of its nest with fire-flies.<sup>2</sup> In the middle of the lawn where the pavilion stood, there was a tank surrounded by small mangoc-trees, on the clear cold waters of

<sup>1</sup> The fine road made by the Emperor Jehan-Guire from Agra to Lahore, planted with trees on each side.

<sup>2</sup> The Baya, or Indian Grass-Bird.—SIR W. JONES.

which floated multitudes of the beautiful red lotus (88); while at a distance stood the ruins of a strange and awful-looking tower, which seemed old enough to have been the temple of some religion no longer known, and which spoke the voice of desolation in the midst of all that bloom and loveliness. This singular ruin excited the wonder and conjectures of all. Lalla Rookh guessed in vain, and the all-pretending Fadladeen, who had never till this journey been beyond the precincts of Delhi, was proceeding most learnedly to show that he knew nothing whatever about the matter, when one of the ladies suggested, that perhaps Feramorz could satisfy their curiosity. They were now approaching his native mountains, and this tower might be a relic of some of those dark superstitions, which had prevailed in that country before the light of Islam dawned upon it. The Chamberlain, who usually preferred his own ignorance to the best knowledge that any one else could give him, was by no means pleased with this officious reference; and the Princess, too, was about to interpose a faint word of objection, but, before either of them could speak, a slave was dispatched for Feramorz, who, in a very few minutes, appeared before them,—looking so pale and unhappy in Lalla Rookh's eyes, that she already repented of her cruelty, in having so long excluded him.

That venerable tower, he told them, was the remains of an ancient Fire-Temple, built by those Ghebers or Persians of the old religion, who, many hundred years since, had fled hither from their Arab conquerors (89), preferring liberty and their altars in a foreign land to the alternative of apostacy or persecution in their own. It was impossible, he added, not to feel interested in the many glorious but unsuccessful struggles, which had been made by these original natives of Persia to cast off the yoke of their bigoted conquerors. Like their own Fire in the Burning Field at Bakou, <sup>1</sup> when suppressed in one place, they had but broken out with fresh flame in another; and, as a native of Cashmere, of that fair and Holy Valley, which had in the same manner become the prey of strangers (90), and seen her ancient shrines and native princes swept away before the march of her intolerant invaders, he felt a sympathy, he owned, with the sufferings of the persecuted Ghebers, which every monument like this before them but tended more powerfully to awaken.

It was the first time that Feramorz had ever ventured upon so much *prose* before Fadladeen, and it may easily be conceived what effect such prose as this must have produced on that most orthodox and most pagan-hating personage. He sat for some minutes aghast, ejaculating only at intervals "Bigoted conquerors!—sympathy with Fire-worshippers!"—while Feramorz, happy to take advantage of this almost speechless horror of the Chamberlain, proceeded to say that he knew a melancholy story, connected with the events of one of those brave struggles of the Fire-worshippers of Persia against their Arab masters, which, if the evening was not too far advanced, he should have much pleasure in being allowed to

<sup>1</sup> The "Ager ardens," described by KEMPFER, *Amerisat. Exot.*

relate to the Princess. It was impossible for Lalla Rookh to refuse;—he had never before looked half so animated, and when he spoke of the Holy Valley, his eyes had sparkled, she thought, like the talismanic characters on the scimitar of Solomon. Her consent was therefore most readily granted, and while Fadladeen sat in unspeakable dismay, expecting treason and abomination in every line, the poet thus began his story of the Fire-worshippers (91):—

### THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

"T is moonlight over Oman's sea; <sup>1</sup>  
 Her banks of pearl and palmy isles  
 Bask in the night-beam beauteously,  
 And her blue waters sleep in smiles.  
 "T is moonlight in Harmozia's <sup>2</sup> walls,  
 And through her Emir's porphyry halls,  
 Where, some hours since, was heard the swell  
 Of trumpet and the clash of zel, <sup>3</sup>  
 Bidding the bright-eyed sun farewell;—  
 The peaceful sun, whom better suits  
 The music of the bulbul's nest,  
 Or the light touch of lovers' lutes,  
 To sing him to his golden rest!  
 All hush'd—there's not a breeze in motion;  
 The shore is silent as the ocean.  
 If zephyrs come, so light they come,  
 Nor leaf is stirr'd nor wave is driven;  
 The wind-tower on the Emir's dome <sup>4</sup>  
 Can hardly win a breath from heaven.

Even he, that tyrant Arab, sleeps  
 Calm, while a nation round him weeps;  
 While curses load the air he breathes,  
 And falchions from unnumber'd sheaths  
 Are starting to avenge the shame  
 His race hath brought on Iran's <sup>5</sup> name.  
 Hard, heartless Chief, unmoved alike  
 'Mid eyes that weep and swords that strike;—  
 One of that saintly murderous brood,  
 To carnage and the Koran given,  
 Who think through unbelievers' blood  
 Lies their directest path to heaven.  
 One, who will pause and kneel unshod  
 In the warm blood his hand hath pour'd,

<sup>1</sup> The Persian Gulf, sometimes so called, which separates the shores of Persia and Arabia.

<sup>2</sup> The present Gombarooon, a town on the Persian side of the Gulf.

<sup>3</sup> A Moorish instrument of music.

<sup>4</sup> "At Gombarooon, and other places in Persia, they have towers for the purpose of catching the wind, and cooling the houses."—*LE BRUYER*.

<sup>5</sup> "Iran is the true general name for the empire of Persia,"—*Arist. Res. disc. 5*.

To mutter o'er some text of God  
 Engraven on his reeking sword;—<sup>1</sup>  
 Nay, who can coolly note the line,  
 The letter of those words divine,  
 To which his blade, with searching art,  
 Had sunk into its victim's heart!

Just Alla! what must be thy look,  
 When such a wretch before thee stands  
 Unblushing, with thy Sacred Book,—  
 Turning the leaves with blood-stain'd hands,  
 And wresting from its page sublime  
 His creed of lust and hate and crime?  
 Even as those bees of Trebizond,—

Which from the sunniest flowers that glad  
 With their pure smile the gardens round,  
 Draw venom forth that drives men mad! <sup>2</sup>  
 Never did fierce Arabia send

A satrap forth more direly great;  
 Never was Iran doom'd to bend  
 Beneath a yoke of deadlier weight.  
 Her throne had fall'n—her pride was crush'd—  
 Her sons were willing slaves, nor blush'd,  
 In their own land,—no more their own,—  
 To crouch beneath a stranger's throne.  
 Her towers, where Mithra once had burn'd,  
 To Moslem shrines—oh shame!—were turn'd,  
 Where slaves, converted by the sword,  
 Their mean apostate worship pour'd,  
 And cursed the faith their sires adored.  
 Yet has she hearts, 'mid all this ill,  
 O'er all this wreck high buoyant still  
 With hope and vengeance!—hearts that yet,—

Like gems, in darkness issuing rays  
 They 've treasured from the sun that 's set,—  
 Beam all the light of long-lost days!

And swords she hath, nor weak nor slow  
 To second all such hearts can dare;  
 As he shall know, well, dearly know,

Who sleeps in moonlight luxury there,  
 Tranquil as if his spirit lay  
 Becalm'd in heaven's approving ray!  
 Sleep on—for purer eyes than thine  
 Those waves are hush'd, those planets shine.  
 Sleep on, and be thy rest unmoved

By the white moon-beam's dazzling power;

<sup>1</sup> "On the blades of their scimitars some verse from the Koran is usually inscribed."  
 —RUSSEL.

<sup>2</sup> "There is a kind of *Rhododendros* about Trebizond, whose flowers the bee feeds upon, and the honey thence drives people mad."—TOULNEFORT.



None but the loving and the loved  
Should be awake at this sweet hour.

And see—where, high above those rocks  
That o'er the deep their shadows fling,  
Yon turret stands ;—where ebon locks,  
As glossy as a heron's wing  
Upon the turban of a king,<sup>1</sup>  
Hang from the lattice, long and wild,—  
'T is she, that Emir's blooming child,  
All truth and tenderness and grace,  
Though born of such ungentle race ;—  
An image of Youth's radiant Fountain  
Springing in a desolate mountain<sup>2</sup>  
Oh ! what a pure and sacred thing  
Is Beauty, curtain'd from the sight  
Of the gross world, illumining  
One only mansion with her light !  
Unseen by man's disturbing eye,—  
The flower, that blooms beneath the sea  
Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie  
Hid in more chaste obscurity !  
So, Hinda, have thy face and mind,  
Like holy mysteries, lain enshrined.  
And, oh ! what transport for a lover  
To lift the veil that shades them o'er !—  
Like those who, all at once, discover  
In the lone deep some fairy shore,  
Where mortal never trod before,  
And sleep and wake in scented airs  
No lip had ever breathed but theirs !

Beautiful are the maids that glide,  
On summer-eves, through Yemen's<sup>3</sup> dales,  
And bright the glancing looks they hide  
Behind their litters' roseate veils ;—  
And brides, as delicate and fair  
As the white jasmine flowers they wear,  
Hath Yemen in her blissful clime,  
Who, lull'd in cool kiosk or bower (92),  
Before their mirrors count the time (93),  
And grow still lovelier every hour.  
But never yet hath bride or maid  
In Araby's gay Harams smiled,

<sup>1</sup> "Their kings wear plumes of black herons' feathers upon the right side, as a badge of sovereignty."—HANWAY.

<sup>2</sup> "The Fountain of Youth, by a Mahometan tradition, is situated in some dark region of the East."—RICHARDSON.

<sup>3</sup> Arabia Felix.

Whose boasted brightness would not fade  
Before Al Hassan's blooming child.

Light as the angel shapes that bless  
An infant's dream, yet not the less  
Rich in all woman's loveliness ;—  
With eyes so pure, that from their ray  
Dark Vice would turn abash'd away,  
Blinded, like serpents when they gaze  
Upon the emerald's virgin blaze ;—<sup>1</sup>  
Yet, fill'd with all youth's sweet desires,  
Mingling the meek and vestal fires  
Of other worlds with all the bliss,  
The fond, weak tenderness of this !  
A soul, too, more than half divine,  
Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,  
Religion's soften'd glories shine,  
Like light through summer foliage stealing,  
Shedding a glow of such mild hue,  
So warm and yet so shadowy too,  
As makes the very darkness there  
More beautiful than light elsewhere !

Such is the maid who, at this hour,  
Hath risen from her restless sleep,  
And sits alone in that high bower,  
Watching the still and shining deep.  
Ah ! 't was not thus,—with tearful eyes  
And beating heart,—she used to gaze  
On the magnificent earth and skies,  
In her own land, in happier days.  
Why looks she now so anxious down  
Among those rocks, whose rugged frown  
Blackens the mirror of the deep ?  
Whom waits she all this lonely night ?  
Too rough the rocks, too bold the steep,  
For man to scale that turret's height !—

So deem'd at least her thoughtful sire,  
When high to catch the cool night-air,  
After the day-beam's withering fire,<sup>2</sup>  
He built her bower of freshness there,

<sup>1</sup> "They say that if a snake or serpent fix his eyes on the lustre of those stones (emeralds), he immediately becomes blind."—AHMED BEN ABDALAZIZ, *Treatise on Jewels*.

<sup>2</sup> "At Goubaroon and the Isle of Ormus it is sometimes so hot that the people are obliged to lie all day in the water."—Marco Polo.

And had it deck'd with costliest skill,  
 And fondly thought it safe as fair :—  
 Think, reverend dreamer ! think so still,  
 Nor wake to learn what Love can dare ;—  
 Love, all-defying Love, who sees  
 No charm in trophies won with ease ;—  
 Whose rarest, dearest fruits of bliss  
 Are pluck'd on Danger's precipice !  
 Bolder than they, who dare not dive  
 For pearls but when the sea's at rest,  
 Love, in the tempest most alive,  
 Hath ever held that pearl the best  
 He finds beneath the stormiest water !  
 Yes—Araby's unrivall'd daughter,  
 Though high that tower, that rock-way rude,  
 There 's one who, but to kiss thy cheek,  
 Would climb the untrodden solitude  
 Of Ararat's tremendous peak<sup>1</sup> (94),  
 And think its steep, though dark and dread,  
 Heav'n's pathways, if to thee they led !  
 Ev'n now thou seest the flashing spray,  
 That lights his oar's impatient way ;  
 Ev'n now thou hear'st the sudden shock  
 Of his swift bark against the rock,  
 And stretchest down thy arms of snow,  
 As if to lift him from below !  
 Like her to whom, at dead of night,  
 The bridegroom, with his locks of light,<sup>2</sup>  
 Came, in the flush of love and pride,  
 And scal'd the terrace of his bride ;—  
 When, as she saw him rashly spring,  
 And mid-way up in danger cling,  
 She flung him down her long black hair,  
 Exclaiming, breathless, "There, love, there !"  
 And scarce did manlier nerve uphold  
 The hero Zal in that fond hour,  
 Than wings the youth who, fleet and bold,  
 Now climbs the rocks to Hinda's bower.  
 See—light as up their granite steep  
 The rock-goats of Arabia clamber,<sup>3</sup>  
 Fearless from crag to crag he leaps,  
 And now is in the maiden's chamber.

This mountain is generally supposed to be inaccessible.

<sup>1</sup> In one of the books of the *Shâh Nâhmeh*, when Zal (a celebrated hero of Persia, remarkable for his white hair) comes to the terrace of his mistress, Rodhaver, at night, she lets down her long tresses to assist him in his ascent ;—he, however, manages in a less romantic way, by fixing his crook in a projecting beam.—See CHAMPION'S *Ferdosi*.

<sup>2</sup> "On the lofty hills of Arabia Petraea are rock-goats."—NIZSOUR.

She loves—but knows not whom she loves,  
 Nor what his race, nor whence he came;—  
 Like one who meets, in Indian groves,  
 Some beauteous bird without a name,  
 Brought by the last ambrosial breeze,  
 From isles in the' undiscover'd seas,  
 To show his plumage for a day  
 To wondering eyes, and wing away!  
 Will he thus fly—her nameless lover?

Alla forbid! 't was by a moon  
 As fair as this, while singing over  
 Some ditty to her soft Kanoon,<sup>1</sup>  
 Alone, at this same witching hour,  
 She first beheld his radiant eyes  
 Glean through the lattice of the bower,  
 Where nightly now they mix their sighs;  
 And thought some spirit of the air  
 (For what could waft a mortal there?)  
 Was pausing on his moonlight way  
 To listen to her lonely lay!  
 This fancy ne'er hath left her mind:  
 And—though, when terror's swoon had past,  
 She saw a youth, of mortal kind,  
 Before her in obeisance cast,—  
 Yet often since, when he hath spoken  
 Strange, awful words,—and gleams have broken  
 From his dark eyes, too bright to bear,  
 Oh! she hath fear'd her soul was given  
 To some unhallow'd child of air,  
 Some erring Spirit, cast from Heaven,  
 Like those angelic youths of old,  
 Who burn'd for maids of mortal mould,  
 Bewilder'd left the glorious skies,  
 And lost their Heaven for woman's eyes!

Fond girl! nor fiend nor angel he,  
 Who woos thy young simplicity;  
 But one of earth's impassion'd sons,  
 As warm in love, as fierce in ire,  
 As the best heart whose current runs  
 Full of the Day-God's living fire!

<sup>1</sup> "Canou, espèce de psalterion, avec des cordes de boyaux; les dames en touchent dans le sérail, avec des écailles armées de pointes de coco."—TODERINI, translated by DE COURMAYEUR.

But quench'd to-night that ardour seems,  
 And pale his cheek, and sunk his brow ;—  
 Never before, but in her dreams,  
 Had she beheld him pale as now :  
 And those were dreams of troubled sleep,  
 From which 't was joy to wake and weep ;  
 Visions, that will not be forgot,  
 But sadden every waking scene,  
 Like warning ghosts, that leave the spot  
 All wither'd where they once have been !

“How sweetly,” said the trembling-maid,  
 Of her own gentle voice afraid,  
 So long had they in silence stood,  
 Looking upon that tranquil flood—  
 “How sweetly does the moon-beam smile  
 To-night upon yon leafy isle !  
 Oft, in my fancy's wanderings,  
 I've wish'd that little isle had wings,  
 And we, within its fairy bowers,  
 Were wafted off to seas unknown,  
 Where not a pulse should beat but ours,  
 And we might live, love, die alone !  
 Far from the cruel and the cold,—  
 Where the bright eyes of angels only  
 Should come around us, to behold  
 A paradise so pure and lonely !

Would this be world enough for thee ?”—  
 Playful she turn'd, that he might see  
 The passing smile her cheek put on ;  
 But when she mark'd how mournfully  
 His eyes met hers, that smile was gone ;  
 And, bursting into heart-felt tears,  
 “Yes, yes,” she cried, “my hourly fears,  
 “My dreams have boded all too right—  
 “We part—for ever part—to-night !  
 “I knew, I knew, it *could* not last—  
 “’T was bright, ’t was heavenly, but ’t is past !  
 “Oh ! ever thus, from childhood’s hour,  
 “I’ve seen my fondest hopes decay :  
 “I never loved a tree or flower,  
 “But ’t was the first to fade away ;  
 “I never nursed a dear gazelle,  
 “To glad me with its soft black eye,  
 “But when it came to know me well,  
 “And love me, it was sure to die !  
 “Now too—the joy most like divine

"Of all I ever dreamt or knew,  
 "To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,—  
 "Oh misery! must I lose *that* too?  
 "Yet go—on peril's brink we meet;—  
 "Those frightful rocks—that treacherous sea—  
 "No, never come again—though sweet,  
 "Though heaven, it may be death to thee.  
 "Farewell—and blessings on thy way,  
 "Where'er thou go'st, beloved stranger!  
 "Better to sit and watch that ray,  
 "And think thee safe, though far away,  
 "Than have thee near me, and in danger!"

"Danger!—oh, tempt me not to boast—"  
 The youth exclaim'd—"thou little know'st  
 "What he can brave, who, born and nurs'd  
 "In Danger's paths, has dar'd her worst;  
 "Upon whose ear the signal-word  
 "Of strife and death is hourly breaking;  
 "Who sleeps with head upon the sword  
 "His fever'd hand must grasp in waking.  
 "Danger!—"  
 "Say on—thou fear'st not then,  
 "And we may meet—oft meet again?"

"Oh! look not so—beneath the skies  
 "I now fear nothing but those eyes.  
 "If aught on earth could charm or force  
 "My spirit from its destin'd course,—  
 "If aught could make this soul forget  
 "The bond to which its seal is set,  
 "'Twould be those eyes;—they, only they,  
 "Could melt that sacred seal away!  
 "But no—'tis fix'd—my awful doom  
 "Is fix'd—on this side of the tomb  
 "We meet no more;—why, why did Heaven  
 "Mingle two souls that earth has riven,  
 "Has rent asunder wide as ours?  
 "Oh, Arab maid, as soon the Powers  
 "Of Light and Darkness may combine.  
 "As I be link'd with thee or thine!  
 "Thy Father—"

"Holy ALLA save

"His grey head from that lightning glance!  
 "Thou know'st him not—he loves the brave;  
 "Nor lives there under heaven's expanse  
 "One who would prize, would worship thee  
 "And thy bold spirit, more than he.  
 "Oft when, in childhood, I have play'd  
 "With the bright falchion by his side,

" I've heard him swear his lisping maid  
 " In time should be a warrior's bride.  
 " And still, whene'er at Haram hours,  
 " I take him cool sherbets and flowers,  
 " He tells me, when in playful mood,  
 " A hero shall my bridegroom be,  
 " Since maids are best in battle woo'd,  
 " And won with shouts of victory!  
 " Nay, turn not from me—thou alone  
 " Art form'd to make both hearts thy own.  
 " Go—join'd his sacred ranks—thou know'st  
 " The' unholy strife these Persians wage :—  
 " Good Heav'n, that frown I—even now thou glow'st  
 " With more than mortal warrior's rage.  
 " Hast to the camp by morning's light,  
 " And, when that sword is rais'd in fight,  
 " Oh still remember, Love and I  
 " Beneath its shadow trembling lie !  
 " One victory o'er those Slaves of Fire,  
 " Those impious Ghebers, whom my sire  
 " Abhors——"

" Hold, hold—thy words are death——"

The stranger cried, as wild he flung  
 His mantle back, and show'd beneath  
 The Gheber belt that round him clung.<sup>1</sup>—  
 " Here, maiden, look—weep—blush to see  
 " All that thy sire abhors in me!  
 " Yes—I am of that impious race,  
 " Those Slaves of Fire who, morn and even,  
 " Hail their Creator's dwelling-place  
 " Among the living lights of heaven : "  
 " Yes—I am of that outcast few,  
 " To Iran and to vengeance true,

<sup>1</sup> "They (the Ghebers) lay so much stress on their cushee, or girdle, as not to dare to be an instant without it."—*Grose's Voyage*.—"Le jeune homme nia d'abord la chose; mais ayant été dépouillé de sa robe, et la large ceinture qu'il portait comme Ghehr," etc. —*D'Herbelot*, art. Agdusani. "Pour se distinguer des Idolâtres de l'Inde, les Guèbres se ceignent tous d'un cordon de laine, ou de poil de chameau."—*Encyclopédie Française*.

D'Herbelot says this belt was generally of leather.

<sup>2</sup> They suppose the Throne of the Almighty is seated in the sun, and hence their worship of that luminary.—*Hanway*. "As to fire, the Ghebers place the spring-head of it in that globe of fire, the Sun, by them called *Mythras*, or *Mihir*, to which they pay the highest reverence, in gratitude for the manifold benefits flowing from its ministerial omniscience. But they are so far from confounding the subordination of the Servant with the majesty of its Creator, that they not only attribute no sort of sense or reasoning to the sun or fire, in any of its operations, but consider it as a purely passive blind instrument, directed and governed by the immediate impression on it of the will of God; but they do not even give that luminary, all-glorious as it is, more than the second rank amongst his works, reserving the first for that stupendous production of divine power, the mind of man."—*Grose*. The false charges brought against the religion of these people by their Mussulman tyrants is but one proof among many of the truth of this writer's remark, that "calumny is often added to oppression, if not for the sake of justifying it."

- " Who curse the hour your Arabs came  
 " To desolate our shrines of flame,  
 " And swear, before God's burning eye,  
 " To break our country's chains, or die!  
 " Thy bigot sire,—nay, tremble not,—  
 " He, who gave birth to those dear eyes,  
 " With me is sacred as the spot  
 " From which our fires of worship rise!  
 " But know—'twas he I sought that night,  
 " When, from my watch-boat on the sea,  
 " I caught this turret's glimmering light,  
 " And up the rude rocks desperately  
 " Rush'd to my prey—thou know'st the rest—  
 " I climb'd the gory vulture's nest,  
 " And found a trembling dove within;—  
 " Thine, thine the victory—thine the sin—  
 " If Love hath made one thought his own,  
 " That Vengeance claims first—last—alone!  
 " Oh! had we never, never met,  
 " Or could this heart ev'n now forget  
 " How link'd, how bless'd we might have been,  
 " Had fate not frown'd so dark between!  
 " Hadst thou been born a Persian maid,  
 " In neighbouring valleys had we dwelt,  
 " Through the same fields in childhood play'd,  
 " At the same kindling altar knelt,—  
 " Then, then, while all those nameless ties,  
 " In which the charm of Country lies,  
 " Had round our hearts been hourly spun,  
 " Till IRAN'S cause and thine were one;  
 " While in thy lute's awakening sigh  
 " I heard the voice of days gone by,  
 " And saw, in every smile of thine,  
 " Returning hours of glory shine:—  
 " While the wrong'd Spirit of our Land  
 " Liv'd, look'd, and spoke her wrongs through thee,—  
 " God! who could then this sword withstand?  
 " Its very flash were victory!  
 " But now—estrang'd, divorc'd for ever,  
 " Far as the grasp of Fate can sever:  
 " Our only ties what love has wove,—  
 " In faith, friends, country, sunder'd wide;  
 " And then, then only, true to love,  
 " When false to all that's dear beside!  
 " Thy father IRAN'S deadliest foe—  
 " Thyself, perhaps, ev'n now—but no—  
 " Hate never look'd so lovely yet!  
 " No—sacred to thy soul will be  
 " The land of him who could forget  
 " All but that bleeding land for thee.  
 " When other eyes shall see, unmov'd



" Her widows mourn, her warriors fall,  
 " Thou'lt think how well one Gheber lov'd,  
 " And for *his* sake thou'lt weep for all!  
 " But look——"

With sudden start he turn'd  
 And pointed to the distant wave,  
 Where lights, like charnel meteors, burn'd  
 Bluely, as o'er some seaman's grave;  
 And fiery darts, at intervals,<sup>1</sup>  
 Flew up all sparkling from the main,  
 As if each star that nightly falls,  
 Were shooting back to heaven again.

" My signal lights!—I must away—  
 " Both, both are ruin'd, if I stay.  
 " Farewell—sweet life! thou cling'st in vain—  
 " Now, Vengeance, I am thine again!"  
 Fiercely he broke away, nor stopp'd,  
 Nor look'd—but from the lattice dropp'd  
 Down mid the pointed crags beneath,  
 As if he fled from love to death.  
 While pale and mute young *Ilinda* stood,  
 Nor mov'd, till in the silent flood  
 A momentary plunge below  
 Startled her from her trance of woe;  
 Shrieking she to the lattice flew,  
 " I come—I come—if in that tide  
 " Thou sleep'st to-night, I'll sleep there too,  
 " In death's cold wedlock, by thy side.  
 " Oh! I would ask no happier bed  
 " Than the chill wave my love lies under:—  
 " Sweeter to rest together dead.  
 " Far sweeter, than to live asunder!"  
 But no—their hour is not yet come—  
 Again she sees his pinnace fly,  
 Wafting him fleetly to his home,  
 Where'er that ill-starr'd home may lie:  
 And calm and smooth it seem'd to win  
 Its moonlight way before the wind,  
 As if it bore all peace within,  
 Nor left one breaking heart behind!

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The Princess, whose heart was sad enough already, could have wished that FERAMORZ had chosen a less melancholy story; as it is only to the happy that tears are a luxury. Her Ladies, however, were by no means sorry that love was once more the Poet's theme; for,

<sup>1</sup> "The Mameluks that were in the other boat, when it was dark, used to shoot up a sort of fiery arrows into the air, which in some measure resembled lightning or falling stars."—*Baumgarten*.

whenever he spoke of love, they said, his voice was as sweet as if he had chewed the leaves of that enchanted tree, which grows over the tomb of the musician, Tau-Sein.<sup>1</sup>

Their road all the morning had lain through a very dreary country;—through valleys, covered with a low bushy jungle, where, in more than one place, the awful signal of the bamboo staff,<sup>2</sup> with the white flag at its top, reminded the traveller that, in that very spot, the tiger had made some human creature his victim. It was, therefore, with much pleasure that they arrived at sunset in a safe and lovely glen, and encamped under one of those holy trees, whose smooth columns and spreading roofs seem to destine them for natural temples of religion. Beneath this spacious shade, some pious hands had erected a row of pillars ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain,<sup>3</sup> which now supplied the use of mirrors to the young maidens, as they adjusted their hair in descending from the palankeens. Here, while, as usual, the Princess sat listening anxiously, with FADLAHEEN in one of his loftiest moods of criticism by her side, the young poet, leaning against a branch of the tree, thus continued his story:—

The morn bath risen clear and calm,  
And o'er the Green Sea<sup>4</sup> palely shines,  
Revealing BAUREIN'S<sup>5</sup> groves of palm,  
And lighting KISMA'S<sup>6</sup> amber vines.  
Fresh smell the shores of ARABY,  
While breezes from the Indian sea  
Blow round SELAM'S<sup>7</sup> sainted cape,  
And curl the shining flood beneath,—

<sup>1</sup> Within the enclosure which surrounds this monument (at Guattor) is a small tomb to the memory of Tan-Sein, a musician of incomparable skill, who flourished at the court of Akbar. The tomb is overshadowed by a tree, concerning which a superstitious notion prevails, that the chewing of its leaves will give an extraordinary melody to the voice.—*Narrative of a Journey from Agra to Ousein*, by W. Hunter, Esq.

<sup>2</sup> It is usual to place a small white triangular flag, fixed to a bamboo staff of ten or twelve feet long, at the place where a tiger has destroyed a man. It is common for the passengers also to throw each a stone or brick near the spot, so that in the course of a little time a pile equal to a good waggon-load is collected. The sight of these flags and piles of stones imparts a certain melancholy, not perhaps altogether void of apprehension.—*Oriental Field Sports*, vol. ii.

<sup>3</sup> The Ficus Indica is called the Pagod Tree and Tree of Councils; the first, from the idols placed under its shade; the second, because meetings were held under its cool branches. In some places it is believed to be the haunt of spectres, as the ancient spreading oaks of Wales have been of fairies; in others are erected beneath the shade pillars of stone, or posts, elegantly carved, and ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain to supply the use of mirrors.—*Pennant*.

<sup>4</sup> The Persian Gulf.—"To dive for pearls in the Green Sea, or Persian Gulf."—*Sir W. Jones*.

<sup>5</sup> Islands in the Gulf.

<sup>6</sup> Or Seleneh, the genuine name of the headland at the entrance of the Gulf, commonly called Cape Muskeedom. "The Indians, when they pass the promontory, throw coconuts, fruits, or flowers into the sea, to secure a propitious voyage."—*Morier*.

Whose waves are rich with many a grape,  
 And cocoa-nut and flowery wreath,  
 Which pious seamen, as they pass'd,  
 Had tow'rd that holy headland cast—  
 Oblations to the Genii there  
 For gentle skies and breezes fair!  
 The nightingale now bends her flight<sup>1</sup>  
 From the high trees, where all the night  
 She sung so sweet, with none to listen;  
 And hides her from the morning star  
 Where thickets of pomegranate glisten  
 In the clear dawn,—bespangled o'er  
 With dew, whose night-drops would not stain  
 The best and brightest scimitar<sup>2</sup>  
 That ever youthful Sultan wore  
 On the first morning of his reign.

And see—the Sun himself!—on wings  
 Of glory up the East he springs.  
 Angel of Light! who from the time  
 Those heavens began their march sublime,  
 Hath first of all the starry choir  
 Trod in his Maker's steps of fire!  
 Where are the days, thou wondrous sphere,  
 When IRAN, like a sun-flower, turn'd  
 To meet that eye whereto it burn'd?—  
 When, from the banks of BENDEMEER  
 To the nut-groves of SAMARCAND,  
 Thy temples flam'd o'er all the land?  
 Where are they? ask the shades of them  
 Who, on CADESSIA'S<sup>3</sup> bloody plains,  
 Saw fierce invaders pluck the gem  
 From IRAN's broken diadem,  
 And bind her ancient faith in chains:—  
 Ask the poor exile, cast along  
 On foreign shores, unlov'd, unknown,  
 Beyond the Caspian's Iron Gates,<sup>4</sup>  
 Or on the snowy Mossian mountains,  
 Far from his beauteous land of dates,  
 Her jasmine bowers and sunny fountains:  
 Yet happier so than if he trod  
 His own belov'd, but blighted, sod,  
 Beneath a despot stranger's nod!—

<sup>1</sup> "The nightingale sings from the pomegranate-groves in the day-time, and from the loftiest trees at night."—*Russet's Aleppo*.

<sup>2</sup> In speaking of the climate of Shiraz, Franklin says, "the dew is of such a pure nature, that if the brightest scimitar should be exposed to it all night, it would not receive the least rust."

<sup>3</sup> The place where the Persians were finally defeated by the Arabs, and their ancient monarchy destroyed.

<sup>4</sup> Derbend.—"Les Turcs appellent cette ville Demir Capi, Porte de Fer; ce sont les Caspiens Portes des anciens."—*D'Herbelot*.

Oh, he would rather houseless roam  
 Where Freedom and his God may lead,  
 Than be the sleekest slave at home  
 That crouches to the conqueror's creed!

Is IRAN's pride then gone for ever,  
 Quench'd with the flame in MITHRA's caves?—  
 No—she has sons, that never—never—  
 Will stoop to be the Moslem's slaves,  
 While heaven has light or earth has graves;—  
 Spirits of fire, that brood not long,  
 But flash resentment back for wrong;  
 And hearts where, slow but deep, the seeds  
 Of vengeance ripen into deeds,  
 Till, in some treacherous hour of calm,  
 They burst, like ZEILAN's giant palm,<sup>1</sup>  
 Whose buds fly open with a sound  
 That shakes the pigmy forests round!  
 Yes, EMIR! he, who scal'd that tower,  
 And, had he reach'd thy slumbering breast,  
 Had taught thee, in a Gheber's power  
 How safe ev'n tyrant heads may rest—  
 Is one of many, brave as he,  
 Who loathe thy haughty race and thee;  
 Who, though they know the strife is vain,  
 Who, though they know the riven chain  
 Snaps but to enter in the heart  
 Of him who rends its links apart,  
 Yet dare the issue,—blest to be  
 Ev'n for one bleeding moment free,  
 And die in pangs of liberty!  
 Thou know'st them well—'tis some moons since  
 Thy turban'd troops and blood-red flags,  
 Thou satrap of a bigot Prince,  
 Have swarm'd among these Green Sea crags;  
 Yet here, ev'n here, a sacred band  
 Ay, in the portal of that land  
 Thou, Arab, dar'st to call thy own,  
 Their spears across thy path have thrown;  
 Here—ere the winds half wing'd thee o'er—  
 Rebellion brav'd thee from the shore.  
 Rebellion! foul, dishonouring word,  
 Whose wrongful blight so soft has stain'd  
 The holiest cause that tongue or sword  
 Of mortal ever lost or gain'd.

<sup>1</sup> The Talpot or Talipot tree. "This beautiful palm-tree, which grows in the heart of the forests, may be classed among the loftiest trees, and becomes still higher when on the point of bursting forth from its leafy summit. The sheath which then envelopes the flower is very large, and, when it bursts, makes an explosion like the report of a cannon."  
 —Thunberg.

How many a spirit, born to bless,  
 Hath sunk beneath that withering name,  
 Whom but a day's, an hour's success  
 Had wafted to eternal fame!  
 As exhalations, when they burst  
 From the warm earth, if chill'd at first,  
 If check'd in soaring from the plain,  
 Darken to fogs and sink again;—  
 But, if they once triumphant spread  
 Their wings above the mountain-head,  
 Become enthron'd in upper air,  
 And turn to sun-bright glories there!

And who is he, that wields the might  
 Of Freedom on the Green Sea brink,  
 Before whose sabre's dazzling light<sup>1</sup>  
 The eyes of YEMEN's warriors wink?  
 Who comes, embower'd in the spears  
 Of KERMAN's hardy mountaineers?—  
 Those mountaineers that truest, last,  
 Cling to their country's ancient rites,  
 As if that God, whose eyelids cast  
 Their closing gleam on IBAN's heights,  
 Among her snowy mountains threw  
 The last light of his worship too!  
 'Tis HAFED—name of fear, whose sound  
 Chills like the muttering of a charm!—  
 Shout but that awful name around,  
 And palsy shakes the manliest arm.

'Tis HAFED, most accurs'd and dire  
 (So rank'd by Moslem hate and ire)  
 Of all the rebel Sons of Fire;  
 Of whose malign, tremendous power  
 The Arabs, at their mid-watch hour,  
 Such tales of fearful wonder tell,  
 That each affrighted sentinel  
 Pulls down his cowl upon his eyes,  
 Lest HAFED in the midst should rise!  
 A man, they say, of moustrous birth,  
 A mingled race of flame and earth,  
 Sprung from those old, enchanted kings,<sup>2</sup>  
 Who in their fairy helmets, of yore  
 A feather from the mystic wings  
 Of the Simoorgh resistless wore:

<sup>1</sup> "When the bright ciminters make the eyes of our heroes wink."—*The Mountainal Poem of Amru.*

<sup>2</sup> Tadmuras, and other ancient Kings of Persia; whose adventures in Fairy-Lands among the Peris and Dives may be found in Richardson's curious Dissertation. The griffin Simoorgh, they say, took some feathers from her breast for Tadmuras, with which he adorned his helmet, and transmitted them afterwards to his descendants.

And gifted by the Fiends of Fire,  
 Who groan'd to see their shrines expire,  
 With charms that, all in vain withstood,  
 Would drown the Korau's light in blood !

Such were the tales, that won belief,  
 And such the colouring Fancy gave  
 To a young, warm, and dauntless Chief,—  
 One who, no more than mortal brave,  
 Fought for the land his soul ador'd,  
 For happy homes and altars free,—  
 His only talisman, the sword,  
 His only spell-word, Liberty !  
 One of that ancient hero line,  
 Along whose glorious current shine  
 Names, that have sanctified their blood ;  
 As LEBANON'S small mountain-flood  
 Is render'd holy by the ranks  
 Of sainted cedars on its banks.<sup>1</sup>  
 'Twas not for him to crouch the knee  
 Tamely to Moslem tyranny ;  
 'Twas not for him, whose soul was cast  
 In the bright mould of ages past,  
 Whose melancholy spirit, fed  
 With all the glories of the dead,  
 Though fram'd for FRAM'S happiest years,  
 Was born among her chains and tears !—  
 'Twas not for him to swell the crowd  
 Of slavish heads, that shrinking bow'd  
 Before the Moslem, as he pass'd,  
 Like shrubs beneath the poison-blast—  
 No—far he fled—indignant fled  
 The pageant of his country's shame ;  
 While every tear her children shed  
 Fell on his soul like drops of flame ;  
 And, as a lover hails the dawn  
 Of a first smile, so welcom'd he  
 The sparkle of the first sword drawn  
 For vengeance and for liberty !

But vain was valour—vain the flower  
 Of KERMAN, in that deathful hour,  
 Against AL HASSAN'S whelming power.—  
 In vain they met him, helm to helm,

<sup>1</sup> This rivulet, says Dandini, is called the Holy River, from the "cedar-saints" among which it rises.

In the *Lettres Edifiantes*, there is a different cause assigned for its name of Holy. "In these are deep caverns, which formerly served as so many cells for a great number of recluses, who had chosen these retreats as the only witnesses upon earth of the severity of their penance. The tears of these pious penitents gave the river of which we have just treated the name of the Holy River."—See *Chateaubriand's Beauties of Christianity*.

Upon the threshold of that realm  
 He came in bigot pomp to sway,  
 And with their corpses block'd his way—  
 In vain—for every lance they rais'd,  
 Thousands around the conqueror blaz'd;  
 For every arm that lin'd their shore,  
 Myriads of slaves were wafted o'er,—  
 A bloody, bold, and countless crowd,  
 Before whose swarm as fast they bow'd  
 As dates beneath the locust cloud.

There stood—but one short league away  
 From old HARMOZIA's sultry bay—  
 A rocky mountain, o'er the sea  
 Of OMAN beetling awfully;<sup>1</sup>  
 A last and solitary link

Of those stupendous chains that reach  
 From the broad Caspian's reedy brink

Down winding to the Green Sea beach.

Around its base the bare rocks stood,  
 Like naked giants, in the flood,

As if to guard the Gulf across;

While, on its peak, that brav'd the sky,  
 A ruin'd Temple tower'd, so high

That oft the sleeping albatross<sup>2</sup>

Struck the wild ruins with her wing,  
 And from her cloud-rock'd slumbering

Started—to find man's dwelling there

In her own silent fields of air!

Beneath, terrific caverns gave

Dark welcome to each stormy wave

That dash'd, like midnight revellers, in;—

And such the strange, mysterious din

At times throughout those caverns roll'd,—

And such the fearful wonders told

Of restless sprites imprison'd there,

That bold were Moslem, who would dare,

At twilight hour, to steer his skiff

Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This mountain is my own creation, as the "stupendous chain," of which I suppose it a link, does not extend quite so far as the shores of the Persian Gulf. "This long and lofty range of mountains formerly divided Media from Assyria, and now forms the boundary of the Persian and Turkish empires. It runs parallel with the river Tigris and Persian Gulf, and almost disappearing in the vicinity of Gomberoon (Harmoza) seems once more to rise in the southern districts of Kerman, and following an easterly course through the centre of Meckraun and Balouchistan, is entirely lost in the deserts of Sindh."—Kinnier's Persian Empire.

<sup>2</sup> These birds sleep in the air. They are most common about the Cape of Good Hope.

<sup>3</sup> "There is an extraordinary hill in this neighbourhood, called Kohé Guhr, or the Guehre's mountain. It rises in the form of a lofty cupola, and on the summit of it, they say, are the remains of an Atash Kudu or Fire Temple. It is superstitiously held to be the residence of Deevs or Sprites, and many marvellous stories are recounted of the injury and witchcraft suffered by those who essayed in former days to ascend or explore it." Pottinger's Beloochistan.

On the land side, those towers sublime,  
That seem'd above the grasp of Time,  
Were sever'd from the haunts of men  
By a wide, deep, and wizard gleu,  
So fathomless, so full of gloom,

No eye could pierce the void between :  
It seem'd a place where Gholes might come  
With their foul banquets from the tomb,  
And in its caverns feed unseen.

Like distant thunder, from below,  
The sound of many torrents came,  
Too deep for eye or ear to know  
If 'twere the sea's imprison'd flow,  
Or floods of ever-restless flame.

For, each ravine, each rocky spire  
Of that vast mountain stood on fire ;<sup>1</sup>  
And, though for ever past the days  
When God was worshipp'd in the blaze  
That from its lofty altar shone,—  
Though fled the priests, the votaries gone,  
Still did the mighty flame burn on,<sup>2</sup>  
Through chance and change, through good and ill,  
Like its own God's eternal will,  
Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable !

Thither the vanquish'd HAFED led

His little army's last remains ;—

“ Welcome, terrific glen ! ” he said,

“ Thy gloom, that Eblis' self might dread,

“ Is Heav'n to him who flies from chains ! ”

O'er a dark, narrow bridge-way, known

To him and to his Chiefs alone,

They cross'd the chasm and gain'd the towers,—

“ This home,” he cried, “ at least is ours ;—

“ Here we may bleed, unmock'd by hymns

“ Of Moslem triumph o'er our head ;

“ Here we may fall, nor leave our limbs

“ To quiver to the Moslem's tread.

“ Stretch'd on this rock, while vultures' beaks

“ Are whetted on our yet warm cheeks,

“ Here—happy that no tyrant's eye

“ Gloats on our torments—we may die ! ”—

'Twas night when to those towers they came,

And gloomily the fitful flame,

<sup>1</sup> The Guebres generally built their temples over subterraneous fires.

<sup>2</sup> “ At the city of Yezd, in Persia, which is distinguished by the appellation of the Darûb Abadut, or Seal of Religion, the Guebres are permitted to have an Atush Kuda or Fire Temple (which, they assert, has had the sacred fire in it since the days of Zoroaster) in their own compartment of the city ; but for this indulgence they are indebted to the avarice, not the tolerance of the Persian government, which taxes them at twenty-five rupies each man.”—*Pottinger's Beloochistan*.



That from the ruin'd altar broke,  
 Glared on his features, as he spoke :—  
 " 'Tis o'er—what men could do, we've done—  
 " If *IRAN* will look tamely on,  
 " And see her priests, her warriors driven  
   " Before a sensual bigot's nod,  
 " A wretch who shrines his lusts in heaven,  
   " And makes a pander of his God ;  
 " If her proud sons, her high-born souls,  
   " Men, in whose veins—oh last disgrace !  
 " The blood of *ZAL* and *RUSTAM*<sup>1</sup> rolls,—  
   " If they *will* court this upstart race,  
 " And turn from *MITHRA*'s ancient ray,  
 " To kneel at shrines of yesterday ;  
 " If they *will* crouch to *IRAN*'s foes,  
   " Why, let them—till the land's despair  
 " Cries out to Heav'n, and bondage grows  
   " Too vile for ev'n the vile to bear !  
 " Till shame at last, long hidden, burns  
 " Their inmost core, and conscience turns  
 " Each eoward tear the slave lets fall  
 " Back on his heart in drops of gall.  
 " But *here*, at least, are arms unchain'd,  
 " And souls that thralldom never stain'd ;—  
   " This spot, at least, no foot of slave  
 " Or satrap ever yet profaned ;  
   " And though but few—though fast the wave  
 " Of life is ebbing from our veins,  
 " Enough for vengeance still remains.  
 " As panthers, after set of sun,  
 " Rush from the roots of *LEBANON*  
 " Across the dark-sea robber's way,<sup>2</sup>  
 " We'll bound upon our startled prey ;  
 " And when some hearts that proudest swell  
 " Have felt our falchion's last farewell ;  
 " When hope's expiring thro' is o'er,  
 " And ev'n Despair can prompt no more,  
 " This spot shall be the sacred grave  
 " Of the last few who, vainly brave,  
 " Die for the land they cannot save !"  
 His Chiefs stood round—each shining blade  
 Upon the broken altar laid—  
 And though so wild and desolate  
 Those courts, where once the Mighty sate ;  
 Nor longer on those mouldering towers  
 Was seen the feast of fruits and flowers,

<sup>1</sup> Ancient heroes of Persia. " Among the Guebres there are some who boast their descent from *Rustam*."—*Stephen's Persia*.

<sup>2</sup> See *Russel's* account of the panthers attacking travellers in the night on the sea-shore about the roots of *Lebanon*.

With which of old the Magi fed  
 The wandering Spirits of their Dead;<sup>1</sup>  
 Though neither priest nor rites were there,  
 Nor charmed leaf of pure pomegranate;<sup>2</sup>  
 Nor hymn, nor censer's fragrant air,  
 Nor symbol of their worshipp'd pladet;<sup>3</sup>  
 Yet the same God that heard their sires  
 Heard *them*, while on that altar's fires  
 They swore<sup>4</sup> the latest, holiest deed  
 Of the few hearts, still left to bleed,  
 Should be, in IRAN's injur'd name,  
 To die upon that Mount of Flame—  
 The last of all her patriot line,  
 Before her last untrampled Shrine!

Brave, suffering souls! they little knew  
 How many a tear their injuries drew  
 From one meek maid, one gentle foe,  
 Whom love first touch'd with others' woe—  
 Whose life, as free from thought as sin,  
 Slept like a lake, till Love threw in  
 His talisman, and woke the tide,  
 And spread its trembling circles wide.  
 Once, EMU! thy unheeding child,  
 Mid all this havoc, bloom'd and smil'd,—  
 Tranquil as on some battle plain

The Persian lily shines and towers.<sup>5</sup>  
 Before the combat's reddening stain  
 Hath fall'n upon her golden flowers.  
 Light-hearted maid, unaw'd, unmov'd,  
 While heav'n but spar'd the sire she lov'd,  
 Once at thy evening tales of blood  
 Unlistening and aloof she stood—  
 And oft, when thou hast pac'd along  
 Thy Haram halls with furious heat,  
 Hast thou not curs'd her cheerful song,  
 That came across thee, calm and sweet,

<sup>1</sup> "Among other ceremonies, the Magi used to place upon the tops of high towers various kinds of rich viands, upon which it was supposed the Peris and the spirits of their departed heroes regaled themselves."—*Richardson*.

<sup>2</sup> In the ceremonies of the Ghebers round their Fire, as described by Lord, "the Daroon," he says, "giveth them water to drink, and a pomegranate leaf to chew in the mouth, to cleanse them from inward uncleanness."

<sup>3</sup> "Early in the morning, they (the Parsees or Ghebers at Oulam) go in crowds to pay their devotions to the Sun, to whom upon all the altars there are spheres consecrated, made by magic, resembling the circles of the sun, and when the sun rises, these orbs seem to be inflamed, and to turn round with a great noise. They have every one a censer in their hands, and offer incense to the sun."—*Rabbi Benjamin*.

<sup>4</sup> "Nul d'entre eux oseroit se perjurcr, quand il a pris à témoin cet élément terrible et vengeur."—*Encyclopédie Française*.

<sup>5</sup> "A vivid verdure succeeds the autumnal rains, and the ploughed fields are covered with the Persian lily, of a resplendent yellow colour."—*Russel's Aleppo*.

Like lutes of angels, touch'd so near  
Hell's confines, that the damn'd can hear!

Far other feelings Love hath brought—  
Her soul all flame, her brow all sadness,  
She now has but the one dear thought,  
And thinks that o'er, almost to madness!  
Oft doth her sinking heart recall  
His words—"for my sake weep for all!"  
And bitterly, as day on day  
Of rebel carnage fast succeeds,  
She weeps a lover snatch'd away  
In every Gheber wretch that bleeds.  
There's not a sabre meets her eye,  
But with his life-blood seems to swim;  
There's not an arrow wings the sky,  
But fancy turns its point to him.  
No more she brings with footstep light  
AL HASSAN'S falchion for the fight;  
And—had he look'd with clearer sight,  
Had not the mists, that ever rise  
From a foul spirit, dimm'd his eyes—  
He would have mark'd her shuddering frame,  
When from the field of blood he came,  
The faltering speech—the look estrang'd—  
Voice, step, and life, and beauty chang'd—  
He would have mark'd all this, and known  
Such change is wrought by Love alone!

Ah! not the Love, that should have bless'd  
So young, so innocent a breast;  
Not the pure, open, prosperous Love,  
That, pledg'd on earth and seal'd above,  
Grows in the world's approving eyes,  
In friendship's smile and home's caress,  
Collecting all the heart's sweet ties  
Into one knot of happiness!  
No, HINDA, no,—thy fatal flame  
Is nurs'd in silence, sorrow, shame;—  
A passion, without hope or pleasure,  
In thy soul's darkness buried deep,  
It lies, like some ill-gotten treasure,—  
Some idol, without shrine or name,  
O'er which its pale-cy'd votaries keep  
Unholy watch, while others sleep.

Seven nights have darken'd OMAN'S sea,  
Since last, beneath the moonlight ray,  
She saw his light oar rapidly  
Hurry her Gheber's bark away,—

And still she goes, at midnight hour,  
 To weep alone in that high bower,  
 And watch, and look along the deep  
 For him whose smiles first made her weep;—  
 But watching, weeping, all was vain,  
 She never saw his bark again.  
 The owlet's solitary cry,  
 The night-hawk, flitting darkly by,  
 And oft the hateful carrion bird,  
 Heavily flapping his clogg'd wing,  
 Which reek'd with that day's hanquetting—  
 Was all she saw, was all she heard.

'Tis the eighth morn—AL HASSAN'S brow  
 Is brighten'd with unusual joy—  
 What mighty mischief glads him now,  
 Who never smiles but to destroy?  
 The sparkle upon HERKEND'S Sea,  
 When toss'd at midnight furiously,<sup>1</sup>  
 Tells not of wreck and ruin nigh,  
 More surely than that smiling eye!  
 "Up, daughter, up—the KERNA'S<sup>2</sup> breath  
 "Has blown a blast would waken death,  
 "And yet thou sleep'st—up, child, and see  
 "This blessed day for Heaven and me,  
 "A day more rich in Pagan blood  
 "Than ever flash'd o'er OMAN'S flood.  
 "Before another dawn shall shine,  
 "His head—heart—limbs—will all be mine;  
 "This very night his blood shall steep  
 "These hands all over ere I sleep!"—

"His blood!" she faintly scream'd—her mind  
 Still singling *one* from all mankind—  
 "Yes—spite of his ravines and towers,  
 "HAFED, my child, this night is ours.  
 "Thanks to all-conquering treachery,  
 "Without whose aid the links accurst,  
 "That bind these impious slaves, would be  
 "Too strong for ALLA'S self to burst!  
 "That rebel fiend, whose blade has spread  
 "My path with piles of Moslem dead,  
 "Whose baffling spells had almost driven  
 "Back from their course the Swords of Heaven,  
 "This night, with all his band shall know

<sup>1</sup> "It is observed, with respect to the Sea of Herkend, that when it is tossed by tempestuous winds it sparkles like fire."—*Travels of two Mohammedans*.

<sup>2</sup> A kind of trumpet;—it "was that used by Tamerlane, the sound of which is described as uncommonly dreadful, and so loud as to be heard at the distance of several miles."—*Richardson*.

"How deep an Arab's steel can go,  
 "When God and Vengeance speed the blow.  
 "And—Prophet! by that holy wreath  
 "Thou wor'st on Onop's field of death,<sup>1</sup>  
 "I swear, for every sob that parts  
 "In anguish from these heathen hearts,  
 "A gem from PERSIA's plunder'd mines  
 "Shall glitter on thy Shrine of Shrines.  
 "But, ha!—she sinks—that look so wild—  
 "Those livid lips—my child, my child,  
 "This life of blood hefts not thee,  
 "And thou must back to ARABY.  
 "Ne'er had I risk'd thy timid sex  
 "In scenes that man himself might dread,  
 "Had I not hop'd our every tread  
 "Would be on prostrate Persian necks—  
 "Curst race, they offer swords instead!  
 "But cheer thee, maid,—the wind that now  
 "Is blowing o'er thy feverish brow,  
 "To-day shall waft thee from the shore;  
 "And, e'er a drop of this night's gore  
 "Have time to chill in yonder towers,  
 "Thou'lt see thy own sweet Arab bowers!"

His bloody boast was all too true  
 There lurk'd one wretch among the few  
 Whom HAFED's eagle eye could count  
 Around him on that Fiery Mount,—  
 One miscreant, who for gold betray'd  
 The pathway through the valley's shade  
 To those high towers, where Freedom stood  
 In her last hold of flame and blood.  
 Left on the field last dreadful night,  
 When, sallying from their Sacred height,  
 The Ghebers fought hope's farewell fight;  
 He lay—but died not with the brave;  
 That sun, which should have gilt his grave,  
 Saw him a traitor and a slave;—  
 And, while the few, who thence return'd  
 To their high rocky fortress, mourn'd  
 For him among the matchless dead  
 They left behind on glory's bed,  
 He liv'd, and, in the face of morn,  
 Laugh'd them and Faith and Heaven to scorn.

Oh for a tongue to curse the slave,  
 Whose treason, like a deadly blight,

<sup>1</sup> "Mohammed had two helmets, an interior and exterior one; the latter of which, called *Al Mawashah*, the fillet wreath, or wreathed garland, he wore at the battle of *Uhod*."—*Universal History*.

Comes o'er the councils of the brave,  
 And blasts them in their bourn of night!  
 May Life's unblessed cup for him  
 Be drugg'd with treacheries to the brim,—  
 With hopes, that but allure to fly,  
 With joys, that vanish while he sips,  
 Like Dead-Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,  
 But turn to ashes on the lips!<sup>1</sup>  
 His country's curse, his children's shame,  
 Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,  
 May he, at last, with lips of flame  
 On the parch'd desert thirsting die,—  
 While lakes, that shone in mockery nigh,<sup>2</sup>  
 Are fading off, untouch'd, untasted,  
 Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!  
 And, when from earth his spirit flies,  
 Just Prophet, let the damn'd-one dwell  
 Full in the sight of Paradise,  
 Beholding heaven, and feeling hell!

LALLA ROOKH had, the night before, been visited by a dream which, in spite of the impending fate of poor HAFED, made her heart more than usually cheerful during the morning; and gave her cheeks all the freshened animation of a flower that the Bid-musk has just passed over.<sup>3</sup> She fancied that she was sailing on the Eastern Ocean, where the sea-gipsies, who live for ever on the water,<sup>4</sup> enjoy a perpetual

<sup>1</sup> "They say that there are apple-trees upon the sides of this sea, which bear very lovely fruit, but within are all full of ashes."—*Thevenot*. The same is asserted of the oranges there: v. *Witman's Travels in Asiatic Turkey*.

"The Asphalt Lake, known by the name of the Dead Sea, is very remarkable on account of the considerable proportion of salt which it contains. In this respect it surpasses every other known water on the surface of the earth. This great proportion of bitter tasted salts is the reason why neither animal nor plant can live in this water."—*Klaproth's Chemical Analysis of the Water of the Dead Sea, Annals of Philosophy*, January, 1813. *Hasselquist*, however, doubts the truth of this last assertion, as there are shell-fish to be found in the lake.

Lord Byron has a similar allusion to the fruits of the Dead Sea, in that wonderful display of genius, his third Canto of *Childe Harold*,—magnificent beyond any thing, perhaps, that even he has ever written.

<sup>2</sup> "The Sulrah or Water of the Desert is said to be caused by the rarefaction of the atmosphere from extreme heat; and, which augments the delusion, it is most frequent in hollows, where water might be expected to lodge. I have seen bushes and trees reflected in it, with as much accuracy as though it had been the face of a clear and still lake."—*Pottinger*.

"As to the unbelievers, their works are like a vapour in a plain, which the thirsty traveller thinketh to be water, until when he cometh thereto he findeth it to be nothing."—*Koran*, chap. 24.

<sup>3</sup> "A wind which prevails in February, called Bidmusk, from a small and odorous flower of that name."—"The wind which blows these flowers commonly lasts till the end of the month."—*Le Bruyn*.

<sup>4</sup> "The Bajás are of two races: the one is settled on Borneo, and are a rude but warlike and industrious nation, who reckon themselves the original possessors of the island of Borneo. The other is a species of sea-gipsies or itinerant fishermen, who

summer in wandering from isle to isle, when she saw a small gilded bark approaching her. It was like one of those boats which the Maldivian islanders send adrift, at the mercy of winds and waves, loaded with perfumes, flowers, and odoriferous wood, as an offering to the Spirit whom they call King of the Sea. At first, this little bark appeared to be empty, but, on coming nearer—

She had proceeded thus far in relating the dream to her Ladies, when FERAMORZ appeared at the door of the pavilion. In his presence, of course, every thing else was forgotten, and the continuance of the story was instantly requested by all. Fresh wood of aloes was set to burn in the cassolets:—the violet sherbets<sup>1</sup> were hastily handed round, and after a short prelude on his lute, in the pathetic measure of Nava,<sup>2</sup> which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers, the Poet thus continued:—

The day is lowering—stilly black  
Sleeps the grim wave, while heaven's rack,  
Dispers'd and wild, 'twixt earth and sky  
Hangs like a shatter'd canopy.  
There's not a cloud in that blue plain  
But tells of storm to come or past;—  
Here, flying loosely as the mane  
Of a young war-horse in the blast;—  
There, roll'd in masses dark and swelling,  
As proud to be the thunder's dwelling!  
While some, already burst and riven,  
Seem melting down the verge of heaven;  
As though the infant storm had rent  
The mighty womb that gave him birth,  
And, having swept the firmament,  
Was now in fierce career for earth.

On earth 'twas yet all calm around,  
A pulseless silence, dread, profound,

live in small covered boats, and enjoy a perpetual summer on the eastern ocean, shifting to leeward from island to island, with the variations of the monsoon. In some of their customs this singular race resemble the natives of the Maldivia islands. The Maldivians annually launch a small bark, loaded with perfumes, gums, flowers, and odoriferous wood, and turn it adrift at the mercy of winds and waves, as an offering to the *Spirit of the Winds*; and sometimes similar offerings are made to the spirit whom they term the *King of the Sea*. In like manner the Biajús perform their offering to the god of evil, launching a small bark, loaded with all the sins and misfortunes of the nation, which are imagined to fall on the unhappy crew that may be so unlucky as first to meet with it.—*Dr. Leyden on the Languages and Literature of the Indo-Chinese Nations.*

<sup>1</sup> "The sweet-scented violet is one of the plants most esteemed, particularly for its great use in Sorbet, which they make of violet sugar."—*Hasseltquist.*

The sherbet they most esteem, and which is drunk by the Grand Signor himself, is made of violets and sugar."—*Tavernier.*

<sup>2</sup> "Last of all she took a guitar, and sung a pathetic air in the measure called Nava, which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers."—*Persian Tales.*

More awful than the tempest's sound.  
 The diver steer'd for OMUS' bowers,  
 And moor'd his skiff till calmer hours;  
 The sea-birds, with portentous screech,  
 Flew fast to land;—upon the beach  
 The pilot oft had paus'd, with glance  
 Turn'd upward to that wild expanse;—  
 And all was boding, drear and dark  
 As her own soul, when HINDA's bark  
 Went slowly from the Persian shore.—  
 No music tim'd her parting oar,<sup>1</sup>  
 Nor friends upon the lessening strand  
 Linger'd, to wave the unseen hand,  
 Or speak the farewell, heard no more;—  
 But lone, unheeded, from the bay  
 The vessel takes its mournful way,  
 Like some ill-destin'd bark that steers  
 In silence through the Gate of Tears.<sup>2</sup>  
 And where was stern AL HASSAN then?  
 Could not that saintly scourge of men  
 From bloodshed and devotion spare  
 One minute for a farewell there?  
 No—close within, in changeful fits  
 Of cursing and of prayer, he sits  
 In savage loneliness to brood  
 Upon the coming night of blood,—  
 With that keen, second-scent of death,  
 By which the vulture snuffs his food  
 In the still warm and living breath!<sup>3</sup>  
 While o'er the wave his weeping daughter  
 Is wafted from these scenes of slaughter,—  
 As a young bird of BABYLON,<sup>4</sup>  
 Let loose to tell of victory won,  
 Flies home, with wing, ah! not unstain'd  
 By the red hands that held her chain'd.

And does the long-left home she seeks  
 Light up no gladness on her cheeks?  
 The flowers she nurs'd—the well-known groves,  
 Where oft in dreams her spirit roves—  
 Once more to see her dear gazelles  
 Come bounding with their silver bells;

<sup>1</sup> "The Easterns used to set out on their longer voyages with music."—*Harmer*.

<sup>2</sup> "The Gate of Tears, the straits or passage into the Red Sea, commonly called Babel-mandel. It received this name from the old Arabians, on account of the danger of the navigation, and the number of shipwrecks by which it was distinguished; which induced them to consider as dead, and to wear mourning for, all who had the boldness to hazard the passage through it into the Ethiopie Ocean."—*Richardson*.

<sup>3</sup> "I have been told that whensoever an animal falls down dead, one or more vultures, unseen before, instantly appear."—*Pennant*.

<sup>4</sup> "They fasten some writing to the wings of a Bagdet or Babylonian pigeon."—*Travels of certain Englishmen*.



Her birds' new plumage to behold,  
 And the gay, gleaming fishes count,  
 She left, all filleted with gold,  
 Shooting around their jasper fount;<sup>1</sup>  
 Her little garden mosque to see,  
 And once again, at evening hour,  
 To tell her ruby rosary<sup>2</sup>

In her own sweet acacia bower.—  
 Can these delights, that wait her now,  
 Call up no sunshine on her brow?  
 No,—silent, from her train apart,—  
 As if even now she felt at heart  
 The chill of her approaching doom,—  
 She sits, all lovely in her gloom  
 As a pale Angel of the Grave;  
 And o'er the wide, tempestuous wave,  
 Looks, with a shudder, to those towers,  
 Where, in a few short awful hours,  
 Blood, blood, in streaming tides shall run,  
 Foul incense for to-morrow's sun!  
 "Where art thou, glorious stranger! thou,  
 "So lov'd, so lost, where art thou now?  
 "Foe—Gheber—infidel—whate'er  
 "The' unhallow'd name thou'rt doom'd to bear,  
 "Still glorious—still to this fond heart  
 "Dear as its blood, whate'er thou art!  
 "Yes ALLA, dreadful ALLA! yes—  
 "If there be wrong, be crime in this,  
 "Let the black waves that round us roll,  
 "Whelm me this instant, ere my soul,  
 "Forgetting faith—home—father—all—  
 "Before its earthly idol fall,  
 "Nor worship ev'n Thyself above him—  
 "For, oh, so wildly do I love him,  
 "Thy Paradise itself were dim  
 "And joyless, if not shar'd with him!"  
 Her hands were clasp'd—her eyes upturn'd,  
 Dropping their tears like moonlight rain;  
 And, though her lip, fond raver! burn'd  
 With words of passion, bold, profane,  
 Yet was there light around her brow,  
 A holiness in those dark eyes,  
 Which show'd,—though wandering earthward now,  
 Her spirit's home was in the skies.

<sup>1</sup> "The Empress of Jehad-Guire used to divert herself with feeding tame fish in her canals, some of which were many years afterwards known by filets of gold, which she caused to be put round them."—*Harris*.

<sup>2</sup> "Le Tespih, qui est un chapelet composé de 99 petites boules d'agate, de jaspe, d'ambre, de corail, ou d'autre matière précieuse. J'en ai vu un superbe au Seigneur Jerpos; il étoit de belles et grosses perles parfaites et égales, estimé trente mille piastres."—*Toderini*.

Yes—for a spirit pure as hers  
Is always pure, ev'n while it errs  
As sunshine, broken in the rill,  
Though turn'd astray, is sunshine still!

So wholly had her mind forgot  
All thoughts but one, she heeded not  
The rising storm—the wave that east  
A moment's midnight, as it pass'd—  
Nor heard the frequent shout, the tread  
Of gathering tumult o'er her head—  
Clash'd swords, and tongues that seem'd to vie  
With the rude riot of the sky.—  
But, hark!—that war—whoop on the deck—  
That crash, as if each engine there,  
Mast, sails, and all, were gone to wreck,  
Mid yells and stampings of despair!  
Merciful Heaven! what *can* it be!  
'Tis not the storm, though fearfully  
The ship has shudder'd as she rode  
O'er mountain waves—"Forgive me, God!  
"Forgive me"—shriek'd the maid, and knelt,  
Trembling all over—for she felt  
As if her judgment-hour was near;  
While crouching round, half dead with fear,  
Her handmaids elung, nor breath'd, nor stirr'd—  
When, hark!—a second crash—a third—  
And now, as if a bolt of thunder  
Had riv'n the labouring planks asunder,  
The deck falls in—what horrors then!  
Blood, waves, and tackle, swords and men  
Come mix'd together through the chasm,—  
Some wretches in their dying spasm  
Still fighting on—and some that call  
"For God and Iran!" as they fall!

Whose was the hand that turn'd away  
The perils of the' infuriate fray,  
And snatch'd her breathless from beneath  
This wilderment of wreck and death?  
She knew not—for a faintness came  
Ohill o'er her, and her sinking frame  
Amid the ruins of that hour  
Lay, like a pale and scorched flower,  
Beneath the red volcano's shower.  
But, oh! the sights and sounds of dread  
That shock'd her ere her senses fled!  
The yawning deck—the crowd that strove  
Upon the tottering planks above—

The sail, whose fragments, shivering o'er  
 The strugglers' heads, all dash'd with gore  
 Flutter'd like bloody flags—the clash  
 Of sabres, and the lightning's flash  
 Upon their blades, high toss'd about  
 Like meteor brands <sup>1</sup>—as if throughout  
 The elements one fury ran,  
 One general rage, that left a doubt  
 Which was the fiercer, Heav'n or Man!

Once too—but no—it could not be—  
 'Twas fancy all—yet once she thought,  
 While yet her fading eyes could see,  
 High on the ruined deck she caught  
 A glimpse of that unearthly form,  
 That glory of her soul,—even then,  
 Amid the whirl of wreck and storm,  
 Shining above his fellow-men,  
 As, on some black and troublous night,  
 The star of EGYPT,<sup>2</sup> whose proud light  
 Never hath beam'd on those who rest  
 In the White Islands of the West,<sup>3</sup>  
 Burns through the storm with looks of flame  
 That put Heav'n's cloudier eyes to shame.  
 But no—'twas but the minute's dream—  
 A fantasy—and ere the scream  
 Had half-way pass'd her pallid lips,  
 A death-like swoon, a chill eclipse  
 Of soul and sense its darkness spread  
 Around her, and she sunk, as dead.

How calm, how beautiful comes on  
 The stilly hour, when storms are gone;  
 When warring winds have died away,  
 And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,  
 Melt off, and leave the land and sea  
 Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—  
 Fresh as if Day again were born,  
 Again upon the lap of Morn!—  
 When the light blossoms, rudely torn  
 And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,  
 Hang floating in the pure air still,  
 Filling it all with precious balm,  
 In gratitude for this sweet calm;—  
 And every drop the thunder-showers  
 Have left upon the grass and flowers

<sup>1</sup> The meteors that Pliny calls "faces."

<sup>2</sup> "The brilliant Canopus, unseen in European climates."—Brown.

<sup>3</sup> See Wilford's learned *Essays on the Sacred Isles in the West*.

Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gem<sup>1</sup>  
 Whose liquid flame is born of them!  
 When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,  
     There blow a thousand gentle airs,  
     And each a different perfume bears,—  
 As if the loveliest plants and trees  
 Had vassal breezes of their own  
 To watch and wait on them alone,  
 And waft no other breath than theirs;  
 When the blue waters rise and fall,  
 In sleeping sunshine mantling all;  
 And ev'n that swell the tempest leaves  
 Is like the full and silent heaves  
 Of lover's hearts, when newly blest,  
 Too newly to be quite at rest.

Such was the golden hour that broke  
 Upon the world, when HINDA woke  
 From her long trance, and heard around  
 No motion but the water's sound  
 Rippling against the vessel's side,  
 As slow it mounted o'er the tide.—  
 But where is she?—her eyes are dark,  
 Are wilder'd still—is this the bark,  
 The same, that from HARMOZIA'S bay  
 Bore her at morn—whose bloody way  
 The sea-dog track'd?—no—strange and new  
 Is all that meets her wondering view.  
 Upon a galliot's deck she lies,

    Beneath no rich pavilion's shade,—  
 No plumes to fan her sleeping eyes,  
     Nor jasmine on her pillow laid.  
 But the rude litter, roughly spread  
 With war-cloaks, is her homely bed,  
 And shawl and sash, on javelins hung,  
 For awning o'er her head are flung.  
 Shuddering she look'd around—there lay

    A group of warriors in the sun,  
 Resting their limbs, as for that day  
     Their ministry of death were done.  
 Some gazing on the drowsy sea,  
 Lost in unconscious reverie;  
 And some, who seem'd but ill to brook  
 That sluggish calm, with many a look  
 To the slack sail impatient cast,  
 As loose it flagg'd around the mast.

<sup>1</sup> A precious stone of the Indies, called by the ancients Ceraunium, because it was supposed to be found in places where thunder had fallen. Tertullian says it has a glittering appearance, as if there had been fire in it; and the author of the *Dissertation in Harris's Voyages* supposes it to be the opal.

Blest ALLA! who shall save her now?

There's not in all that warrior band

One Arab sword, one turban'd brow

From her own Faithful Moslem land.

Their garb—the leathern belt<sup>1</sup> that wraps

Each yellow vest<sup>2</sup>—that rebel hue—

The Tartar fleece upon their caps<sup>3</sup>—

Yes—yes—her fears are all too true,

And heav'n hath, in this dreadful hour,

Abandon'd her to HAFED's power;—

HAFED, the Gheber!—at the thought

Her very heart's blood chills within:

He, whom her soul was hourly taught

To loathe, as some foul fiend of sin,

Some minister, whom Hell had sent

To spread its blast, where'er he went,

And fling, as o'er our earth he trod,

His shadow betwixt man and God!

And she is now his captive,—thrown

In his fierce hands, alive, alone;

His the infuriate band she sees,

All infidels—all enemies!

What was the daring hope that then

Cross'd her like lightning, as again,

With boldness that despair had lent,

She darted through that armed crowd

A look so searching, so intent,

That ev'n the sternest warrior bow'd

Abash'd, when he her glances caught,

As if he guess'd whose form they sought.

But no—she sees him not—'tis gone,

The vision that before her shone

Through all the maze of blood and storm,

Is fled—'twas but a phantom form—

One of those passing, rainbow dreams,

Half light, half shade, which Fancy's beams

Paint on the fleeting mists that roll

In trance or slumber round the soul.

But now the bark, with livelier bound,

Scales the blue wave—the crew's in motion,

The oars are out, and with light sound

Break the bright mirror of the ocean,

Scattering its brilliant fragments round.

And now she sees—with horror sees,

<sup>1</sup> *D'Herbelot*, art. *Agduani*.

<sup>2</sup> "The Guebres are known by a dark yellow colour, which the men affect in their clothes."—*Thevenot*.

<sup>3</sup> "The Kolah, or cap, worn by the Persians, is made of the skin of the sheep of Tartary."—*Waring*.

Their course is tow'rd that mountain-hold,—  
 Those towers, that make her life-blood freeze,  
 Where Mecca's godless enemies  
 Lie, like beleaguer'd scorpions, roll'd  
 In their last deadly, venomous fold!  
 Amid the' illumin'd land and flood  
 Sunless that mighty mountain stood;  
 Save where, above its awful head,  
 There shone a flaming cloud, blood-red,  
 As 'twere the flag of destiny  
 Hung out to mark where death would be!

Had her bewilder'd mind the power  
 Of thought in this terrific hour,  
 She well might marvel where or how  
 Man's foot could scale that mountain's brow,  
 Since ne'er had Arab heard or known  
 Of path but through the glen alone.—  
 But every thought was lost in fear,  
 When, as their bounding bark drew near  
 The craggy base, she felt the waves  
 Hurry them tow'rd those dismal caves  
 That from the Deep in windings pass  
 Beneath that Mount's volcanic mass;—  
 And loud a voice on deck commands  
 To lower the mast and light the brauds!—  
 Instantly o'er the dashing tide  
 Within a cavern's mouth they glide,  
 Gloomy as that eternal Porch

Through which departed spirits go :—  
 Not ev'n the flare of brand and torch  
 Its flickering light could further throw  
 Than the thick flood that boil'd below.  
 Silent they floated—as if each  
 Sat breathless, and too aw'd for speech  
 In that dark chasm, where even sound  
 Seem'd dark,—so sullenly around  
 The goblin echoes of the cave  
 Mutter'd it o'er the long black wave,  
 As 'twere some secret of the grave!

But soft—they pause—the current turns  
 Beneath them from its onward track;—  
 Some mighty, unseen barrier spurns  
 The vexed tide, all foaming, back,  
 And scarce the oars' redoubled force  
 Can stem the eddy's whirling course;  
 When, hark!—some desperate foot has sprung  
 Among the rocks—the chain is flung—  
 The oars are up—the grapple clings,  
 And the toss'd bark in moorings swings.

Just then, a day-beam through the shade  
 Broke tremulous—but, ere the maid  
 Can see from whence the brightness steals,  
 Upon her brow she shuddering feels  
 A viewless hand, that promptly ties  
 A bandage round her burning eyes ;  
 While the rude litter where she lies,  
 Uplifted by the warrior throng,  
 O'er the steep rocks is borne along.

Blest power of sunshine !—genial Day,  
 What balm, what life is in thy ray !  
 To feel thee is such real bliss.  
 That had the world no joy but this,  
 To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,—  
 It were a world too exquisite  
 For man to leave it for the gloom,  
 The deep, cold shadow of the tomb.

Ev'n HIRNA, though she saw not where

Or whither wound the perilous road,  
 Yet knew by that awakening air,

Which suddenly around her glow'd,  
 That they had risen from darkness then,  
 And breath'd the sunny world again !

But soon this balmy freshness fled—  
 For now the steepy labyrinth led  
 Through damp and gloom—'mid crash of boughs,  
 And fall of loosen'd crags that rouse  
 The leopard from his hungry sleep,

Who, starting, thinks each crag a prey,  
 And long is heard, from steep to steep,

Chasing them down their thundering way !

The jackal's cry—the distant moan

Of the hyæna, fierce and lone—

And that eternal saddening sound

Of torrents in the glen beneath,

As 'twere the ever-dark Profound

That rolls beneath the Bridge of Death !

All, all is fearful—ev'n to see,

To gaze on those terrific things

She now but blindly hears, would be

Relief to her imaginings ;

Since never yet was shape so dread,

But Fancy, thus in darkness thrown,

And by such sounds of horror fed,

Could frame more dreadful of her own.

But does she dream? has Fear again  
 Perplex'd the workings of her brain,  
 Or did a voice, all music, then

Come from the gloom, low whispering near—  
 "Tremble not, love; thy Gheber's here!"  
 She *does* not dream—all sense, all ear,  
 She drinks the words, "Thy Gheber's here!"  
 'Twas his own voice—she could not err—  
 Throughout the breathing world's extent  
 There was but *one* such voice for her,  
 So kind, so soft, so eloquent!  
 Oh, sooner shall the rose of May  
 Mistake her own sweet nightingale,  
 And to some meaner minstrel's lay  
 Open her bosom's glowing veil,<sup>1</sup>  
 Than Love shall ever doubt a tone,  
 A breath of the beloved one!

Though blest, 'mid all her ills, to think  
 She has that one beloved near,  
 Whose smile, though met on ruin's brink,  
 Hath power to make ev'n ruin dear,—  
 Yet soon this gleam of rapture, crost  
 By fears for him, is chill'd and lost.  
 How shall the ruthless HAFED brook  
 That one of Gheber blood should look,  
 With aught but curses in his eye,  
 On her—a maid of ARABY—  
 A Moslem maid—the child of him,  
 Whose bloody banner's dire success  
 Hath left their altars cold and dim,  
 And their fair land a wilderness!  
 And, worse than all, that night of blood  
 Which comes so fast—Oh! who shall stay  
 The sword, that once hath tasted food  
 Of Persian hearts, or turn its way?  
 What arm shall then the victim cover,  
 Or from her father shield her lover?

"Save him, my God!" she inly cries—  
 "Save him this night—and if thine eyes  
 "Have ever welcom'd with delight  
 "The sinner's tears, the sacrifice  
 "Of sinners' hearts—guard him this night,  
 "And here, before thy throne, I swear  
 "From my heart's inmost core to fear  
 "Love, hope, remembrance, though they be  
 "Link'd with each quivering life-string there,  
 "And give it bleeding all to Thee!  
 "Let him but live,—the burning tear,  
 "The sighs, so sinful, yet so dear,

<sup>1</sup> A frequent image among the oriental poets. "The nightingales warbled their enchanting notes, and rent the thin veils of the rose-bud and the rose."—*Jami*.



" Which have been all too much his own,  
 " Shall from this hour be Heaven's alone.  
 " Youth pass'd in penitence, and age  
 " In long and painful pilgrimage,  
 " Shall leave no traces of the flame  
 " That wastes me now—nor shall his name  
 " E'er bless my lips, but when I pray  
 " For his dear spirit, that away  
 " Casting from its angelic ray  
 " The' eclipse of earth, he, too, may shine  
 " Redeem'd, all glorious and all Thine!  
 " Think—think what victory to win  
 " One radiant soul like his from sin,—  
 " One wandering star of virtue back  
 " To its own native, heaven-ward track!  
 " Let him but live, and both are Thine,  
 " Together thine—for, blest or crost,  
 " Living or dead, his doom is mine,  
 " And, if *he* perish, both are lost!"

The next evening LALLA ROOKH was entreated by her Ladies to continue the relation of her wonderful dream; but the fearful interest that hung round the fate of HINDA and her lover had completely removed every trace of it from her mind;—much to the disappointment of a fair seer or two in her train, who prided themselves on their skill in interpreting visions, and who had already remarked, as an unlucky omen, that the Princess, on the very morning after the dream, had worn a silk dyed with the blossoms of the sorrowful tree, Nilica.<sup>1</sup>

FADLAHEEN, whose indignation had more than once broken out during the recital of some parts of this heterodox poem, seemed at length to have made up his mind to the infliction; and took his seat this evening with all the patience of a martyr, while the Poet resumed his profane and seditious story as follows:—

To tearless eyes and hearts at ease  
 The leafy shores and sun-bright seas,  
 That lay beneath that mountain's height,  
 Had been a fair enchanting sight.  
 'Twas one of those ambrosial eves  
 A day of storm so often leaves  
 At its calm setting—when the West  
 Opens her golden bowers of rest,

<sup>1</sup> " Blossoms of the sorrowful *Nyctanthes* give a durable colour to silk."—*Remarks on the Husbandry of Bengal*, p. 200. Nilica is one of the Indian names of this flower.—*Sir W. Jones*. The Persians call it Gul.—*Carreri*.

And a moist radiance from the skies  
Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes  
Of some meek penitent, whose last,  
Bright hours atone for dark ones past,  
And whose sweet tears, o'er wrong forgiven,  
Shine, as they fall, with light from heaven!

'Twas stillness all—the winds that late  
Had rush'd through KERMAN's almond groves,  
And shaken from her bowers of date  
That cooling feast the traveller loves,<sup>1</sup>  
Now, lull'd to languor, scarcely curl  
The Green Sea wave, whose waters gleam  
Limpid, as if her mines of pearl  
Were melted all to form the stream :  
And her fair islets, small and bright,  
With their green shores reflected there,  
Look like those PERI isles of light,  
That hang by spell-work in the air.

But vainly did those glories burst  
On HINDA's dazzled eyes, when first  
The bandage from her brow was taken,  
And, pale and aw'd as those who waken  
In their dark tombs—when, scowling near,  
The Searchers of the Grave<sup>2</sup> appear,—  
She shuddering turn'd to read her fate  
In the fierce eyes that flash'd around ;  
And saw those towers all desolate,  
That o'er her head terrific frown'd,  
As if defying ev'n the smile  
Of that soft heaven to gild their pile.  
In vain with mingled hope and fear,  
She looks for him whose voice so dear  
Had come, like music, to her ear—  
Strange, mocking dream ! again 'tis fled.  
And oh, the shoots, the pangs of dread  
That through her inmost bosom run,  
When voices from without proclaim  
“ HAFED, the Chief ”—and, one by one,  
The warriors shout that fearful name !  
He comes—the rock resounds his tread—  
How shall she dare to lift her head,  
Or meet those eyes whose scorching glare  
Not YEMEN's boldest sons can bear ?

<sup>1</sup> “In parts of Kerman, whatever dates are shaken from the trees by the wind they do not touch, but leave them for those who have not any, or for travellers.”—*Ebn Haukal*.

<sup>2</sup> The two terrible angels, Monkir and Nakir, who are called “the Searchers of the Grave” in the “Creed of the orthodox Mahometans,” given by Ockley, vol. ii.

In whose red beam, the Moslem tells,  
 Such rank and deadly lustre dwells,  
 As in those hellish fires that light  
 The mandrake's charnel leaves at night.<sup>1</sup>  
 How shall she bear that voice's tone,  
 At whose loud battle-cry alone  
 Whole squadrons oft in panic ran,  
 Scatter'd like some vast caravan,  
 When, stretch'd at evening round the well,  
 They hear the thirsting tiger's yell.

Breathless she stands, with eyes cast down,  
 Shrinking beneath the fiery frown,  
 Which, fancy tells her, from that brow  
 Is flashing o'er her fiercely now :  
 And shuddering as she hears the tread  
 Of his retiring warrior band.—  
 Never was pause so full of dread ;  
 Till HAFED with a trembling hand  
 Took hers, and, leaning o'er her, said,  
 " ILINDA ;"—that word was all he spoke,  
 And 'twas enough—the shriek that broke  
 From her full bosom, told the rest.—  
 Panting with terror, joy, surprise,  
 The maid but lifts her wondering eyes,  
 To hide them on her Gheber's breast !  
 'Tis he, 'tis he—the man of blood,  
 The fellest of the Fire-fiend's brood,  
 HAFED, the demon of the fight,  
 Whose voice unnerves, whose glances hlight,—  
 Is her own loved Gheber, mild  
 And glorions as when first he smil'd  
 In her lone tower, and left such beams  
 Of his pure eye to light her dreams,  
 That she believ'd her bower had given  
 Rest to some wanderer from heaven !

Moments there are, and this was one,  
 Snatch'd like a minnte's gleam of sun  
 Amid the black Simoom's eclipse—  
 Or, like those verdant spots that bloom  
 Around the crater's burning lips,  
 Sweetening the very edge of doom !  
 The past—the future—all that Fate  
 Can bring of dark or desperate  
 Around such hours, but makes them cast  
 Intenser radiance while they last !

<sup>1</sup> "The Arabians call the mandrake 'the Devil's candle,' on account of its shining appearance in the night."—*Richardson*.

Ev'n he, this youth—though dimm'd and gone  
 Each star of Hope that cheer'd him on—  
 His glories lost—his cause betray'd—  
 IRAN, his dear-lov'd country, made  
 A land of carcasses and slaves,  
 One dreary waste of chains and graves!—  
 Himself but lingering, dead at heart,

To see the last, long struggling breath  
 Of Liberty's great soul depart,

Then lay him down and share her death—  
 Ev'n he, so sunk in wretchedness,

With doom still darker gathering o'er him,  
 Yet, in this moment's pure caress,

In the mild eyes that shone before him,  
 Beaming that blest assurance, worth  
 All other transports known on earth,  
 That he was lov'd—well, warmly lov'd—  
 Oh! in this precious hour he prov'd  
 How deep, how thorough-felt the glow  
 Of rapture, kindling out of woe;—  
 How exquisite one single drop  
 Of bliss, thus sparkling to the top  
 Of misery's cup—how keenly quaff'd,  
 Though death must follow on the draught!

She, too, while gazing on those eyes

That sink into her soul so deep,  
 Forgets all fears, all miseries,

Or feels them like the wretch in sleep,  
 Whom fancy cheats into a smile,  
 Who dreams of joy, and sobs the while!  
 The mighty Ruins where they stood,

Upon the mount's high, rocky verge,  
 Lay open tow'rd's the ocean flood,

Where lightly o'er the illumin'd surge  
 Many a fair bark that, all the day,  
 Had lurk'd in sheltering creek or bay  
 Now bounded on, and gave their sails,  
 Yet dripping, to the evening gales;  
 Like eagles, when the storm is done,  
 Spreading their wet wings in the sun.  
 The beauteous clouds, though daylight's Star  
 Had sunk behind the hills of LAR,  
 Were still with lingering glories bright,—  
 As if, to grace the gorgeous West,

The Spirit of departing Light  
 That eve had left his sunny vest

Behind him, ere he wing'd his flight.  
 Never was scene so form'd for love!  
 Beneath them waves of crystal move  
 In silent swell—Heav'n glows above,

And their pure hearts, to transport given,  
Swell like the wave, and glow like heav'n.

But ah! too soon that dream is past—  
Again, again her fear returns;  
Night, dreadful night, is gathering fast,  
More faintly the horizon burns,  
And every rosy tint that lay  
On the smooth sea hath died away.  
Hastily to the darkening skies  
A glance she casts—then wildly cries  
“At night, he said—and, look, 'tis near—  
“Fly, fly—if yet thou lov'st me, fly  
“Soon will his murderous hand be here,  
“And I shall see thee bleed and die.—  
“Hush; heard'st thou not the tramp of men  
“Sounding from yonder fearful glen?—  
“Perhaps ev'n now they climb the wood—  
“Fly, fly—though still the West is bright,  
“He'll come—oh! yes—he wants thy blood—  
“I know him—he'll not wait for night!”

In terrors ev'n to agony  
She clings around the wondering Chief;—  
“Alas, poor wilder'd maid! to me  
“Thou ow'st this raving trance of grief.  
“Lost as I am, nought ever grew  
“Beneath my shade but perish'd too—  
“My doom is like the Dead Sea air,  
“And nothing lives that enters there!  
“Why were our barks together driven  
“Beneath this morning's furious heaven?  
“Why, when I saw the prize that chance  
“Had thrown into my desperate arms,—  
“When, casting but a single glance  
“Upon thy pale and prostrate charms,  
“I vow'd (though watching viewless o'er  
“Thy safety through that hour's alarms)  
“To meet the unmanning sight no more—  
“Why have I broke that heart-wrung vow?  
“Why weakly, madly met thee now?—  
“Start not—that noise is but the shock  
“Of torrents through yon valley hurld—  
“Dread nothing here—upon this rock  
“We stand above the jarring world,  
“Alike beyond its hope—its dread—  
“In gloomy safety, like the Dead!  
“Or, could ev'n earth and hell unite  
“In league to storm this Sacred height,  
“Fear nothing thou—myself, to-night,

" And each o'erlooking star that dwells  
 " Near God will be thy sentinels ;—  
 " And, ere to-morrow's dawn shall glow,  
 " Back to thy sire——"  
 " To-morrow!—no—"  
 The maiden scream'd—" thou'lt never see  
 " To-morrow's sun—death, death will be  
 " The night-cry through each reeking tower,  
 " Unless we fly, ay, fly this hour!  
 " Thou art betray'd—some wretch who knew  
 " That dreadful glen's mysterious clew—  
 " Nay, doubt not—by yon stars, 'tis true—  
 " Hath sold thee to my vengeful sire ;  
 " This morning, with that smile so dire  
 " He wears in joy, he told me all,  
 " And stamp'd in triumph through our hall,  
 " As though thy heart already beat  
 " Its last life—throb beneath his feet!  
 " Good Heav'n, how little dream'd I then  
 " His victim was my own lov'd youth!  
 " Fly—send—let some one watch the glen—  
 " By all my hopes of heaven 'tis truth!"

Oh! colder than the wind that freezes  
 Founts, that but now in sunshine play'd,  
 Is that congealing pang which seizes  
 The trusting bosom, when betray'd.  
 He felt it—deeply felt—and stood,  
 As if the tale had froz'n his blood,  
 So maz'd and motionless was he ;—  
 Like one whom sudden spells enchant,  
 Or some mute, marble habitant  
 Of the still Halls of ISHMONIE!<sup>1</sup>

But soon the painful chill was o'er,  
 And his great soul, herself once more,  
 Look'd from his brow in all the rays  
 Of her best, happiest, grandest days.  
 Never, in moment most elate,  
 Did that high spirit loftier rise ;—  
 While bright, serene, determinate,  
 His looks are lifted to the skies,  
 As if the signal lights of Fate  
 Were shining in those awful eyes!  
 'Tis come—his hour of martyrdom  
 In IRAN's sacred cause is come;

<sup>1</sup> For an account of Ishmonie, the petrified city in Upper Egypt, where it is said there are many statues of men, women, etc., to be seen to this day, see *Perry's View of the Levant*.

And, though his life hath pass'd away  
 Like lightning on a stormy day,  
 Yet shall his death-hour leave a track  
 Of glory, permanent and bright,  
 To which the brave of after-times,  
 The suffering brave, shall long look back  
 With proud regret,—and by its light  
 Watch through the hours of slavery's night  
 For vengeance on the oppressor's crimes.  
 This rock, his monument aloft,  
 Shall speak the tale to many an age ;  
 And hither bards and heroes oft  
 Shall come in secret pilgrimage,  
 And bring their warrior sons, and tell  
 The wondering boys where HAFED fell ;  
 And swear them on those lone remains  
 Of their lost country's ancient fanes,  
 Never—while breath of life shall live  
 Within them—never to forgive  
 The accursed race, whose ruthless chain  
 Hath left on IRAN'S neck a stain  
 Blood, blood alone can cleanse again !

Such are the swelling thoughts that now  
 Enthroned themselves on HAFED'S brow ;  
 And ne'er did Saint of ISSA<sup>1</sup> gaze  
 On the red wreath, for martyrs twin'd,  
 More proudly than the youth surveys  
 That pile, which through the gloom behind,  
 Half lighted by the altar's fire,  
 Glimmers—his destin'd funeral pyre !  
 Heap'd by his own, his comrades' hands,  
 Of every wood of odorous breath,  
 There, by the Fire-God's shrine it stands,  
 Ready to fold in radiant death  
 The few still left of those who swore  
 To perish there, when hope was o'er—  
 The few, to whom that couch of flame,  
 Which rescues them from bonds and shame,  
 Is sweet and welcome as the bed  
 For their own infant Prophet spread,  
 When pitying Heav'n to roses turn'd  
 The death-flames that beneath him burn'd !<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Jesus.

<sup>2</sup> The Ghebers say that when Abraham, their great prophet, was thrown into the fire by order of Nimrod, the flame turned instantly into "a bed of roses, where the child sweetly reposed."—*Tavernier*.

Of their other Prophet, Zoroaster, there is a story told in *Dion Prusæus*, *Orat.* 36., that the love of wisdom and virtue leading him to a solitary life upon a mountain, he found it one day all in a flame, shining with celestial fire, out of which he came without any harm, and instituted certain sacrifices to God, who, he declared, then appeared to him.—v. *Patrick* on Exodus, iii. 2.

With watchfulness the maid attends  
 His rapid glance, where'er it bends—  
 Why shoot his eyes such awful beams?  
 What plans he now? what thinks or dreams?  
 Alas! why stands he musing here,  
 When every moment teems with fear?  
 "HAFED, my own beloved Lord,"  
 She kneeling cries—"first, last ador'd!  
 "If in that soul thou'st ever felt  
 "Half what thy lips impassion'd swore,  
 "Here, on my knees that never knelt  
 "To any but their God before,  
 "I pray thee, as thou lov'st me, fly—  
 "Now, now—ere yet their blades are nigh.  
 "Oh haste—the bark that bore me hither  
 "Can waft us o'er yon darkening sea  
 "East—west—alas, I care not whither,  
 "So thou art safe, and I with thee!  
 "Go where we will, this hand is thine,  
 "Those eyes before me smiling thus,  
 "Through good and ill, through storm and shine,  
 "The world's a world of love for us!  
 "On some calm, blessed shore we'll dwell,  
 "Where 'tis no crime to love too well;—  
 "Where thus to worship tenderly  
 "An erring child of light like thee  
 "Will not be sin—or, if it be,  
 "Where we may weep our faults away,  
 "Together kneeling, night and day,  
 "Thou, for *my* sake, at ALLA's shrine,  
 "And I—at any God's, for thine!"

Wildly these passionate words she spoke—  
 Then bung her head, and wept for shame;  
 Sobbing, as if a heart-string broke  
 With every deep-heav'd sob that came.  
 While he, young, warm—oh! wonder not  
 If, for a moment, pride and fame,  
 His oath—his cause—that shrine of flame,  
 And IRAN's self are all forgot  
 For her whom at his feet he sees  
 Kneeling in speechless agonies.  
 No, blame him not, if llope awhile  
 Dawn'd in his soul, and threw her smile  
 O'er hours to come—o'er days and nights,  
 Wing'd with those precious, pure delights  
 Which she, who bends all beauteous there,  
 Was born to kindle and to share.  
 A tear or two, which, as he bow'd  
 To raise the suppliant, trembling stole,  
 First warn'd him of this dangerous cloud



Of softness passing o'er his soul.  
 Starting, he brush'd the drops away,  
 Unworthy o'er that cheek to stray ;—  
 Like one who, on the morn of fight,  
 Shakes from his sword the dews of night,  
 That had but dimm'd, not stain'd its light.

Yet, though subdued the' unnerving thrill,  
 Its warmth, its weakness linger'd still  
 So touching in its look and tone,  
 That the fond, fearing, hoping maid  
 Half counted on the flight she pray'd,  
 Half thought the hero's soul was grown  
 As soft, as yielding as her own,  
 And smil'd and bless'd him, while he said,  
 " Yes if there be some happier sphere,  
 " Where fadeless truth like ours is dear,—  
 " If there be any land of rest  
 " For those who love and ne'er forget,  
 " Oh ! comfort thee—for safe and blest  
 " We'll meet in that calm region yet ! "

Scarce had she time to ask her heart  
 If good or ill these words impart,  
 When the rous'd youth impatient flew  
 To the tower-wall, where, high in view,  
 A ponderous sea-horn<sup>1</sup> hung, and blew  
 A signal, deep and dread as those  
 The storm-fiend at his rising blows.—  
 Full well his Chieftains, sworn and true  
 Through life and death, that signal knew ;  
 For 'twas the' appointed warning blast,  
 The' alarm, to tell when hope was past,  
 And the tremendous death-die cast !  
 And there, upon the mouldering tower,  
 Hath hung his sea-horn many an hour,  
 Ready to sound o'er land and sea  
 That dirge-note of the brave and free.  
 They came—his Chieftains at the call  
 Came slowly round, and with them all—  
 Alas, how few !—the worn remains  
 Of those who late o'er KERMAN's plains  
 Went gaily prancing to the clash  
 Of Moorish zel and tymbalon,  
 Catching new hope from every flash  
 Of their long lances in the sun,

<sup>1</sup> " The shell called *Siliankos*, common to India, Africa, and the Mediterranean, and still used in many parts as a trumpet for blowing alarms or giving signals : it sends forth a deep and hollow sound."—*Pennant*.

Aud, as their coursers charg'd the wind,  
 And the white ox-tails stream'd behind,<sup>1</sup>  
 Looking, as if the steeds they rode  
 Were wing'd, and every Chief a God!  
 How fall'n, how alter'd now! how wan  
 Each scarr'd and faded visage shone,  
 As round the burning shrine they came;—  
     How deadly was the glare it cast,  
 As mute they paus'd before the flame  
     To light their torches as they pass'd!  
 'Twas silence all—the youth hath planu'd  
 The duties of his soldier-hand;  
 And each determin'd brow declares  
 His faithful Chieftains well know theirs.

But minutes speed—night gems the skies—  
 And oh, how soon, ye blessed eyes,  
 That look from heaven, ye may behold  
 Sights that will turn your star-fires cold!  
 Breathless with awe, impatience, hope,  
 The maiden sees the veteran group  
 Her litter silently prepare,  
     And lay it at her trembling feet;—  
 And now the youth, with gentle care,  
     Hath plac'd her in the shelter'd seat,  
 And press'd her hand—that lingering press  
     Of hands, that for the last time sever:  
 Of hearts, whose pulse and happiness,  
     When that hold breaks, is dead for ever.  
 And yet to *her* this sad caress  
     Gives hope—so fondly hope can err!  
 'Twas joy, she thought, joy's mute excess—  
     Their happy flight's dear harhinger;  
 'Twas warmth—assurance—tenderness—  
     'Twas any thing but leaving her.  
 "Haste, haste!" she cried, "the clouds grow dark,  
 "But still, ere night, we'll reach the bark;  
 "And by to-morrow's dawn—oh bliss!  
     "With thee upon the sun-bright deep,  
 "Far off, I'll but remember this,  
     "As some dark vanish'd dream of sleep;  
 "And thou——" hut ah!—he answers not—  
     Good Heav'n!—and does she go alone?  
 She now has reach'd that dismal spot,  
     Where, some hours since, his voice's tone  
 Had come to soothe her fears and ills,  
 Sweet as the angel ISRAEL'S,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "The finest ornament for the horses is made of six large flying tassels of long white hair taken out of the tails of wild oxen, that are to be found in some places of the Indies."  
 —*The venot*.

<sup>2</sup> The Angel Israfil, who has the most melodious voice of all God's creatures."—*Sole*.

When every leaf on Eden's tree  
 Is trembling to his minstrelsy—  
 Yet now—oh, now, he is not nigh.—  
 "HAFEN! my HAFEN!—if it be  
 "Thy will, thy doom this night to die,  
 "Let me but stay to die with thee,  
 "And I will bless thy loved name,  
 "Till the last life-breath leave this frame.  
 "Oh! let our lips, our cheeks be laid  
 "But near each other while they fade;  
 "Let us but mix our parting breaths,  
 "And I can die ten thousand deaths!  
 "You too, who hurry me away  
 "So cruelly, one moment stay—  
 "Oh! stay—one moment is not much—  
 "He yet may come—for *him* I pray—  
 "HAFEN! dear HAFEN!—" all the way  
 In wild lamentings, that would touch  
 A heart of stone, she shriek'd his name  
 To the dark woods—no HAFEN came:—  
 No—hapless pair—you've look'd your last:—  
 Your hearts should both have broken then:  
 The dream is o'er—your doom is cast—  
 You'll never meet on earth again!

Alas for him, who hears her cries!  
 Still half-way down the steep he stands,  
 Watching with fix'd and feverish eyes  
 The glimmer of those burning brands.  
 That down the rocks, with mournful ray,  
 Light all he loves on earth away!  
 Hopeless as they who, far at sea,  
 By the cold moon have just consign'd  
 The corse of one, lov'd tenderly,  
 To the bleak flood they leave behind;  
 And on the deck still lingering stay,  
 And long look back, with sad delay,  
 To watch the moonlight on the wave,  
 That ripples o'er that cheerless grave.

But see—he starts—what heard he then?  
 That dreadful shout!—across the glen  
 From the land-side it comes, and loud  
 Rings through the chasm; as if the crowd  
 Of fearful things, that haunt that dell,  
 Its Gholes and Dives and shapes of hell,  
 Had all in one dread howl broke out,  
 So loud, so terrible that shout!  
 "They come—the Moslems come!"—he cries,  
 His proud soul mounting to his eyes,—

" Now, Spirits of the Brave, who roam  
 " Enfranchis'd through yon starry dome,  
 " Rejoice—for souls of kindred fire  
 " Are on the wing to join your choir ! "  
 He said—and, light as bridegrooms bound  
 To their young loves, reclin'd the steep  
 And gain'd the Shrine—his Chiefs stood round—  
 Their swords, as with instinctive leap,  
 Together, at that cry accurst,  
 Had from their sheaths, like sunbeams, burst.  
 And hark!—again—again it rings;  
 Near and more near its echoings  
 Peal through the chasm—oh! who that then  
 Had seen those listening warrior-men,  
 With their swords grasp'd, their eyes of flame  
 Turn'd on their Chief—could doubt the shame,  
 The' indignant shame with which they thrill  
 To hear those shouts and yet stand still ?

He read their thoughts—they were his own—  
 " What! while our arms can wield these blades,  
 " Shall we die tamely? die alone?  
 " Without one victim to our shades,  
 " One Moslem heart, where, buried deep,  
 " The sabre from its toil may sleep?  
 " No—God of IRAN's burning skies!  
 " Thou scorn'st the' inglorious sacrifice.  
 " No—though of all earth's hope bereft,  
 " Life, swords, and vengeance still are left.  
 " We'll make yon valley's reeking caves  
 " Live in the awe-struck minds of men,  
 " Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves  
 " Tell of the Gheber's bloody glen.  
 " Follow, brave hearts!—this pile remain'  
 " Our refuge still from life and chains;  
 " But his the best, the holiest bed,  
 " Who sinks entomb'd in Moslem dead!"

Down the precipitous rocks they sprung,  
 While vigour, more than human, strung  
 Each arm and heart.—The' exulting foe  
 Still through the dark defiles below,  
 Track'd by his torches' lurid fire,

Wound slow, as through GOLCONDA's vale  
 The mighty serpent, in his ire,  
 Glides on with glittering, deadly trail.  
 No torch the Ghebers need—so well  
 They know each mystery of the dell,

1 See Hoole upon the Story of Sinbad.

So oft have, in their wanderings,  
 Cross'd the wild rae that round them dwell,  
 The very tigers from their delves  
 Look out, and let them pass, as things  
 Untam'd and fearless like themselves!

There was a deep ravine, that lay  
 Yet darkling in the Moslem's way;  
 Fit spot to make invaders rue  
 The many fall'n before the few.  
 The torrents from that morning's sky  
 Had fill'd the narrow chasm breast-high.  
 And, on each side, aloft and wild,  
 Huge cliffs and toppling crags were pil'd,—  
 The guards with which young Freedom lines  
 The pathways to her mountain-shrines.  
 Here, at this pass, the scanty band  
 Of Inan's last avengers stand;  
 Here wait, in silence like the dead,  
 And listen for the Moslem's tread  
 So anxiously, the carrion-bird  
 Above them flaps his wing unheard!

They come—that plunge into the water  
 Gives signal for the work of slaughter.  
 Now, Giebers, now—if e'er your blades  
 Had point or prowess, prove them now—  
 Woe to the file that foremost wades!  
 They come—a falchion greets each brow.  
 And, as they tumble, trunk on trunk,  
 Beneath the gory waters sunk,  
 Still o'er their drowning bodies press  
 New victims quick and numberless;  
 Till scarce an arm in HAFED's band,  
 So fierce their toil, hath power to stir.  
 But listless from each crimson hand  
 The sword hangs, clogg'd with massacre.  
 Never was horde of tyrants met  
 With bloodier welcome—never yet  
 To patriot vengeance hath the sword  
 More terrible libations pour'd!

All up the dreary, long ravine.  
 By the red, murky glimmer seen  
 Of half-quench'd brands, that o'er the flood  
 Lie scatter'd round and burn in blood,  
 What ruin glares! what carnage swims!  
 Heads, blazing turbans, quivering limbs.  
 Lost swords that, dropp'd from many a hand,  
 In that thick pool of slaughter stand;—

Wretches who wading, half on fire  
 From the toss'd brands that round them fly,  
 'Twixt flood and flame in shrieks expire ;—  
 And some who, grasp'd by those that die,  
 Sink woundless with them, smother'd o'er  
 In their dead brethren's gushing gore !

But vainly hundreds, thousands bleed, ;  
 Still hundreds, thousands more succeed ;  
 Countless as tow'rsd some flame at night  
 The North's dark insects wing their flight,  
 And quench or perish in its light,  
 To this terrific spot they pour—  
 Till, bridg'd with Moslem bodies o'er,  
 It bears aloft their slippery tread,  
 And o'er the dying and the dead,  
 Tremendous causeway ! on they pass.  
 Then, hapless Ghebers, then, alas,  
 What hope was left for you ? for you,  
 Whose yet warm pile of sacrifice  
 Is smoking in their vengeful eyes ;—  
 Whose swords how keen, how fierce they knew,  
 And burn with shame to find how few.

Crush'd down by that vast multitude,  
 Some found their graves where first they stood ;  
 While some with hardier struggle died,  
 And still fought on by HAFED's side,  
 Who, fronting to the foe, trod back  
 Tow'rsd the high towers his gory track ;  
 And, as a lion swept away

By sudden swell of JORDAN's pride  
 From the wild covert where he lay,<sup>1</sup>  
 Long battles with the o'erwhelming tide,  
 So fought he back with fierce delay,  
 And kept both foes and fate at bay.

But whither now ? their track is lost,  
 Their prey escap'd—guide, torches gone—  
 By torrent-beds and labyrinths crost,  
 The scatter'd crowd rush blindly on—  
 "Curse on those tardy lights that wind,"  
 They panting cry, "so far behind ;  
 "Oh for a bloodhound's precious scent,  
 "To track the way the Gheber went !"  
 Vain wish—confusedly along  
 They rush, more desperate as more wrong :

<sup>1</sup> "In this thicket, upon the banks of the Jordan, several sorts of wild beasts are wont to harbour themselves, whose being washed out of the covert by the overflowings of the river gave occasion to that allusion of Jeremias, *he shall come up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan.*"—Maundrell's *Aleppo*.

Till, wilder'd by the far-off lights,  
 Yet glittering up those gloomy heights,  
 Their footing, maz'd and lost, they miss,  
 And down the darkling precipice  
 Are dash'd into the deep abyss;  
 Or midway hang, impal'd on rocks,  
 A banquet, yet alive, for flocks  
 Of ravening vultures,—while the dell  
 Re-echoes with each horrible yell.

Those sounds—the last, to vengeance dear,  
 That e'er shall ring in HAFED's ear,—  
 Now reach'd him, as aloft, alone,  
 Upon the steep way breathless thrown,  
 He lay beside his reeking blade,

Resign'd, as if life's task were o'er,  
 Its last blood-offering amply paid,

And IRAN's self could claim no more.

One only thought, one lingering beam  
 Now broke across his dizzy dream  
 Of pain and weariness—'twas she,

His heart's pure planet, shining yet  
 Above the waste of memory,

When all life's other lights were set.

And never to his mind before

Her image such enchantment wore.

It seem'd as if each thought that stain'd,

Each fear that chill'd their loves was past,

And not one cloud of earth remain'd

Between him and her radiance cast;—

As if to charms, before so bright,

New grace from other worlds was given,

And his soul saw her by the light

Now breaking o'er itself from heaven!

A voice spoke near him—'twas the tone

Of a lov'd friend, the only one

Of all his warriors, left with life

From that short night's tremendous strife.—

“And must we then, my chief, die here?”

“Foes round us, and the Shrine so near!”

These words have rous'd the last remains

Of life within him—“what! not yet

“Beyond the reach of Moslem chains!”

The thought could make ev'n Death forget

His icy bondage—with a bound

He springs, all bleeding, from the ground,

And grasps his comrade's arm, now grown

Ev'n feebler, heavier than his own,

And up the painful pathway leads,

Death gaining on each step he treads

Speed them, thou God, who heard'st their vow !  
 They mount—they bleed—oh save them now—  
 The crags are red they've elamber'd o'er,  
 The rock-weed's dripping with their gore ;—  
 Thy blade too, HAFED, false at length,  
 Now breaks beneath thy tottering strength !  
 Haste, haste—the voices of the Foe  
 Come near and nearer from below—  
 One effort more—thank Heav'n ! 'tis past,  
 They've gain'd the topmost steep at last.  
 And now they touch the temple's walls,

Now HAFED sees the Fire divine—  
 When lo !—his weak, worn comrade falls  
 Dead on the threshold of the shrine.

“ Alas, brave soul, too quickly fled !  
 “ And must I leave thee withering here,  
 “ The sport of every ruffian's tread,  
 “ The mark for every coward's spear ?  
 “ No, by yon altar's sacred beams ! ”

He cries, and, with a strength that seems  
 Not of this world, uplifts the frame  
 Of the fall'n Chief, and tow'rd's the flame  
 Bears him along ;—with death-damp hand  
 The corpse upon the pyre he lays,

Then lights the consecrated brand,  
 And fires the pile, whose sudden blaze  
 Like lightning bursts o'er OMAN's Sea.—  
 “ Now, Freedom's God ! I come to Thee,”  
 The youth exclaims, and with a smile  
 Of triumph vaulting on the pile,  
 In that last effort, ere the fires  
 Have harm'd one glorious limb, expires !

What shriek was that on OMAN's tide ?

It came from yonder drifting bark,  
 That just hath caught upon her side  
 The death-light—and again is dark.  
 It is the boat—ah, why delay'd ?—  
 That bears the wretched Moslem maid ;  
 Confided to the watchful eare

Of a small veteran band, with whom  
 Their generous Chieftain would not share  
 The secret of his final doom,

But hop'd when HINDA, safe and free,  
 Was render'd to her father's eyes,  
 Their pardon, full and prompt, would be  
 The ransom of so dear a prize.—

Unconscious, thus, of HAFED's fate,  
 And proud to guard their beauteous freight,  
 Scarce had they clear'd the surfy waves  
 That foam around those frightful caves,



When the curst war-whoops, known so well,  
 Came echoing from the distant dell—  
 Sudden each oar, upheld and still,  
   Hung dripping o'er the vessel's side,  
 And, driving at the current's will,  
   They rock'd along the whispering tide ;  
 While every eye, in mute dismay,  
   Was tow'rd that fatal mountain turn'd,  
 Where the dim altar's quivering ray  
   As yet all lone and tranquil burn'd.

Oh! 'tis not, HINDA, in the power  
 Of Fancy's most terrific touch  
 To paint thy pangs in that dread hour —  
   Thy silent agony—'twas such  
 As those who feel could paint too well,  
 But none e'er felt and liv'd to tell !  
 'Twas not alone the dreary state  
 Of a lorn spirit, crush'd by fate,  
 When, though no more remains to dread,  
   The panic chill will not depart ;—  
 When, though the inmate Hope be dead,  
   Her ghost still haunts the mouldering heart ;  
 No—pleasures, hopes, affections gone,  
 The wretch may bear, and yet live on,  
 Like things, within the cold rock found  
 Alive, when all's congeal'd around.  
 But there's a blank repose in this,  
 A calm stagnation, that were bliss  
 To the keen, burning, harrowing pain,  
 Now felt through all thy breast and brain ;—  
 That spasm of terror, mute, intense,  
 That breathless, agonis'd suspense,  
 From whose hot throb, whose deadly aching,  
 The heart hath no relief but breaking !

Calm is the wave—heav'n's brilliant lights  
   Reflected dance beneath the prow ;—  
 Time was when, on such lovely nights,  
   She who is there, so desolate now,  
 Could sit all cheeeful, though alone,  
   And ask no happier joy than seeing  
 That star-light o'er the waters thrown—  
 No joy but that, to make her blest,  
   And the fresh, buoyant sense of Being,  
 Which bounds in youth's yet careless breast,—  
 Itself a star, not borrowing light,  
 But in its own glad essence bright.  
 How different now!—but, hark, again  
 The yell of havoc rings—brave men !

In vain, with beating hearts, ye stand  
 On the bark's edge—in vain each hand  
 Half draws the falchion from its sheath;  
 All's o'er—in rust your blades may lie :—  
 He, at whose word they've scatter'd death,  
 Ev'n now, this night, himself must die !  
 Well may ye look to you dim tower,  
 And ask, and wondering guess what means  
 The battle-cry at this dead hour—  
 Ah ! she could tell you—she, who leans  
 Unheeded there, pale, sunk, aglaze,  
 With brow against the dew-cold mast;  
 Too well she knows—her more than life,  
 Her soul's first idol and its last,  
 Lies bleeding in that murderous strife.

But see—what moves upon the height?  
 Some signal!—'tis a torch's light.  
 What bodes its solitary glare?  
 In gasping silence tow'rd the Shrine  
 All eyes are turn'd—thine, HINDA, thine  
 Fix their last fading life-beams there.  
 'Twas but a moment—fierce and high  
 The death-pile blaz'd into the sky,  
 And far away, o'er rock and flood  
 Its melancholy radiance sent;  
 While HAFED, like a vision stood  
 Reveal'd before the burning pyre,  
 Tall, shadowy, like a Spirit of Fire  
 Shrin'd in its own grand element!  
 " 'Tis he !"—the shuddering maid exclaims,—  
 But, while she speaks, he's seen no more;  
 High burst in air the funeral flames,  
 And IRAN's hopes and hers are o'er !  
 One wild, heart-broken shriek she gave;  
 Then sprung, as if to reach that blaze,  
 Where still she fix'd her dying gaze,  
 And, gazing, sunk into the wave,—  
 Deep, deep,—where never care or pain  
 Shall reach her innocent heart again !

---

Farewell—farewell to thee, ARABY'S daughter !  
 (Thus warbled a PERI beneath the dark sea,)  
 No pearl ever lay, under OMAN'S green water,  
 More pure in its shell than thy Spirit in thee.

Oh ! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,  
 How light was thy heart till LOVE's witchery came,

Like the wind of the south <sup>1</sup> o'er a summer lute blowing,  
And hush'd all its music, and wither'd its frame!

But long, upon ARABY's green sunny highlands,  
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom  
Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,  
With nought but the sea-star <sup>2</sup> to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,<sup>3</sup>  
And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old,  
The happiest there, from their pastime returning  
At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village-maid, when with flowers she dresses  
Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,  
Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,  
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall IRAN, beloved of her Hero! forget thee—  
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,  
Close, close by the side of that Hero she'll set thee,  
Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pillow  
With every thing beauteous that grows in the deep;  
Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow  
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber  
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept;<sup>4</sup>  
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreath'd chamber  
We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,  
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;  
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian <sup>5</sup> are sparkling,  
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell—farewell—until Pity's sweet fountain  
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,  
They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that mountain,  
They'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps in this wave.

<sup>1</sup> "This wind (the Samoor) so softens the strings of lutes, that they can never be tuned while it lasts."—*Stephen's Persia*.

<sup>2</sup> "One of the greatest curiosities found in the Persian Gulf is a fish which the English call Star-fish. It is circular, and at night very luminous, resembling the full moon surrounded by rays."—*Mirza Abu Taleb*.

<sup>3</sup> For a description of the merriment of the date-time, of their work, their dances, and their return home from the palm-groves at the end of autumn with the fruits, see *Hempfer, Amœnitat. Exot.*

<sup>4</sup> Some naturalists have imagined that amber is a concretion of the tears of birds.—See *Trévoux, Chambers*.

<sup>5</sup> "The bay Kieselark, which is otherwise called the Golden Bay, the sand whereof shines as fire."—*Struy*.

The singular placidity with which FADLADEEN had listened, during the latter part of this obnoxious story, surprised the Princess and FERAMORZ exceedingly; and even inclined towards him the hearts of these unsuspecting young persons, who little knew the source of a complacency so marvellous. The truth was, he had been organizing, for the last few days, a most notable plan of persecution against the poet, in consequence of some passages that had fallen from him on the second evening of recital,—which appeared to this worthy Chamberlain to contain language and principles, for which nothing short of the summary criticism of the Chabuk<sup>1</sup> would be advisable. It was his intention, therefore, immediately on their arrival at Cashmere, to give information to the King of Bucharia of the very dangerous sentiments of his minstrel; and if, unfortunately, that monarch did not act with suitable vigour on the occasion, (that is, if he did not give the Chabuk to FERAMORZ, and a place to FADLADEEN,) there would be an end, he feared, of all legitimate government in Bucharia. He could not help, however, auguring better both for himself and the cause of potentates in general; and it was the pleasure arising from these mingled anticipations that diffused such unusual satisfaction through his features, and made his eyes shine out, like poppies of the desert, over the wide and lifeless wilderness of that countenance.

Having decided upon the Poet's chastisement in this manner, he thought it but humanity to spare him the minor tortures of criticism. Accordingly, when they assembled the following evening, in the pavilion, and LALLA ROOKH was expecting to see all the beauties of her bard melt away, one by one, in the acidity of criticism, like pearls in the cup of the Egyptian queen,—he agreeably disappointed her, by merely saying, with an ironical smile, that the merits of such a poem deserved to be tried at a much higher tribunal; and then suddenly passed off into a panegyric upon all Mussulman sovereigns, more particularly his august and Imperial master, Aurungzebe,—the wisest and best of the descendants of Timur,—who, among other great things he had done for mankind, had given to him, FADLADEEN, the very profitable posts of Betel-carrier, and Taster of Sherbets to the Emperor, Chief Holder of the Girdle of Beautiful Forms,<sup>2</sup> and Grand Nazir, or Chamberlain of the Haram.

They were now not far from that Forbidden River,<sup>3</sup> beyond which no pure Hindoo can pass; and were reposing for a time in the rich valley of Hussun Abdaul, which had always been a favourite resting-place of the Emperors in their annual migrations to Cashmere. Here often had the Light of the Faith, Jehangire, been known to wander with his beloved and beautiful Nourmahal; and here would LALLA ROOKH have been happy to remain for ever, giving up the throne of Bucharia and the world, for

<sup>1</sup> "The application of whips or rods."—*Dubois*.

<sup>2</sup> Kemper mentions such an officer among the attendants of the King of Persia, and calls him "formæ corporis estimator." His business was, at stated periods, to measure the ladies of the Haram by a sort of regulation-girdle, whose limits it was not thought graceful to exceed. If any of them outgrew this standard of shape, they were reduced by abstinence till they came within proper bounds.

<sup>3</sup> The Attock.

<sup>4</sup> Akbar on his way ordered a fort to be built upon the Nilab, which he called Attock, which means in the Indian language Forbidden; for, by the superstition of the Hindoos, it was held unlawful to cross that river."—*Dow's Hindostan*.

FERAMORZ and love in this sweet, lonely valley. But the time was now fast approaching when she must see him no longer,—or, what was still worse, behold him with eyes whose every look belonged to another; and there was a melancholy preciousness in these last moments, which made her heart cling to them as it would to life. During the latter part of the journey, indeed, she had sunk into a deep sadness, from which nothing but the presence of the young minstrel could awake her. Like those lamps in tombs, which only light up when the air is admitted, it was only at his approach that her eyes became smiling and animated. But here, in this dear valley, every moment appeared an age of pleasure; she saw him all day, and was, therefore, all day happy,—resembling, she often thought, that people of Zinge,<sup>1</sup> who attribute the unfading cheerfulness they enjoy to one genial star that rises nightly over their heads.<sup>2</sup>

The whole party, indeed, seemed in their liveliest mood during the few days they passed in this delightful solitude. The young attendants of the Princess, who were here allowed a much freer range than they could safely be indulged with in a less sequestered place, ran wild among the gardens and bounded through the meadows, lightly as young roes over the aromatic plains of Tibet. While FADLADEEN, in addition to the spiritual comfort derived by him from a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Saint from whom the valley is named, had also opportunities of indulging, in a small way, his taste for victims, by putting to death some hundreds of those unfortunate little lizards,<sup>3</sup> which all pious Mussulmans make it a point to kill;—taking for granted, that the manner in which the creature hangs its head is meant as a mimicry of the attitude in which the Faithful say their prayers.

About two miles from Hussun Abdaul were those Royal Gardens,<sup>4</sup> which had grown beautiful under the care of so many lovely eyes, and were beautiful still, though those eyes could see them no longer. This place, with its flowers and its holy silence, interrupted only by the dipping of the wings of birds in its marble basins filled with the pure water of those hills, was to LALLA ROOKH all that her heart could fancy of fragrance, coolness, and almost heavenly tranquillity. As the Prophet said of Damascus, “it was too delicious;”<sup>5</sup>—and here, in listening to the

<sup>1</sup> “The inhabitants of this country (Zinge) are never afflicted with sadness or melancholy; on this subject the Sheikh *Abu-al-Kheir-Azhari* has the following distich:—

“Who is the man without care or sorrow, (tell) that I may rub my hand to him.

“(Behold) the Zingians, without care or sorrow, frolicsome with tipsiness and mirth.”

“The philosophers have discovered that the cause of this cheerfulness proceeds from the influence of the star Soheil or Canopus, which rises over them every night.”—*Extract from a Geographical Persian Manuscript called Hefl Akhim, or the Seven Climates, translated by W. Ouseley, Esq.*

<sup>2</sup> The star Soheil, or Canopus.

<sup>3</sup> “The lizard Stellio. The Arabs call it Hardun. The Turks kill it, for they imagine that by declining the head it mimics them when they say their prayers.”—*Haxnelquist.*

<sup>4</sup> For these particulars respecting Hussun Abdaul I am indebted to the very interesting Introduction of Mr. Elphinstone's work upon Caubul.

<sup>5</sup> “As you enter at that Bazar, without the gate of Damascus, you see the Green Mosque, so called because it hath a steeple faced with green glazed bricks, which render it very resplendent; it is covered at top with a pavilion of the same stuff. The Turks say this mosque was made in that place, because Mahomet being come so far, would not enter the town, saying it was too delicious.”—*Theremet.* This reminds one of the following pretty passage in Isaac Walton:—“When I sat last on this primrose

sweet voice of FERAMORZ, or reading in his eyes what yet he never dared to tell her, the most exquisite moments of her whole life were passed. One evening, when they had been talking of the Sultana Nourmahal, the light of the Haram,<sup>1</sup> who had so often wandered among these flowers, and fed with her own hands, in those marble basins, the small shining fishes of which she was so fond,<sup>2</sup>—the youth, in order to delay the moment of separation, proposed to recite a short story, or rather rhapsody of which this adored Sultana was the heroine. It related, he said, to the reconciliation of a sort of lovers' quarrel which took place between her and the Emperor during a Feast of Roses at Cashmere; and would remind the Princess of that difference between Haroun-al-Raschid and his fair mistress Marida,<sup>3</sup> which was so happily made up by the soft strains of the musician, Moussali. As the story was chiefly to be told in song, and FERAMORZ had unluckily forgotten his own lute in the valley, he borrowed the vina of LALLA ROOKH's little Persian slave and thus began :—

### THE LIGHT OF THE HARAM.

Who has not heard of the Vale of CASHMERE,  
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,<sup>4</sup>  
Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear  
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?

Oh! to see it at sunset,—when warm o'er the Lake  
Its splendour at parting a summer eve throws,  
Like a bride, full of blushes, when ling'ring to take  
A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes!—  
When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half shown,  
And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.  
Here the music of pray'r from a minaret swells,  
Here the Magian his urn, full of perfume, is swinging,  
And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells  
Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing.<sup>5</sup>  
Or to see it by moonlight,—when mellowly shines

bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence, 'that they were too pleasant to be looked on, but only on holidays.'

<sup>1</sup> Nourmahal signifies Light of the Haram. She was afterwards called Nourjehan, or the Light of the World. <sup>2</sup> See note, p. 303.

<sup>3</sup> "Haroun Al Raschid, cinquième Khalife des Abbassides, s'étant un jour brouillé avec une de ses maîtresses nommée Maridah, qu'il aimoit cependant jusqu'à l'excès, et cette mésintelligence ayant déjà duré quelque temps, commença à s'ennuyer. Giasfar Barinaki, son favori, qui s'en aperçut, commanda à Abbas ben Abnaf, excellent poète de ce temps-là, de composer quelques vers sur le sujet de cette brouillerie. Ce poète exécuta l'ordre de Giasfar, qui fit chanter ces vers par Moussali en présence du Khalife, et ce prince fut tellement touché de la tendresse des vers du poète et de la douceur de la voix du musicien, qu'il alla aussitôt trouver Maridah, et fit sa paix avec elle."—*D'Herbelot*.

<sup>4</sup> "The rose of Kashmere, for its brilliancy and delicacy of odour, has long been proverbial in the East."—*Forster*.

<sup>5</sup> "Tied round her waist the zone of bells, that sounded with ravishing melody."—*Song of Jayadeva*.

The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines ;  
 When the water-falls gleam, like a quick fall of stars,  
 And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Cheuars  
 Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet  
 From the cool, shining walks where the young people meet.—  
 Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes  
 A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,  
 Hills, cupolas, fountains, call'd forth every one  
 Out of darkness, as if but just born of the Sun.  
 When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with the day,  
 From his llaram of night-flowers stealing away ;  
 And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover  
 The young aspen-trees,<sup>1</sup> till they tremble all over.  
 When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,  
 And Day, with his hanner of radiance unfurl'd,  
 Shines in through the mountainous portal<sup>2</sup> that opes,  
 Sublime, from that Valley of bliss to the world !

But never yet, hy night or day,  
 In dew of spring or summer's ray,  
 Did the sweet Valley shine so gay  
 As now it shines—all love and light,  
 Visions by day and feasts by night !  
 A happier smile illumines each brow,  
 With quicker spread each heart uncloses,  
 And all is ecstasy,—for now  
 The Valley holds its Feast of Roses ;<sup>3</sup>  
 The joyous Time, when pleasures pour  
 Profusely round and, in their shower,  
 Hearts open, like the Season's Rose,—  
 The Flow'ret of a hundred leaves,<sup>4</sup>  
 Expanding while the dew-fall flows,  
 And every leaf its balm receives.

'Twas when the hour of evening came  
 Upon the Lake, serene and cool,  
 When Day had bid his sultry flame  
 Behind the palms of BARAMOULE,<sup>5</sup>  
 When maids began to lift their heads,  
 Refresh'd from their embroider'd beds,  
 Where they had slept the sun away.  
 And wak'd to moonlight and to play.

<sup>1</sup> "The little isles in the Lake of Cachemere are set with arbours and large-leaved aspen-trees, slender and tall."—*Bernier*.

<sup>2</sup> "The Tucki Suliman, the name bestowed by the Mahometans on this hill, forms one side of a grand portal to the Lake."—*Forster*.

<sup>3</sup> "The Feast of Roses continues the whole time of their remaining in bloom."—See *Pietro de la Valle*.

<sup>4</sup> "Gul sad berk, the Rose of a hundred leaves. I believe a particular species."—*Gureley*.

<sup>5</sup> *Bernier*.

All were abroad—the busiest hive  
 On BELA'S <sup>1</sup> hills is less alive,  
 When saffron-beds are full in flower,  
 Than look'd the Valley in that hour.  
 A thousand restless torches play'd  
 Through every grove and island shade;  
 A thousand sparkling lamps were set  
 On every dome and minaret;  
 And fields and pathways, far and near,  
 Were lighted by a blaze so clear,  
 That you could see, in wandering round,  
 The smallest rose-leaf on the ground.  
 Yet did the maids and matrons leave  
 Their veils at home, that brilliant eve;  
 And there were glancing eyes about,  
 And cheeks, that would not dare shine out  
 In open day, but thought they might  
 Look lovely then, because 'twas night.  
 And all were free, and wandering,  
 And all exclaim'd to all they met,  
 That never did the summer bring  
 So gay a Feast of Roses yet;—  
 The moon had never shed a light  
 So clear as that which bless'd them there;  
 The roses ne'er shone half so bright,  
 Nor they themselves look'd half so fair.

And what a wilderness of flowers!  
 It seem'd as though from all the bowers  
 And fairest fields of all the year,  
 The mingled spoil were scatter'd here.  
 The Lake, too, like a garden breathes,  
 With the rich buds that o'er it lie,—  
 As if a shower of fairy wreaths  
 Had fall'n upon it from the sky!  
 And then the sounds of joy,—the beat  
 Of tabors and of dancing feet;—  
 The minaret-crier's chaunt of glee  
 Sung from his lighted gallery,<sup>2</sup>  
 And answer'd by a ziraleet  
 From neighbouring Haram, wild and sweet;  
 The merry laughter, echoing  
 From gardens, where the silken swing<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A place mentioned in the *Toozek Jehangeery* or *Memoirs of Jehanguire*, where there is an account of the beds of saffron-flowers about Cashmere.

<sup>2</sup> "It is the custom among the women to employ the Maazeen to chaunt from the gallery of the nearest minaret, which on that occasion is illuminated, and the women assembled at the house respond at intervals with a ziraleet or joyous chorus."—*Russell*.

<sup>3</sup> "The swing is a favourite pastime in the East, as promoting a circulation of air, extremely refreshing in those sultry climates."—*Richardson*.

"The swings are adorned with festoons. This pastime is accompanied with music of voices and of instruments, hired by the masters of the swings."—*Therrenot*.



Wafts some delighted girl above  
 The top leaves of the orange-grove:  
 Or, from those infant groups at play  
 Among the tents <sup>1</sup> that line the way,  
 Flinging, unaw'd by slave or mother,  
 Handfuls of roses at each other.—

Then, the sounds from the Lake,—the low whispering in hoats,  
 As they shoot through the moonlight;—the dipping of oars,  
 And the wild, airy warbling that every where floats,

Through the groves, round the islands, as if all the shores,  
 Like those of KATHAY, utter'd music, and gave  
 An answer in song to the kiss of each wave.<sup>2</sup>

But the gentlest of all are those sounds, full of feeling,  
 That soft from the lute of some lover are stealing,—  
 Some lover, who knows all the heart-touching power  
 Of a lute and a sigh in this magical hour.

Oh! best of delights as it every where is  
 To be near the lov'd *One*,—what a rapture is his  
 Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly may glide  
 O'er the Lake of CASHMERE, with that *One* by his side!  
 If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,  
 Think, think what a heav'n she must make of CASHMERE!

So felt the magnificent Són of ACBAR,<sup>3</sup>  
 When from power and pomp and the trophies of war  
 He flew to that Valley, forgetting them all  
 With the Light of the ILARAM, his young NOURMAHAL.  
 When free and uncrown'd as the Conqueror rov'd  
 By the banks of that Lake, with his only belov'd,  
 He saw, in the wreaths she would playfully snatch  
 From the hedges, a glory his crown could not match,  
 And prefer'd in his heart the least ringlet that curl'd  
 Down her exquisite neck to the throne of the world

There's a beauty, for ever unchangingly bright,  
 Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer-day's light,  
 Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,  
 Till Love falls asleep in its sameness of splendour.  
 This was not the beauty—oh, nothing like this,  
 That to young NOURMAHAL gave such magic of bliss!

<sup>1</sup> "At the keeping of the Feast of Roses, we beheld an infinite number of tents pitched, with such a crowd of men, women, boys, and girls, with music, dances," etc. etc.—*Herbert*.

<sup>2</sup> "An old commentator of the Chou-King says, the ancients having remarked that a current of water made some of the stones near its banks send forth a sound, they detached some of them, and, being charmed with the delightful sound they emitted, constructed King or musical instruments of them."—*Grosier*.

This miraculous quality has been attributed also to the shore of Attica. "Hujus litus, ait Capella, concentum musicum illis terræ undis reddere, quod propter tantam eruditionis vim puto dictum."—*Ludov. Vices in Augustin. de Civitate Dei*, lib. xviii. c. 8.

<sup>3</sup> Jehanguiere was the son of the Great Achar.

But that loveliness, ever in motion, which plays  
 Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,  
 Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies  
 From the lip to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes;  
 Now melting in mist and now breaking in gleams,  
 Like the glimpses a saint hath of heav'n in his dreams.  
 When pensive, it seem'd as if that very grace,  
 That charm of all others, was born with her face!  
 And when angry,—for ev'n in the tranquildest climes  
 Light breezes will ruffle the blossoms sometimes—  
 The short, passing anger but seem'd to awaken  
 New beauty, like flowers that are sweetest when shaken.  
 If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye  
 At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,  
 From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revealings  
 From innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings.  
 Then her mirth—oh! 'twas sportive as ever took wing  
 From the heart with a burst, like the wild-bird in spring;  
 Illum'd by a wit that would fascinate sages,  
 Yet playful as Peris just loos'd from their cages.<sup>1</sup>  
 While her laugh, full of life, without any control  
 But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul;  
 And where it most sparkled no glance could discover,  
 In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brighten'd all over,—  
 Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,  
 When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.  
 Such, such were the peerless enchantments, that gave  
 NOURMAHAL the proud Lord of the East for her slave:  
 And though bright was his Haram,—a living parterre  
 Of the flow'rs<sup>2</sup> of this planet—though treasures were there,  
 For which SOLIMAN's self might have giv'n all the store  
 That the navy from OPHIR e'er wing'd to his shore,  
 Yet dim before *her* were the smiles of them all,  
 And the Light of his Haram was young NOURMAHAL!

But where is she now, this night of joy,  
 When bliss is every heart's employ?—  
 When all around her is so bright,  
 So like the visions of a trance,  
 That one might think, who came by chance  
 Into the vale this happy night,  
 He saw that City of Delight<sup>3</sup>  
 In Fairy-land, whose streets and towers  
 Are made of gems and light and flowers!  
 Where is the lov'd Sultana? where,

<sup>1</sup> In the wars of the Dives with the Peris, whenever the former took the latter prisoners, "they shut them up in iron cages, and hung them on the highest trees. Here they were visited by their companions, who brought them the choicest odours."—*Richardson*.

<sup>2</sup> In the Malay language the same word signifies women and flowers.

<sup>3</sup> The capital of Shadukiam. See note, p. 271.

When mirth brings out the young and fair,  
Does she, the fairest, hide her brow,  
In melancholy stillness now?

Alas!—how light a cause may move  
Dissension between hearts that love!  
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,  
And sorrow but more closely tied;  
That stood the storm, when waves were rough,  
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,  
Like ships that have gone down at sea,  
When heaven was all tranquillity!  
A something, light as air—a look,  
A word unkind or wrongly taken—  
Oh! love, that tempest never shook,  
A breath, a touch like this bath shaken.  
And ruder words will soon rush in  
To spread the breach that words begin;  
And eyes forget the gentle ray  
They wore in courtship's smiling day;  
And voices lose the tone that shed  
A tenderness round all they said;  
Till fast declining, one by one,  
The sweetnesss of love are gone,  
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem  
Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,  
That smiling left the mountain's brow  
As though its waters ne'er could sever,  
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,  
Breaks into floods, that part for ever.

Oh, you, that have the charge of Love,  
Keep him in rosy bondage bound,  
As in the Fields of Bliss above  
He sits, with flow'rets fetter'd round;<sup>1</sup> —  
Loose not a tie that round him clings,  
Nor ever let him use his wings;  
For ev' n an hour, a minute's flight  
Will rob the plumes of half their light.  
Like that celestial bird,—whose nest  
Is found beneath far Eastern skies,—  
Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,  
Lose all their glory when he flies!<sup>2</sup>

Some difference, of this dangerous kind,—  
By which, though light, the links that bind

<sup>1</sup> See the representation of the Eastern Cupid, pinioned closely round with wreaths of flowers, in Picart's *Cérémonies Religieuses*.

<sup>2</sup> "Among the birds of Tonquin is a species of goldfinch, which sings so melodiously that it is called the Celestial Bird. Its wings, when it is perched, appear variegated with beautiful colours; but when it flies, they lose all their splendour."—*Grosier*.

The fondest hearts may soon be riven ;  
 Some shadow in Love's summer heaven,  
 Which, though a fleecy speck at first,  
 May yet in awful thunder burst ;—  
 Such cloud it is, that now hangs over  
 The heart of the Imperial Lover,  
 And far hath banish'd from his sight  
 His NOURMAHAL, his Haram's Light !  
 Hence is it, on this happy night,  
 When Pleasure through the fields and groves  
 Has let loose all her world of loves,  
 And every heart has found its own,  
 He wanders, joyless and alone,  
 And weary as that bird of Thrace,  
 Whose pinion knows no resting-place.<sup>1</sup>

In vain the loveliest cheeks and eyes  
 This Eden of the earth supplies  
 Come crowding round—the cheeks are pale,  
 The eyes are dim :—though rich the spot  
 With every flow'r this earth has got,  
 What is it to the nightingale,  
 If there his darling rose is not ?<sup>2</sup>  
 In vain the Valley's smiling throng  
 Worship him, as he moves along ;  
 He heeds them not—one smile of hers  
 Is worth a world of worshippers.  
 They but the Star's adorers are,  
 She is the Heav'n that lights the Star !

Hence is it, too, that NOURMAHAL,  
 Amid the luxuries of this hour,  
 Far from the joyous festival,  
 Sits in her own sequester'd bower,  
 With no one near, to soothe or aid,  
 But that inspir'd and wond'rous maid,  
 NAMOUNA, the Enchantress ;—one,  
 O'er whom his race the golden sun  
 For unremember'd years has run,  
 Yet never saw her blooming brow  
 Younger or fairer than 'tis now:  
 Nay, rather,—as the west wind's sigh  
 Freshens the flower it passes by,—  
 Time's wing but seem'd, in stealing o'er,  
 To leave her lovelier than before.

<sup>1</sup> "As these birds on the Bosphorus are never known to rest, they are called by the French '*les âmes damnées*.'"—*Dallosway*.

<sup>2</sup> "You may place a hundred handfuls of fragrant herbs and flowers before the nightingale, yet he wishes not, in his constant heart, for more than the sweet breath of his beloved rose."—*Jami*.

Yet on her smiles a sadness hung,  
 And when, as oft, she spoke or sung  
 Of other worlds, there came a light  
 From her dark eyes so strangely bright,  
 That all believ'd nor man nor earth  
 Were conscious of NAMOUNA'S birth !  
 All spells and talismans she knew,  
 From the great Mantra,<sup>1</sup> which around  
 The Air's sublimer Spirits drew,  
 To the gold gems <sup>2</sup> of AFRIC, bound  
 Upon the wandering Arab's arm,  
 To keep him from the Siltim's <sup>3</sup> harm.  
 And she had pledg'd her powerful art,—  
 Pledg'd it with all the zeal and heart  
 Of one who knew, though high her sphere,  
 What 'twas to lose a love so dear,—  
 To find some spell that should recall  
 Her Selim's <sup>4</sup> smile to NOURMAHAL !

'Twas midnight—through the lattice, wreath'd  
 With woodbine, many a perfume breath'd  
 From plants that wake when others sleep,  
 From timid jasmine buds, that keep  
 Their odour to themselves all day,  
 But, when the sun-light dies away,  
 Let the delicious secret out  
 To every breeze that roams about ;—  
 When thus NAMOUNA :— "'Tis the hour  
 " That scatters spells on herb and flower,  
 " And garlands might be gather'd now,  
 " That, twin'd around the sleeper's brow,  
 " Would make him dream of such delights,  
 " Such miraeles and dazzling sights,  
 " As Genii of the Sun behold,  
 " At evening, from their tents of gold  
 " Upon the' horizon—where they play  
 " Till twilight comes, and, ray by ray,  
 " Their sunny mansions melt away.  
 " Now, too, a chaplet might be wreath'd  
 " Of buds o'er which the moon has breath'd,  
 " Which worn by her, whose love has stray'd,  
 " Might bring some Peri from the skies,  
 " Some sprite, whose very soul is made  
 " Of flow'rets' breaths and lovers' sighs,

<sup>1</sup> " He is said to have found the great *Mantra*, spell or talisman, through which he ruled over the elements and spirits of all denominations."—*Wilford*.

<sup>2</sup> " The gold jewels of Jinnic, which are called by the Arabs *El Herrez*, from the supposed charm they contain."—*Jackson*.

<sup>3</sup> " A demon, supposed to haunt woods, etc. in a human shape."—*Richardson*.

<sup>4</sup> The name of Jehanguire before his accession to the throne.

"And who might tell——"

"For me, for me,"

Cried NOURMAHAL impatiently,—

"Oh! twine that wreath for me to-night."

Then, rapidly, with foot as light

As the young musk-roe's, out she flew.

To cull each shining leaf that grew

Beneath the moonlight's hallowing beams,

For this enchanted Wreath of Dreams.

Anemones and Seas of Gold,<sup>1</sup>

And new-blown lilies of the river,

And those sweet flow'rets, that unfold

Their buds on CAMADEVA's quiver;<sup>2</sup>—

The tuberose, with her silvery light,

That in the Gardens of Malay

Is call'd the Mistress of the Night,<sup>3</sup>

So like a bride, scented and bright,

She comes out when the sun's away;<sup>4</sup>—

Amaranths, such as crown the maids

That wander through ZAMARA's shades;<sup>5</sup>—

And the white moon-flower, as it shows,

On SERENDIB's high crags, to those

Who near the isle at evening sail,

Scenting her clove-trees in the gale;

In short, all flow'rets and all plants,

From the divine Amrita tree,<sup>6</sup>

That blesses heaven's inhabitants

With fruits of immortality,

Down to the basil tuft,<sup>7</sup> that waves,

Its fragrant blossom over graves,

And to the humble rosemary,

Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed

To scent the desert<sup>7</sup> and the dead;—

All in that garden bloom, and all

Are gather'd by young NOURMAHAL.

<sup>1</sup> "Hemasagara, or the Sea of Gold, with flowers of the brightest gold colour."—*Sir W. Jones*.

<sup>2</sup> "This tree (the Nagacesara) is one of the most delightful on earth, and the delicious odour of its blossoms justly gives them a place in the quiver of Camadeva, or the God of Love."—*Id.*

<sup>3</sup> "The Malaysians style the tuberose (*Polianthes tuberosa*) Sandal Malam, or the Mistress of the Night."—*Pennant*.

<sup>4</sup> "The people of the Batta country in Sumatra (of which Zamara is one of the ancient names) when not engaged in war, lead an idle inactive life, passing the day in playing on a kind of flute, crowned with garlands of flowers, among which the globe-amaranthus, a native of the country, mostly prevails."—*Marsden*.

<sup>5</sup> "The largest and richest sort (of the Jambu or rose-apple) is called Amrita or immortal, and the mythologists of Tibet apply the same word to a celestial tree, bearing ambrosial fruit."—*Sir W. Jones*.

<sup>6</sup> "Sweet Basil, called Rayhan in Persia, and generally found in churchyards."

<sup>7</sup> "The women in Egypt go, at least two days in the week, to pray and weep at the sepulchres of the dead; and the custom then is to throw upon the tombs a sort of herb, which the Arabs call *nihan*, and which is our sweet basil."—*Mallett*, Lett. 10.

<sup>7</sup> "In the Great Desert are found many stalks of lavender and rosemary."—*Asiat. Res.*

Who heaps her baskets with the flowers  
 And leaves, till they can hold no more ;  
 Then to NAMOUNA flies, and showers  
 Upon her leap the shining store.  
 With what delight the Enchantress views  
 So many buds, bath'd with the dews  
 And beams of that bless'd hour!—her glance  
 Spoke something, past all mortal pleasures,  
 As, in a kind of holy trance,  
 She hung above those fragrant treasures,  
 Bending to drink their balmy airs,  
 As if she mix'd her soul with theirs.  
 And 'twas, indeed, the perfume shed  
 From flow'rs and scented flame, that fed  
 Her charmed life—for none had e'er,  
 Beheld her taste of mortal fare,  
 Nor ever in aught earthly dip,  
 But the morn's dew, her roseate lip.  
 Fill'd with the cool, inspiring smell,  
 The Enchantress now begins her spell,  
 Thus singing as she winds and weaves  
 In mystic form the glittering leaves :—

---

I know where the winged visions dwell  
 That around the night-bed play ;  
 I know each herb and flow'ret's bell,  
 Where they hide their wings hy day.  
 Then hasten we, maid,  
 To twine our braid,  
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The image of love, that nightly flies  
 To visit the bashful maid,  
 Steals from the jasmine flower, that sighs  
 Its soul, like her, in the shade.  
 The dream of a future, happier hour,  
 That alights on misery's brow,  
 Springs out of the silvery almond-flower,  
 That blooms on a leafless bough.<sup>1</sup>  
 Then hasten, we maid,  
 To twine our braid,  
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The visions, that oft to worldly eyes  
 The glitter of mines unfold,

<sup>1</sup> "The almond-tree, with white flowers, blossoms on the bare branches."—Hanselquist.

Inhabit the mountain-herb,<sup>1</sup> that dyes  
 The tooth of the fawn like gold.  
 The phantom shapes—oh touch not them—  
 That appal the murderer's sight,  
 Lurk in the fleshy mandrake's stem,  
 That shrieks, when pluck'd at night!  
 Then hasten we, maid,  
 To twine our braid,  
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The dream of the injur'd, patient mind,  
 That smiles at the wrongs of men,  
 Is found in the bruis'd and wounded rind  
 Of the cinnamon, sweetest then.  
 Then hasten we, maid,  
 To twine our braid,  
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

No sooner was the flowery crown  
 Placed on her head, than sleep came down,  
 Gently as nights of summer fall,  
 Upon the lids of NOURMAHAL;—  
 And, suddenly, a tuneful breeze,  
 As full of small, rich harmonies  
 As ever wind, that o'er the tents  
 Of AZAB<sup>2</sup> blew, was full of scents,  
 Steals on her ear, and floats and swells,  
 Like the first air of morning creeping  
 Into those wreathy, Red-Sea shells;  
 Where Love himself, of old, lay sleeping;<sup>3</sup>  
 And now a Spirit form'd, 'twould seem,  
 Of music and of light,—so fair,  
 So brilliantly his features beam,  
 And such a sound is in the air

<sup>1</sup> An herb on Mount Libanus, which is said to communicate a yellow golden hue to the teeth of the goats and other animals that graze upon it.

*Niebuhr* thinks this may be the herb which the Eastern alchemists look to as a means of making gold. "Most of those alchemical enthusiasts think themselves sure of success, if they could but find out the herb, which gilds the teeth and gives a yellow colour to the flesh of the sheep that eat it. Even the oil of this plant must be of a golden colour. It is called *Haschischat ed dab*."

Father Jerom Dandini, however, asserts that the teeth of the goats at Mount Libanus are of a silver colour; and adds, "this confirms me that which I observed in Candia: to wit, that the animals that live on Mount Ida eat a certain herb, which renders their teeth of a golden colour; which, according to my judgment, cannot otherwise proceed than from the mings which are under ground."—*Dandini, Voyage to Mount Libanus*.

<sup>2</sup> The myrrh country.

<sup>3</sup> "This idea (of deities living in shells) was not unknown to the Greeks, who represent the young Nerites, one of the Cupids, as living in shells on the shores of the Red Sea."—*Wilford*.



Of sweetness when he waves his wings,—  
Hovers around her, and thus sings :

From CHINDARA'S<sup>1</sup> warbling fount I come  
Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell ;  
From CHINDARA'S fount, my fairy home,  
Where in music, morn and night, I dwell.  
Where lutes in the air are heard about,  
And voices are singing the whole day long,  
And every sigh the heart breathes out  
Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song !  
Hither I come  
From my fairy home,  
And if there's a magic in Music's strain,  
I swear by the breath  
Of that moonlight wreath,  
Thy Lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,  
And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,  
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,  
And melt in the heart as instantly :—  
And the passionate strain that, deeply going,  
Refines the bosom it trembles through,  
As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,  
Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too.

Mine is the charm, whose mystic sway  
The Spirits of past Delight obey ;—  
Let but the tuneless talisman sound,  
And they come, like Genii, hovering round.  
And mine is the gentle song that bears  
From soul to soul, the wishes of love,  
As a bird, that wafts through genial airs  
The cinnamon-seed from grove to grove.<sup>2</sup>

'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure<sup>3</sup>  
The past, the present, and future of pleasure ;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "A fabulous fountain, where instruments are said to be constantly playing."—*Richardson*.

<sup>2</sup> "The Pompadour pigeon is the species which, by carrying the fruit of the cinnamon to different places, is a great disseminator of this valuable tree."—See *Brown's Illustr.* tab. 19.

<sup>3</sup> "Whenever our pleasure arises from a succession of sounds, it is a perception of a complicated nature, made up of a sensation of the present sound or note, and an *idea* or remembrance of the foregoing, while their mixture and concurrence produce such a mysterious delight, as neither could have produced alone. And it is often heightened by an anticipation of the succeeding notes. Thus Sense, Memory, and Imagination, are conjunctively employed."—*Gerrard on Taste*.

This is exactly the Epicurean theory of Pleasure, as explained by Cicero :—"Quocirca

When Memory links the tone that is gone .  
 With the blissful tone that's still in the ear ;  
 And Hope from a heavenly note flies on  
 To a note more heavenly still that is near.

The warrior's heart, when touch'd by me,  
 Can as downy soft and as yielding be  
 As his own white plume, that high amid death  
 Through the field has shone—yet moves with a breath !  
 And, oh, how the eyes of Beauty glisten,  
 When Music has reach'd her inward soul,  
 Like the silent stars, that wink and listen  
 While Heaven's eternal melodies roll.  
 So, hither I come  
 From my fairy home,  
 And if there's a magic in Music's strain,  
 I swear by the breath  
 Of that moonlight wreath,  
 Thy Lover shall sigh at thy feet again,

'Tis dawn—at least that earlier dawn,  
 Whose glimpses are again withdrawn,<sup>1</sup>  
 As if the morn had wak'd, and then  
 Shut close her lids of light again.  
 And NOURMAHAL is up, and trying  
 The wonders of her lute, whose strings—  
 Oh, bliss!—now murmur like the sighing  
 From that ambrosial Spirit's wings.  
 And then, her voice—'tis more than human—  
 Never, till now, had it been given  
 To lips of any mortal woman  
 To utter notes so fresh from heaven ;  
 Sweet as the breath of angel sighs,  
 When angel sighs are most divine.—

*corpus gaudere tamdiu, dum præsentem sentiret voluptatem : animum et præsentem percipere pariter cum corpore et prospicere venientem, nec præteritam præterfluere sinere."*

Madame de Staël accounts upon the same principle for the gratification we derive from rhyme :—"Elle est l'image de l'espérance et du souvenir. Un son nous fait désirer celui qui doit lui répondre, et quand le second retentit il nous rappelle celui qui vient de nous échapper."

<sup>1</sup> "The Persians have two mornings, the Soobhi Kazim and the Soobhi Sadig, the false and the real day-break. They account for this phenomenon in a most whimsical manner. They say that as the sun rises from behind the Kohi Qaf (Mount Caucasus), it passes a hole perforated through that mountain, and that darting its rays through it, it is the cause of the Soobhi Kazim, or this temporary appearance of day-break. As it ascends, the earth is again veiled in darkness, until the sun rises above the mountain, and brings with it the Soobhi Sadig, or real morning."—*Scott Waring*. He thinks Milton may allude to this, when he says,—

"Ere the blabbing Eastern scout,  
 The nice morn on the Indian steep  
 From her cabin'd loop-hole peep."

" Oh! let it last till night," she cries,  
 " And he is more than ever mine."  
 And hourly she renews the lay,  
 So fearful lest its heavenly sweetness  
 Should, ere the evening, fade away,—  
 For things so heavenly have such fleetness!  
 But, far from fading, it but grows  
 Richer, diviner as it flows;  
 Till rapt she dwells on every string,  
 And pours again each sound along,  
 Like echo, lost and languishing,  
 In love with her own wondrous song.

That evening, (trusting that his soul  
 Might be from haunting love releas'd  
 By mirth, by music, and the bowl,)  
 The' Imperial SELIM held a feast  
 In his magnificent Shalimar :<sup>1</sup>—  
 In whose Saloons, when the first star  
 Of evening o'er the waters trembled,  
 The Valley's loveliest all assembled;  
 All the bright creatures that, like dreams,  
 Glide through its foliage, and drink beams  
 Of beauty from its founts and streams;<sup>2</sup>  
 And all those wandering minstrel-maids,  
 Who leave—how *can* they leave?—the shades  
 Of that dear Valley, and are found  
 Singing in gardens of the South<sup>3</sup>  
 Those songs, that ne'er so sweetly sound  
 As from a young Cashmieran's mouth.

There, too, the Haram's inmates smile;—  
 Maids from the West, with sun bright hair,

<sup>1</sup> "In the centre of the plain, as it approaches the Lake, one of the Delhi Emperors, I believe Shah Jehan, constructed a spacious garden called the Shalimar, which is abundantly stored with fruit-trees and flowering shrubs. Some of the rivulets which intersect the plain are led into a canal at the back of the garden, and flowing through its centre, or occasionally thrown into a variety of water-works, compose the chief beauty of the Shalimar. To decorate this spot the Mogul Princes of India have displayed an equal magnificence and taste; especially Jehan Gheer, who, with the enchanting Noor Mahl, made Kashmir his usual residence during the summer months. On arches thrown over the canal are erected, at equal distances, four or five suites of apartments, each consisting of a saloon, with four rooms at the angles, where the followers of the court attend, and the servants prepare sherbets, coffee, and the hookah. The frame of the doors of the principal saloon is composed of pieces of a stone of a black colour, streaked with yellow lines, and of a closer grain and higher polish than porphyry. They were taken, it is said, from a Hindoo temple, by one of the Mogul princes, and are esteemed of great value."—*Forster*.

<sup>2</sup> "The waters of Cashemir are the more renowned from its being supposed that the Cashemirians are indebted for their beauty to them."—*Ali Yezdi*.

<sup>3</sup> "From him I received the following little Gazzel, or Love Song, the notes of which he committed to paper from the voice of one of those singing-girls of Cashmere, who wander from that delightful valley over the various parts of India."—*Persian Miscellanies*.

And from the Garden of the Nile,  
 Delicate as the roses there ; <sup>1</sup>—  
 Daughters of Love from CYPRUS' rocks,  
 With Paphian diamonds in their locks ; <sup>2</sup>—  
 Light PERI forms, such as there are  
 On the gold meads of CANDAHAR ; <sup>3</sup>  
 And they, before whose sleepy eyes,  
 In their own bright Kathaian bowers,  
 Sparkle such rainbow butterflies,  
 That they might fancy the rich flowers,  
 That round them in the sun lay sighing,  
 Had been by magic all set flying. <sup>4</sup>

Every thing young, every thing fair  
 From East and West is blushing there,  
 Except—except—oh, NOURMAHAL !  
 Thou loveliest, dearest of them all,  
 The one, whose smile shone out alone,  
 Amidst a world the only one ;  
 Whose light, among so many lights,  
 Was like that star on starry nights,  
 The seaman singles from the sky,  
 To steer his bark for ever by !  
 Thou wert not there—so SELIM thought,  
 And every thing seem'd drear without thee ;  
 But, ah ! thou wert, thou wert,—and brought  
 Thy charm of song all fresh about thee.  
 Mingling unnotic'd with a band  
 Of lutanists from many a land,  
 And veil'd by such a mask as shades  
 The features of young Arab maids, <sup>5</sup>—  
 A mask that leaves but one eye free,  
 To do its best in witchery,—  
 She rov'd, with beating heart, around,  
 And waited, trembling, for the minute,  
 When she might try if still the sound  
 Of her lov'd lute had magic in it.

The board was spread with fruits and wine ;  
 With grapes of gold, like those that shine

<sup>1</sup> "The roses of the Jinan Nile, or Garden of the Nile (attached to the Emperor of Morocco's palace) are unequalled, and mattresses are made of their leaves for the men of rank to recline upon."—*Jackson*.

<sup>2</sup> "On the side of a mountain near Paphos there is a cavern which produces the most beautiful rock crystal. On account of its brilliancy it has been called the Paphian diamond."—*Martini*.

<sup>3</sup> "There is a part of Candahar called Peria, or Fairy-Land."—*Thévenot*. In some of those countries to the North of India vegetable gold is supposed to be produced.

<sup>4</sup> "These are the butterflies which are called in the Chinese language Flying Leaves. Some of them have such shining colours, and are so variegated, that they may be called flying flowers ; and indeed they are always produced in the finest flower-gardens."—*Dunn*.

<sup>5</sup> "The Arabian women wear black masks with little clasps, prettily ordered."—*Carreri*. Niebuhr mentions their showing but one eye in conversation.

On CASBIN'S hills; <sup>1</sup>—pomegranates full  
 Of melting sweetness, and the pears,  
 And sunniest apples <sup>2</sup> that CAUBUL  
 In all its thousand gardens <sup>3</sup> bears;—  
 Plantains, the golden and the green,  
 MALAYA'S nectar'd mangusteen; <sup>4</sup>  
 Prunes of BOKARA, and sweet nuts  
 From the far groves of SAMARCAND;  
 And BASRA dates, and apricots,  
 Seed of the Sun, <sup>5</sup> from IRAN'S land;—  
 With rich conserve of VISNA cherries, <sup>6</sup>  
 Of orange flowers, and of those berries  
 That, wild and fresh, the young gazelles  
 Feed on in ERAC'S rocky dells. <sup>7</sup>  
 All these in richest vases smile,  
 In baskets of pure sandal-wood,  
 And urns of porcelain from that isle <sup>8</sup>  
 Sunk underneath the Indian flood,  
 Whence oft the lucky diver brings  
 Vases to grace the halls of kings.  
 Wines, too, of every clime and hue,  
 Around their liquid lustre threw;  
 Amber ROSOLLI, <sup>9</sup>—the bright dew  
 From vineyards of the Green-Sea gushing; <sup>10</sup>  
 And SHIRAZ wine, that richly ran  
 As if that jewel, large and rare,  
 The ruby for which KUBLAI-KHAN  
 Offer'd a city's wealth, <sup>11</sup> was blushing  
 Melted within the goblets there!

And amply SELIM quaffs of each,  
 And seems resolv'd the flood shall reach  
 His inward heart,—shedding around  
 A genial deluge, as they run,

<sup>1</sup> "The golden grapes of Casbin."—*Description of Persia*.

<sup>2</sup> "The fruits exported from Caubul are apples, pears, pomegranates," etc.—*Elphinstone*.

<sup>3</sup> "We sat down under a tree, listened to the birds, and talked with the son of our Mehmaundar about our country and Caubul, of which he gave an enchanting account: that city and its hundred thousand gardens," etc.—*Id.*

<sup>4</sup> "The mangusteen, the most delicate fruit in the world, the pride of the Malay Islands."—*Marsden*.

<sup>5</sup> "A delicious kind of apricot, called by the Persians tokm-ek-sheems, signifying sun's seed."—*Description of Persia*.

<sup>6</sup> "Sweetmeats in a crystal cup, consisting of rose-leaves in conserve, with lemon of Visna cherry, orange flowers," etc.—*Russell*.

<sup>7</sup> "Antelopes cropping the fresh berries of Erac."—*The Moallakat*, Poem of Tarafa.

<sup>8</sup> "Mauri-ga-Sima, an island near Formosa, supposed to have been sunk in the sea for the crimes of its inhabitants. The vessels which the fishermen and divers bring up from it are sold at an immense price in China and Japan."—*See Kemper*.

<sup>9</sup> Persian Tales.

<sup>10</sup> The white wine of Kishma.

<sup>11</sup> "The King of Zeilan is said to have the very finest ruby that was ever seen. Kublai-Khan sent and offered the value of a city for it, but the King answered he would not give it for the treasure of the world."—*Marco Polo*

That soon shall leave no spot undrown'd,  
 For Love to rest his wings upon.  
 He little knew how well the boy  
 Can float upon a goblet's streams,  
 Lighting them with his smile of joy ;—  
 As bards have seen him in their dreams,  
 Down the blue GANGES laughing glide  
 Upon a rosy lotus wreath,<sup>1</sup>  
 Catching new lustre from the tide  
 That with his image shone beneath.

But what are cups, without the aid  
 Of song to speed them as they flow?  
 And see—a lovely Georgian maid,  
 With all the bloom, the freshen'd glow  
 Of her own country maidens' looks,  
 When warm they rise from TELIS' brooks ;<sup>2</sup>  
 And with an eye, whose restless ray,  
 Full, floating, dark—oh, he, who knows  
 His heart is weak, of heav'n should pray  
 To guard him from such eyes as those !—  
 With a voluptuous wildness flings  
 Her snowy hand across the strings  
 Of a syrinda,<sup>3</sup> and thus sings :—

---

Come hither, come hither—by night and by day,  
 We linger in pleasures that never are gone ;  
 Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away,  
 Another as sweet and as shining comes on.  
 And the love that is o'er, in expiring, gives birth  
 To a new one as warm, as unequal'd in bliss ;  
 And, oh ! if there be an Elysium on earth,  
 It is this, it is this.<sup>4</sup>

Here maidens are sighing, and fragrant their sigh  
 As the flower of the Amra just op'd by a bee ;<sup>5</sup>  
 And precious their tears as that rain from the sky,<sup>6</sup>  
 Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.  
 Oh ! think what the kiss and the smile must be worth

<sup>1</sup> "The Indians feign that Cupid was first seen floating down the Ganges on the Nymphaea Nelumbo."—See *Pennant*.

<sup>2</sup> Telis is celebrated for its natural warm baths.—See *Edn Haukal*.

<sup>3</sup> "The Indian Syrinda, or guitar."—*Symes*.

<sup>4</sup> Around the exterior of the Dewau Khafs (a building of Shah Allum's) in the cornice are the following lines in letters of gold upon a ground of white marble—"If there be a paradise upon earth, it is this, it is this."—*Franklin*.

<sup>5</sup> Delightful are the flowers of the Amra-trees on the mountain-tops, while the murmuring bees pursue their voluptuous toil."—*Song of Jayadara*.

<sup>6</sup> "The Nisan, or drops of spring rain, which they believe to produce pearls if they fall into shells."—*Richardson*.

When the sigh and the tear are so perfect in bliss,  
And own if there be an Elysium on earth,  
It is this, it is this.

Here sparkles the nectar, that, hallow'd by love,  
Could draw down those angels of old from their sphere,  
Who for wine of this earth<sup>1</sup> left the fountains above,  
And forgot heaven's stars for the eyes we have here.  
And, bless'd with the odour our goblet gives forth,  
What Spirit the sweets of his Eden would miss?  
For, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,  
It is this, it is this.

---

The Georgian's song was scarcely mute,  
When the same measure, sound for sound,  
Was caught up by another lute,  
And so divinely breathed around,  
That all stood hush'd and wondering,  
And turn'd and look'd into the air.  
As if they thought to see the wing  
Of ISRAFIL,<sup>2</sup> the Angel, there ;—  
So powerfully on every soul  
That new, enchanted measure stole.  
While now a voice, sweet as the note  
Of the charm'd lute, was heard to float  
Along its chords, and so entwine  
Its sounds with theirs, that none knew whether  
The voice or lute was most divine,  
So wondrously they went together :

---

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,  
When two, that are link'd in one heavenly tie,  
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,  
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die !  
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth  
\* Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss ;  
And, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,  
It is this, it is this.

---

'Twas not the air, 'twas not the words,  
But that deep magic in the chords  
And in the lips, that gave such power  
As Music knew not till that hour.

<sup>1</sup> For an account of the share which wine had in the fall of the angels, see *Mariti*.

<sup>2</sup> The Angel of Music.—See note, ante, p. 320.

At once a hundred voices said,  
 "It is the mask'd Arabian maid!"  
 While SELIM, who had felt the strain  
 Deepest of any, and had lain  
 Some minutes rapt, as in a trance,  
 After the fairy sounds were o'er,  
 Too inly touch'd for utterance,  
 Now motion'd with his hand for more :—

---

Fly to the desert, fly with me,  
 Our Arab tents are rude for thee ;  
 But, oh ! the choice what heart can doubt,  
 Of tents with love, or thrones without ?

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there  
 The' acacia waves her yellow hair,  
 Lonely and sweet, nor lov'd the less  
 For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down their slope  
 The silvery-footed antelope  
 As gracefully and gaily springs  
 As o'er the marble courts of kings

Then come—thy Arab maid will be  
 The lov'd and lone acacia-tree,  
 The antelope, whose feet shall bless  
 With their light sound thy loneliness.

Oh ! there are looks and tones that dart  
 An instant sunshine through the heart, —  
 As if the soul that minute caught  
 Some treasure it through life had sought ;

As if the very lips and eyes,  
 Predestin'd to have all our sighs,  
 And never be forgot again,  
 Sparkled and spoke before us then !

So came thy every glance and tone,  
 When first on me they breath'd and shone ;  
 New, as if brought from other spheres,  
 Yet welcome as if lov'd for years.

Then fly with me,—if thou hast known  
 No other flame, nor falsely thrown  
 A gem away, that thou hadst sworn  
 Should ever in thy heart be worn.



Come, if the love thou hast for me  
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,—  
Fresh as the fountain under ground,  
When first 'tis by the lapwing found.<sup>1</sup>

But it for me thou dost forsake  
Some other maid, and rudely break  
Her worshipp'd image from its base,  
To give to me the ruin'd place ;—

Then, fare thee well—I'd rather make  
My bower upon some icy lake  
When thawing suns begin to shine,  
Than trust to love so false as thine !

---

There was a pathos in this lay,  
That, ev'n without enchantment's art,  
Would instantly have found its way  
Deep into SELIM's burning heart ;  
But, breathing, as it did, a tone  
To earthly lutes and lips unknown ;  
With every chord fresh from the touch  
Of Music's Spirit,—'twas too much !  
Starting, he dash'd away the cup,—

Which, all the time of this sweet air,  
His hand had held, untasted, up,  
As if 'twere fix'd by magic there,—  
And naming her, so long unnam'd,  
So long unseen, wildly exclaim'd,  
“ Oh NOURMAHAL ! oh NOURMAHAL !  
“ Hadst thou but sung this witching strain,  
“ I could forget—forgive thee all,  
“ And never leave those eyes again.”

The mask is off—the charm is wrought—  
And SELIM to his heart has caught,  
In blushes, more than ever bright,  
His NOURMAHAL, his Haram's Light !  
And well do vanish'd frowns enhance  
The charm of every brighten'd glance ;  
And dearer seems each dawning smile  
For having lost its light awhile :  
And, happier now for all her sighs,  
As on his arm her head reposes,  
She whispers him, with laughing eyes,  
“ Remember, love, the Feast of Roses !”

<sup>1</sup> The Hudhud, or Lapwing, is supposed to have the power of discovering water under ground

FARLADEEN, at the conclusion of this light rhapsody, took occasion to sum up his opinion of the young Cashmerian's poetry,—of which, he trusted, they had that evening heard the last. Having recapitulated the epithets, "frivolous"—"inharmonious"—"nonsensical," he proceeded to say that, viewing it in the most favourable light, it resembled one of those Maldivian boats, to which the Princess had alluded in the relation of her dream,<sup>1</sup>—a slight, gilded thing, sent adrift without rudder or ballast, and with nothing but vapid sweets and faded flowers on board. The profusion, indeed, of flowers and birds, which this poet had ready on all occasions,—not to mention dew, gems, etc.—was a most oppressive kind of opulence to his hearers; and had the unlucky effect of giving to his style all the glitter of the flower-garden without its method, and all the flutter of the aviary without its song. In addition to this, he chose his subjects badly, and was always most inspired by the worst parts of them. The charms of paganism, the merits of rebellion,—these were the themes honoured with his particular enthusiasm; and, in the poem just recited, one of his most palatable passages was in praise of that beverage of the Unfaithful, wine;—"being, perhaps," said he, relaxing into a smile, as conscious of his own character in the Haram on this point, "one of those hards, whose fancy owes all its illumination to the grape, like that painted porcelain,"<sup>2</sup> so curious and so rare, whose images are only visible when liquor is poured into it." Upon the whole, it was his opinion, from the specimens which they had heard, and which, he begged to say, were the most tiresome part of the journey, that—whatever other merits this well dressed young gentleman might possess—poetry was by no means his proper avocation: "and indeed," concluded the critic, "from his fondness for flowers and for birds, I would venture to suggest that a florist or a bird-catcher is a much more suitable calling for him than a poet."

They had now begun to ascend those barren mountains, which separate Cashmere from the rest of India; and, as the heats were intolerable, and the time of their encampments limited to the few hours necessary for refreshment and repose, there was an end to all their delightful evenings, and LALLA ROOKH saw no more of FERAMORZ. She now felt that her short dream of happiness was over, and that she had nothing but the recollection of its few blissful hours, like the one draught of sweet water that serves the camel across the wilderness, to be her heart's refreshment during the dreary waste of life that was before her. The light that had fallen upon her spirits soon found its way to her cheek, and her ladies saw with regret—though not without some suspicion of the cause—that the beauty of their mistress, of which they were almost as proud as of their own, was fast vanishing away at the very moment of all when she had most need of it. What must the King of Bucharia feel, when, instead of the lively and beautiful LALLA ROOKH, whom the poets of Delhi had

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 301.

<sup>2</sup> "The Chinese had formerly the art of painting on the sides of porcelain vessels fish and other animals, which were only perceptible when the vessel was full of some liquor. They call this species *kia-tsin*, that is, *azure is put in press*, on account of the manner in which the azure is laid on."—"They are every now and then trying to recover the art of this magical painting, but to no purpose."—*Dunn*.

described as more perfect than the divinest images in the house of Azor,<sup>1</sup> he should receive a pale and inanimate victim, upon whose cheek neither health nor pleasure bloomed, and from whose eyes Love had fled,—to hide himself in her heart?

If any thing could have charmed away the melancholy of her spirits, it would have been the fresh airs and enchanting scenery of that Valley, which the Persians so justly called the Unequalled.<sup>2</sup> But neither the coolness of its atmosphere, so luxurious after toiling up those bare and burning mountains,—neither the splendour of the minarets and pagodas, that shone out from the depth of its woods, nor the grottos, hermitages, and miraculous fountains,<sup>3</sup> which make every spot of that region holy ground,—neither the countless waterfalls, that rush into the Valley from all those high and romantic mountains that encircle it, nor the fair city on the Lake, whose houses, roofed with flowers,<sup>4</sup> appeared at a distance like one vast and variegated parterre;—not all these wonders and glories of the most lovely country under the sun could steal her heart for a minute from those sad thoughts, which but darkened, and grew bitterer every step she advanced.

The gay pomps and processions that met her upon her entrance into the Valley, and the magnificence with which the roads all along were decorated, did honour to the taste and gallantry of the young King. It was night when they approached the city, and, for the last two miles, they had passed under arches, thrown from hedge to hedge, festooned with only those rarest roses from which the Attar Gul, more precious than gold, is distilled, and illuminated in rich and fanciful forms with lanterns of the triple-coloured tortoise-shell of Pegu.<sup>5</sup> Sometimes, from a dark wood by the side of the road, a display of fire-works would break out, so sudden and so brilliant, that a Brahmin might fancy he beheld that grove, in whose purple shade the God of Battles was born, bursting into a flame at the moment of his birth;—while, at other times, a quick and playful

<sup>1</sup> An eminent carver of idols, said in the Koran to be father to Abraham. "I have such a lovely idol as is not to be met with in the house of Azor."—*Hafiz*.

<sup>2</sup> Kashmire he Nazeez.—*Forster*.

<sup>3</sup> "The pardonable superstition of the sequestered inhabitants has multiplied the places of worship of Mahadeo, of Beschau, and of Brama. All Cashmere is holy land, and miraculous fountains abound."—*Major Rennel's Memoirs of a Map of Indostan*.

Jehanguir mentions "a fountain in Cashmere called Tirnagh, which signifies a snake; probably because some large snake had formerly been seen there."—"During the lifetime of my father, I went twice to this fountain, which is about twenty coss from the city of Cashmere. The vestiges of places of worship and sanctity are to be traced without number amongst the ruins and the caves, which are interspersed in its neighbourhood."—*Toozek Jehangiree*.—v. *Asiat. Misc.* vol. ii.

There is another account of Cashmere by Abul-Fazil, the author of the *Ayin-Acbaree*, "who," says *Major Rennel*, "appears to have caught some of the enthusiasm of the valley, by his description of the holy places in it."

<sup>4</sup> "On a standing roof of wood is laid a covering of fine earth, which shelters the building from the great quantity of snow that falls in the winter season. This fence communicates an equal warmth in winter, as a refreshing coolness in the summer season, when the tops of the houses, which are planted with a variety of flowers, exhibit at a distance the spacious view of a beautifully chequered parterre."—*Forster*.

<sup>5</sup> "Two hundred slaves there are, who have no other office than to hunt the woods and marshes for triple-coloured tortoises for the King's Vivary. Of the shells of those also lanterns are made."—*Vincent le Blanc's Travels*.

irradiation continued to brighten all the fields and gardens by which they passed, forming a line of dancing lights along the horizon; like the meteors of the north as they are seen by those hunters,<sup>1</sup> who pursue the white and blue foxes on the confines of the icy Sea.

These arches and fire-works delighted the Ladies of the Princess exceedingly; and, with their usual good logic, they deduced from his taste for illuminations, that the King of Bucharia would make the most exemplary husband imaginable. Nor, indeed, could LALLA ROOKH herself help feeling the kindness and splendour with which the young bridegroom welcomed her;—but she also felt how painful is the gratitude, which kindness from those we cannot love excites; and that their best blandishments come over the heart with all that chilling and deadly sweetness, which we can fancy in the cold, odoriferous wind<sup>2</sup> that is to blow over this earth in the last days.

The marriage was fixed for the morning after her arrival, when she was, for the first time, to be presented to the monarch in that Imperial Palace beyond the lake, called the Shalimar. Though never before had a night of more wakeful and anxious thought been passed in the happy Valley, yet, when she rose in the morning, and her Ladies came around her, to assist in the adjustment of the bridal ornaments, they thought they had never seen her look half so beautiful. What she had lost of the bloom and radiancy of her charms was more than made up by that intellectual expression, that soul beaming forth from the eyes, which is worth all the rest of loveliness. When they had tinged her fingers with the Henna leaf, and placed upon her brow a small coronet of jewels, of the shape worn by the ancient Queens of Bucharia, they flung over her head the rose-coloured bridal veil, and she proceeded to the barge that was to convey her across the lake;—first kissing, with a mournful look, the little amulet of cornelian, which her father at parting had hung about her neck.

The morning was as fresh and fair as the maid on whose nuptials it rose, and the shining lake, all covered with boats, the minstrels playing upon the shores of the islands, and the crowded summer-houses on the green hills around, with shawls and banners waving from their roofs, presented such a picture of animated rejoicing, as only she, who was the object of it all, did not feel with transport. To LALLA ROOKH alone it was a melancholy pageant; nor could she have even borne to look upon the scene, were it not for a hope that, among the crowds around, she might once more perhaps catch a glimpse of FERAMORZ. So much was her imagination haunted by this thought, that there was scarcely an islet or boat she passed on the way, at which her heart did not flutter with the

<sup>1</sup> For a description of the Aurora Borealis as it appears to these hunters, v. *Encyclopædia*.

<sup>2</sup> This wind, which is to blow from Syria Damascena, is, according to the Mahometans, one of the signs of the Last Day's approach.

Another of the signs is, "Great distress in the world, so that a man when he passes by another's grave shall say, Would to God I were in his place!"—*Safe's Preliminary Discourse*.

momentary fancy that he was there. Happy, in her eyes, the humblest slave upon whom the light of his dear looks fell!—In the barge immediately after the Princess sat FADLADEEN, with his silken curtains thrown widely apart, that all might have the benefit of his august presence, and with his head full of the speech he was to deliver to the King, “concerning FERAMORZ, and literature, and the Chabuk, as connected therewith.”

They now had entered the canal which leads from the Lake to the splendid domes and saloons of the Shalimar, and went gliding on through the gardens that ascended from each bank, full of flowering shrubs that made the air all perfume; while from the middle of the canal rose jets of water, smooth and unbroken, to such a dazzling height, that they stood like tall pillars of diamond in the sunshine. After sailing under the arches of various saloons, they at length arrived at the last and most magnificent, where the monarch awaited the coming of his bride; and such was the agitation of her heart and frame, that it was with difficulty she could walk up the marble steps, which were covered with cloth of gold for her ascent from the barge. At the end of the hall stood two thrones, as precious as the Cerulean Throne of Coolburga,<sup>1</sup> on one of which sat ALIRIS, the youthful King of Bucharia, and on the other was, in a few minutes, to be placed the most beautiful Princess in the world. Immediately upon the entrance of LALLA ROOKH into the saloon, the monarch descended from his throne to meet her; but scarcely had he time to take her hand in his, when she screamed with surprise, and fainted at his feet. It was FERAMORZ himself that stood before her!—FERAMORZ was, himself, the Sovereign of Bucharia, who in this disguise had accompanied his young bride from Delhi, and, having won her love as an humble minstrel, now amply deserved to enjoy it as a King.

The consternation of FADLADEEN at this discovery was, for the moment, almost pitiable. But change of opinion is a resource too convenient in courts for this experienced courtier not to have learned to avail himself of it. His criticisms were all, of course, recanted instantly: he was seized with an admiration of the King's verses, as unbounded as, he begged him to believe, it was disinterested; and the following week saw him in possession of an additional place, swearing by all the Saints of Islam that never had there existed so great a poet as the Monarch ALIRIS, and, moreover, ready to prescribe his favourite regimen of the Chabuk for every man, woman, and child that dared to think otherwise.

<sup>1</sup> “On Mahommed Shaw's return to Koolburga (the capital of Dekkan), he made a great festival, and mounted this throne with much pomp and magnificence, calling it Firozeh or Cerulean. I have heard some old persons, who saw the throne Firozeh in the reign of Sultan Mamood Bhamenee, describe it. They say that it was in length nine feet, and three in breadth; made of ebony, covered with plates of pure gold, and set with precious stones of immense value. Every prince of the house of Bhamenee, who possessed this throne, made a point of adding to it some rich stones; so that when in the reign of Sultan Mamood it was taken to pieces, to remove some of the jewels to be set in vases and cups, the jewellers valued it at one crore of oons (nearly four millions sterling). I learned also that it was called Firozeh from being partly enamelled of a sky-blue colour, which was in time totally concealed by the number of jewels.”—*Perishta*.

Of the happiness of the King and Queen of Bucharia, after such a beginning, there can be but little doubt; and, among the lesser symptoms, it is recorded of LALLA ROOKH, that, to the day of her death, in memory of their delightful journey, she never called the King by any other name than FERAMORZ.

END OF VOLUME II.



# IRISH MELODIES,

BY

THOMAS MOORE.



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1843.



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PARIS,—PRINTED BY FAIN AND THUNOT,  
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# IRISH MELODIES.

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## DEDICATION.

TO

THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEGAL.

It is now many years since, in a Letter prefixed to the Third Number of the Irish Melodies, I had the pleasure of inscribing the Poems of that work to your Ladyship, as to one whose character reflected honour on the country to which they relate, and whose friendship had long been the pride and happiness of their Author. With the same feelings of affection and respect, confirmed if not increased by the experience of every succeeding year, I now place those Poems in their present new form under your protection, and am,

With perfect sincerity,  
Your Ladyship's ever attached friend,  
THOMAS MOORE.

## PREFACE.

Though an edition of the Poetry of the Irish Melodies, separate from the Music, has long been called for, yet, having, for many reasons, a strong objection to this sort of divorce, I should with difficulty have consented to a disunion of the words from the airs, had it depended solely upon me to keep them quietly and indissolubly together. But, besides the various shapes in which these, as well as my other lyrical writings, have been published throughout America, they are included, of course, in all the editions of my works printed on the Continent, and have also appeared, in a volume full of typographical errors, in Dublin. I have therefore readily acceded to the wish expressed by the Proprietor of the Irish Melodies, for a revised and complete edition of the poetry of the Work, though well aware that my verses must lose even more than the "*animæ dimidium*" in being detached from the beautiful airs to which it was their good fortune to be associated.

The Advertisements which were prefixed to the different numbers, the Prefatory Letter upon Music, etc. will be found in an Appendix at the end of the Volume.

## IRISH MELODIES.

---

### GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,  
But while fame elates thee,  
Oh! still remember me.  
When the praise thou meetest

## MOORE'S WORKS.

To thine ear is sweetest,  
Oh! then remember me.  
Other arms may press thee,  
Dearer friends caress thee,  
All the joys that bless thee,  
Sweeter far may be;  
But when friends are nearest,  
And when joys are dearest,  
Oh! then remember me!

When, at eve, thou rovest  
By the star thou lovest,  
Oh! then remember me.  
Think, when home returning,  
Bright we've seen it burning,  
Oh! thus remember me.  
Oft as summer closes,  
When thine eye reposes  
On its ling'ring roses,  
Once so lov'd by thee,  
Think of her who wove them,  
Her who made thee love them,  
Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,  
Autumn leaves are lying,  
Oh! then remember me.  
And, at night, when gazing  
On the gay hearth blazing,  
Oh! still remember me.  
Then should music, stealing  
All the soul of feeling,  
To thy heart appealing,  
Draw one tear from thee;  
Then let memory bring thee  
Strains I us'd to sing thee,—  
Oh! then remember me.

---

## WAR SONG.

### REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.<sup>1</sup>

Remember the glories of Brien the brave,  
Tho' the days of the hero are o'er;  
Tho' lost to Mononia<sup>2</sup> and cold in the grave,  
He returns to Kinkora<sup>3</sup> no more.  
That star of the field, which so often hath pour'd

<sup>1</sup> Brien Boromho, the great monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the 11th century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

<sup>2</sup> Munster,

<sup>3</sup> The palace of Brien.

## IRISH MELODIES.

Its beam on the battle, is set ;  
But enough of its glory remains on each sword,  
To light us to victory yet.

Mononia ! when Nature embellish'd the tint  
Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,  
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print  
The footstep of slavery there ?  
No ! Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,  
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,  
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,  
Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

Forget not our wounded companions, who stood<sup>1</sup>  
In the day of distress by our side ;  
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,  
They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died.  
That sun which now blesses our arms with his light,  
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain ;—  
Oh ! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,  
To find that they fell there in vain.

---

## ERIN ! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eyes,  
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies !  
Shining through sorrow's stream,  
Saddening through pleasure's beam,  
Thy suns with doubtful gleam,  
Weep while they rise.

Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease,  
Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,  
Till, like the rainbow's light,  
Thy various tints unite,  
And form in heaven's sight  
One arch of peace !

<sup>1</sup> This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest.—“*Let stakes (they said) be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man.*” “Between seven and eight hundred wounded men (adds O'Halloran) pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops;—never was such another sight exhibited.”—*History of Ireland*, book xii. chap. i

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,  
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid:  
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,  
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,  
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;  
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,  
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

---

WHEN HE, WHO ADORES THEE.

When he, who adores thee, has left but the name  
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,  
Oh! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame  
Of a life that for thee was resign'd?  
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,  
Thy tears shall efface their decree;  
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,  
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;  
Every thought of my reason was thine;  
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,  
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.  
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live  
The days of thy glory to see:  
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give  
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

---

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

The harp that once through Tara's halls  
The soul of music shed,  
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,  
As if that soul were fled.—  
So sleeps the pride of former days,  
So glory's thrill is o'er,  
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,  
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright  
The harp of Tara swells;  
The chord alone, that breaks at night,  
Its tale of ruin tells.

## IRISH MELODIES.

Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,  
The only throb she gives,  
Is when some heart indignant breaks,  
To show that still she lives.

---

### FLY NOT YET.

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour,  
When pleasure, like the midnight flower  
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,  
Begins to bloom for sons of night,  
And maids who love the moon.  
'Twas but to bless these hours of shade  
That beauty and the moon were made;  
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing  
Set the tides and goblets flowing.  
Oh! stay,—Oh, stay,—  
Joy so seldom weaves a chain  
Like this to-night, that oh, 'tis pain  
To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet, the fount that play'd  
In times of old through Ammon's shade,<sup>1</sup>  
Though icy cold by day it ran,  
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began  
To burn when night was near.  
And thus, should woman's heart and looks  
At noon be cold as winter brooks,  
Nor kindle till the night, returning,  
Brings their genial hour for burning.  
Oh! stay,—Oh! stay,—  
When did morning ever break,  
And find such beaming eyes awake  
As those that sparkle here?

---

### OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

Oh! think not my spirits are always as light,  
And as free from a pang as they seem to you now;  
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night  
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.  
No:—life is a waste of wearisome hours,  
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;  
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,  
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.  
But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile—  
May we never meet worse, in our pilgrimage here

<sup>1</sup> Solis Fons near the Temple of Ammon

Than the tear that enjoyment may gild with a smile,  
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows !  
If it were not with friendship and love interwinn'd,  
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,  
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind.  
But they who have lov'd the fondest, the purest,  
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd;  
And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest,  
Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceiv'd.  
But send round the bowl; while a relic of truth  
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine,—  
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,  
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

### THO' THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN WITH SORROW I SEE.

Tho' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,  
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;  
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,  
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,  
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,  
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind  
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair as graceful it wreathes,  
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;  
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear  
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.<sup>1</sup>

### RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.<sup>2</sup>

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,  
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;  
But oh! her beauty was far beyond  
Her sparkling gems, or snow-white wand.

<sup>1</sup> "In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII. an act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or *Coulins* (long locks), on their heads, or hair on their upper lip, called Crommeal. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear Coulin (or the youth with the flowing locks) to all strangers (by which the English were meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this song, the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired."—*Walker's Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards*, p. 134. Mr. Walker informs us also, that, about the same period, there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish Minstrels.

<sup>2</sup> This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote:—"The people were inspired

## IRISH MELODIES.

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,  
"So lone and lovely through this bleak way?  
"Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,  
"As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,  
"No son of Erin will offer me harm:—  
"For though they love woman and golden store,  
"Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more!"

On she went, and her maiden smile  
In safety lighted her round the green isle;  
And blest for ever is she who relied  
Upon Erin's honour, and Erin's pride.

---

### AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS MAY GLOW.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow  
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,  
So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny smile,  
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws  
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,  
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring  
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting—

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,  
Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer's bright ray;  
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,  
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.

---

### THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.<sup>1</sup>

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet  
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;<sup>2</sup>  
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,  
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

with such a spirit of honour, virtue, and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone, from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this Monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."—*Warner's History of Ireland*, vol. i. book x.

<sup>1</sup> "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot, in the summer of the year 1807.

<sup>2</sup> The rivers Avon and Avoca.



## MOORE'S WORKS.

Yet it *was* not that nature had shed o'er the scene  
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;  
'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,  
Oh! no,—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,  
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,  
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,  
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest  
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,  
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,  
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

---

## HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,  
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,  
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,  
And memory hreathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light, that plays  
Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,  
I long to tread that golden path of rays,  
And think 'twould lead to some hright isle of rest.

---

## TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

WRITTEN ON RETURNING A BLANK BOOK.

Take back the virgin page,  
White and unwritten still;  
Some hand, more calm and sage,  
The leaf must fill.  
Thoughts come, as pure as light,  
Pure as even *you* require:  
But, oh! each word I write  
Love turns to fire.

Yet let me keep the book:  
Oft shall my heart renew,  
When on its leaves I look,  
Dear thoughts of you.  
Like you, 'tis fair and hright;  
Like you, too bright and fair  
To let wild passion write  
One wrong wish there.

## IRISH MELODIES.

Haply, when from those eyes  
Far, far away I roam,  
Should calmer thoughts arise  
Tow'rds you and home ;  
Fancy may trace some line,  
Worthy those eyes to meet,  
Thoughts that not burn, but shine,  
Pure, calm, and sweet.

And as, o'er ocean far,  
Seamen their records keep,  
Led by some hidden star  
Through the cold deep ;  
So may the words I write  
Tell thro' what storms I stray—  
You still the unseen light,  
Guiding my way.

---

## THE LEGACY.

When in death I shall calmly recline,  
O hear my heart to my mistress dear ;  
Tell her it liv'd upon smiles and wine  
Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here.  
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow  
To sully a heart so brilliant and light ;  
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,  
To hathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,  
Then take my harp to your ancient hall ;  
Hang it up at that friendly door,  
Where weary travellers love to call.<sup>1</sup>  
Then, if some bard, who roams forsaken,  
Revive its soft note in passing along,  
Oh ! let one thought of its master waken  
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,  
To grace your revel, when I'm at rest !  
Never, oh ! never its halm bestowing  
On lips that hearty hath seldom hlest.  
But when some warm devoted lover  
To her he adores shall hathe its him.  
Then, then my spirit around shall hover,  
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

<sup>1</sup> "In every house was one or two harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed, the more they excelled in music."—*O'Halloran*.

HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED.

How oft has the Benshee cried,  
 How oft has death untied  
 Bright links that Glory wove,  
 Sweet bonds entwin'd by Love !  
 Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth ;  
 Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth ;  
 Long may the fair and brave  
 Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

We're fall'n upon gloomy days !<sup>1</sup>  
 Star after star decays,  
 Every bright name, that shed  
 Light o'er the land, is fled.  
 Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth  
 Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth :  
 But brightly flows the tear,  
 Wept o'er a hero's bier.

Quench'd are our beacon lights—  
 Thou, of the Hundred Fights !<sup>2</sup>  
 Thou, on whose hurning tongue  
 Truth, peace, and freedom hang !<sup>3</sup>  
 Both mute,—but long as valor shineth,  
 Or mercy's soul at war repineth,  
 So long shall Erin's pride  
 Tell how they liv'd and died.

WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD.

We may roam thro' this world, like a child at a feast,  
 Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest ;  
 And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,  
 We may order our wings to be off to the west ;  
 But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,  
 Are the dearest gifts that heaven supplies,  
 We never need leave our own green isle,  
 For sensitive hearts, and for sun-bright eyes.  
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,  
 Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,

<sup>1</sup> I have endeavoured here, without losing that Irish character, which it is my object to preserve throughout this work, to allude to the sad and ominous fatality, by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men, at a moment when she most requires all the aids of talent and integrity.

<sup>2</sup> This designation, which has been before applied to Lord Nelson, is the title given to a celebrated Irish Hero, in a Poem by O'Grive, the bard of O'Niel, which is quoted in the "Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," p. 433. "Con, of the hundred Fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories."

<sup>3</sup> Fox, "Romanorum ultimus."

## IRISH MEDODIES.

When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,  
Oh ! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

In England, the garden of Beauty is kept  
By a dragon of prudery placed within call ;  
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,  
That the garden's but carelessly watch'd after all.  
Oh ! they want the wild sweet-briery fence,  
Which round the flowers of Erin dwells ;  
Which warms the touch, while winning the sense,  
Nor charms us least when it most repels.  
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,  
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,  
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,  
Oh ! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail,  
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try.  
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,  
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye.  
While the daughters of Erin keep the boy,  
Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,  
Through billows of woe, and beams of joy,  
The same as he look'd when he left the shore,  
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,  
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,  
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,  
Oh ! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

---

## EVELEEN'S BOWER

Oh ! weep for the hour,  
When to Eveleen's bower  
The Lord of the Valley with false vows came ;  
The moon hid her light  
From the heavens that night,  
And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.

The clouds pass'd soon  
From the chaste cold moon,  
And heaven smil'd again with her vestal flame ;  
But none will see the day,  
When the clouds shall pass away,  
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay  
On the narrow path-way,  
When the Lord of the Valley crost over the moor ;  
And many a deep print  
On the white snow's tint  
Show'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.

## MOORE'S WORKS.

The next sun's ray  
Soon melted away  
Every trace on the path where the false Lord came  
But there's a light above,  
Which alone can remove  
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

---

### LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

Let Erin remember the days of old,  
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;  
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,<sup>1</sup>  
Which he won from her proud invader,  
When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,  
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger—<sup>2</sup>  
Ere the emerald gem of the western world  
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's hank as the fisherman strays,  
When the clear cold eve's declining,  
He sees the round towers of other days  
In the wave beneath him shining;  
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,  
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;  
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time  
For the long-faded glories they cover.<sup>3</sup>

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### THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.<sup>4</sup>

Silent, oh Moyle, be the roar of thy water,  
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,  
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter  
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.

<sup>1</sup> "This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the Monarch of Ireland in the tenth century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively, hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory." — *Warner's History of Ireland*, vol. i. book ix.

<sup>2</sup> "Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland: long before the birth of Christ we find an hereditary order of Chivalry in Ulster, called *Curaidhe na Craibhe ruadh*, or the Knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the palace of the Ulster kings, called *Teagh na Craibhe ruadh*, or the Academy of the Red Branch; and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called *Bronbheary*, or the house of the Sorrowful Soldier." — *O'Halloran's Introduction*, etc., part. i. chap. 5.

<sup>3</sup> It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water. *Piscatores aqua illius turres ecclesiasticas, quæ more patriæ areta sunt et alta, necnon et rotunda, sub undis manifeste sereno tempore conspiciunt, et extraneis transseuntibus, reique causas admirantibus, frequenter ostendunt.* — *Topogr. Hib. dist. 2. c. 9.*

<sup>4</sup> To make this story intelligible in a song would require a much greater number of

## IRISH MELODIES.

When shall the swan, her death-note singing,  
Sleep, with wings in darkness furl'd ?  
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,  
Call my spirit from this stormy world ?

Sadly, oh Moyle, to thy winter-wave weeping,  
Fate bids me languish long ages away ;  
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,  
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.  
When will that day-star, mildly springing,  
Warm our isle with peace and love ?  
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,  
Call my spirit to the fields above ?

---

## COME SEND ROUND THE WINE.

Come, send round the wine, and leave points of belief  
To simpleton sages, and reasoning fools ;  
This moment's a flower too fair and brief,  
To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools.  
Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue,  
But, while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl,  
The fool, who would quarrel for difference of hue,  
Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side  
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree ?  
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,  
If he kneel not before the same altar with me ?  
From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly,  
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss ?  
No, perish the hearts, and the laws that try  
Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this ?

---

## SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

Sublime was the warning that Liberty spoke,  
And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke  
Into life and revenge from the conqueror's chain.  
Oh, Liberty ! let not this spirit have rest,  
Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west—

verses than any one is authorised to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must, therefore be content to learn, in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers in Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the mass-bell was to be the signal of her release.—I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.

MOORE'S WORKS.

While Wit a diamond brought,  
Which cut his bright way through.  
So here's to her, who long  
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,  
The girl, who gave to song  
What gold could never buy.

The love that seeks a home  
Where wealth or grandeur shmes,  
Is like the gloomy gnome,  
That dwells in dark gold mines.  
But oh! the poet's love  
Can boast a brighter sphere;  
It's native home's above,  
Tho' woman keeps it here.  
Then drink to her, who long  
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,  
The girl, who gave to song  
What gold could never buy.

---

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.<sup>1</sup>

Oh! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers,  
Where Pleasure lies, carelessly smiling at Fame;  
He was born for much more, and in happier hours  
His soul might have burn'd with a bolier flame.  
The string, that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,  
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart;<sup>2</sup>  
And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire,  
Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's heart.

But alas for his country!—her pride is gone by,  
And that spirit is broken, which never would bend;  
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,  
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.  
Unpriz'd are her sons, till they've learn'd to betray;  
Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires;  
And the torch, that would light them thro' dignity's way,  
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires.

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft dream,  
He should try to forget, what he never can heal:

<sup>1</sup> We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards whom Spenser so severely, and, perhaps, truly, describes in his *State of Ireland*, and whose poems, he tells us, "were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which have good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

<sup>2</sup> It is conjectured by Wormius, that the name of Ireland is derived from *Yr*, the Runic for a bow, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following: "So that Ireland, called the land of *Ire*, from the constant broils therein for 400 years, was now become the land of concord."—*Lloyd's State Worthies*, art. *The Lord Grandison*.

# IRISH MELODIES.

Oh ! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam  
Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel !  
That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down  
Every passion it nurs'd, every bliss it ador'd ;  
While the myrtle, now idly entwin'd with his crown,  
Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.<sup>1</sup>

But tho' glory be gone, and tho' hope fade away,  
Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs ;  
Not ev'n in the hour, when his heart is most gay,  
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.  
The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains ;  
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,  
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,  
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep !

## WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

While gazing on the moon's light.  
A moment from her smile I turn'd,  
To look at orbs, that, more bright,  
In lone and distant glory burn'd.  
But too far  
Each proud star,  
For me to feel its warming flame ;  
Much more dear  
That mild sphere,  
Which near our planet smiling came :<sup>2</sup>  
Thus, Mary, be thou my own ;  
While brighter eyes unheeded play,  
I'll love those moonlight looks alone,  
That bless my home and guide my way.

The day had sunk in dim showers,  
But midnight now, with lustre meet,  
Illumin'd all the pale flowers,  
Like hope upon a mourner's cheek.  
I said (while  
The moon's smile  
Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss,)  
“ The moon looks  
“ On many brooks,  
“ The brook can see no moon but this ; ”

<sup>1</sup> See the Hymn, attributed to Alcæus, *Εν μυρτὸν κλαδί το ξίφος φορέσω*.—“I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius, and Aristogiton,” etc.

<sup>2</sup> “Of such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, as despicable as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more beneficial than they all put together.”—*Whiston's Theory*, etc.

In the *Entretiens d'Ariste*, among other ingenious emblems, we find a starry sky without a moon, with these words, *Non mille, quod absens*.

<sup>3</sup> This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in



## MOORE'S WORKS.

And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,  
For many a lover looks to thee,  
While oh! I feel there is but *one*,  
*One* Mary in the world for me.

---

## ILL OMENS.

When daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,  
And stars in the heaven still lingering shone,  
Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,  
The last time she e'er was to press it alone.  
For the youth whom she treasured her heart and her soul in,  
Had promised to link the last tie before noon;  
When once the young heart of a maiden is stolen  
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses,  
Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,  
A butterfly,<sup>1</sup> fresh from the night-flower's kisses,  
Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view.  
Enrag'd with the insect for hiding her graces,  
She brush'd him—he fell, alas! never to rise:  
“Ah! such,” said the girl, “is the pride of our faces,  
“For which the soul's innocence too often dies.”

While she stole thro' the garden, where hearts-ease was growing,  
She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew;  
And a rose, further on, look'd so tempting and glowing;  
That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too:  
But while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,  
Her zone flew in two, and the hearts-ease was lost:  
“Ah! this means,” said the girl (and she sigh'd at its meaning),  
“That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost!”

---

## BEFORE THE BATTLE.

By the hope with us springing,  
Herald of to-morrow's strife;  
By that sun, whose light is bringing  
Chains or freedom, death or life—  
Oh! remember life can be  
No charm for him, who lives not free!  
Like the day-star in the wave,  
Sinks a hero in his grave,  
Midst the dew-fall a of nation's tears.

Sir William Jones's work's: “The moon looks upon many night-flowers, the night-flower sees but one moon.”

<sup>1</sup> An emblem of the soul.

## IRISH MELODIES.

Happy is he o'er whose decline  
The smiles of home may soothing shine  
And light him down the steep of years :—  
But oh, how blest they sink to rest,  
Who close their eyes on victory's breast !

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers  
Now the foeman's cheek turns white,  
When his heart that field remembers,  
Where we tamed his tyrant might.

Never let him hind again  
A chain, like that we broke from then.  
Hark ! the horn of combat calls—  
Ere the golden evening falls,  
May we pledge that horn in triumph round !<sup>1</sup>

Many a heart that now beats high,  
In slumber cold at night shall lie,  
Nor waken even at victory's sound :—  
But oh, how blest that hero's sleep,  
O'er whom a wond'ring world shall weep !

---

## AFTER THE BATTLE.

Night clos'd around the conqueror's way,  
And lightnings show'd the distant hill,  
Where those who lost that dreadful day  
Stood few and faint, but fearless still.  
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,  
For ever dimm'd, for ever crost—  
Oh ! who shall say what heroes feel,  
When all but life and honour's lost ?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,  
And valour's task, moved slowly by,  
While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam  
Should rise and give them light to die.  
There's yet a world, where souls are free,  
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss ;—  
If death that world's hright opening be,  
Oh ! who would live a slave in this ?

<sup>1</sup> "The Irish Corna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages, our ancestors quaffed Meadh out of them, as the Danish bunters do their beverage at this day."—*Walker*.

## 'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

'Tis sweet to think, that, where'er we rove,  
 We are sure to find something blissful and dear,  
 And that, when we're far from the lips we love,  
 We've but to make love to the lips we are near.<sup>1</sup>  
 The heart, like a tendril, accusom'd to cling,  
 Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,  
 But will lean to the nearest, and loveliest thing,  
 It can twine with itself, and make closely its own.  
 Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,  
 To be sure to find something, still, that is dear,  
 And to know, when far from the lips we love,  
 We've but to make love to the lips we are near.

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,  
 To make light of the rest, if the rose isn't there;  
 And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,  
 'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.  
 Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,  
 They are both of them bright, but they're changeable too,  
 And, wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,  
 It will tincture Love's plume with a different hue.  
 Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,  
 To be sure to find something, still, that is dear,  
 And to know, when far from the lips we love,  
 We've but to make love to the lips we are near.

## THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.\*

Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way,  
 Till hope seem'd to huddle from each thorn that round me lay;  
 The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn'd,  
 Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd;  
 Yes, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,  
 And bless'd even the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

Thy rival was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd,  
 Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorn'd;  
 She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'st hid in caves,  
 Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;

<sup>1</sup> I believe it is Marmontel who says, "*Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a.*"—There are so many matter-of-fact people, who take such *jeux d'esprit* as this defence of inconstancy, to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, and to remind them, that Democritus was not the worse physiologist, for having playfully contended that snow was black; nor Erasmus, in any degree, the less wise, for having written an ingenious encomium of folly.

\* Meaning, allegorically, the ancient Church of Ireland.

## IRISH MELODIES.

Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rather be,  
Than wed what I lov'd not, or turn one thought from thee.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—  
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale.  
They say, too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains,  
That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains—  
Oh! foul is the slander,—no chain could that soul subdue—  
Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too!<sup>1</sup>

---

## ON MUSIC.

When thro' life unblest we rove,  
Losing all that made life dear,  
Should some notes we used to love,  
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,  
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!  
Wakening thoughts that long have slept;  
Kindling former smiles again  
In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale, that sighs along  
Beds of oriental flowers,  
Is the grateful breath of song,  
That once was heard in happier hours;  
Fill'd with halm, the gale sighs on,  
Though the flowers have sunk in death;  
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,  
Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Music, oh how faint, how weak,  
Language fades before thy spell!  
Why should Feeling ever speak,  
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?  
Friendship's halmy words may feign,  
Love's are ev'n more false than they;  
Oh! 'tis only music's strain  
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray.

---

## IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.<sup>2</sup>

It is not the tear at this moment shed,  
When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,  
That can tell how belov'd was the friend that's fled,  
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.

<sup>1</sup> "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."—*St. Paul, 2 Corinthians, iii. 17.*

<sup>2</sup> These lines were occasioned by the loss of a very near and dear relative, who had died lately at Madeira.

## MOORE'S WORKS.

'Tis the tear, thro' many a long day wept,  
'Tis life's whole path o'ershaded;  
'Tis the one remembrance, fondly kept,  
When all lighter griefs have faded.

Thus his memory, like some holy light,  
Kept alive in our hearts, will improve them,  
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,  
When we think how he liv'd but to love them.  
And, as fresher flowers the sod perfume  
Where buried saints are lying,  
So our hearts shall horrow a sweet'ning bloom  
From the image he left there in dying!

---

## THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

'Tis believ'd that this Harp, which I wake now for thee,  
Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea;  
And who often, at eve, thro' the bright waters rov'd,  
To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she lov'd.

But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep,  
And in tears, all the night, her gold tresses to steep;  
Till heav'n look'd with pity on true-love so warm,  
And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks smil'd the same—  
While her sea-beauties gracefully form'd the light frame;  
And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm it fell,  
Was chang'd to bright chords ut't'ring melody's spell.

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known  
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;  
Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach the fond lay  
To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when away.

---

## LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty bright  
My heart's chain wove;  
When my dream of life, from morn till night,  
Was love, still love.  
New hope may bloom,  
And days may come,  
Of milder calmer beam,  
But there's nothing half so sweet in life  
As love's young dream:  
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life  
As love's young dream.

## IRISH MELODIES.

Tho' the bard to purer fame may soar,  
When wild youth's past;  
Tho' he win the wise, who frown'd before,  
To smile at last;  
He'll never meet  
A joy so sweet,  
In all his noon of fame,  
As when first he sung to woman's ear  
His soul-felt flame,  
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear  
The one lov'd name.

No,—that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot  
Which first love trac'd;  
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot  
On memory's waste.  
'Twas odour fled  
As soon as shed;  
'Twas morning's winged dream;  
'Twas a light, that ne'er can shine again  
On life's dull stream:  
Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again  
On life's dull stream.

---

### THE PRINCE'S DAY.<sup>1</sup>

Tho' dark are our sorrows, to day we'll forget them,  
And smile through our tears, like a sunbeam in showers:  
There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,  
More form'd to be grateful and blest than ours.  
But just when the chain  
Has ceas'd to pain,  
And hope has enwreath'd it round with flowers,  
There comes a new link—  
Our spirits to sink—

Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,  
Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay;  
But, though 'twere the last little spark in our souls,  
We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day.

Contempt on the minion, who calls you disloyal!  
Tho' fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true;  
And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,  
Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.  
While cowards, who blight  
Your fame, your right,  
Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array,  
The Standard of Green

<sup>1</sup> This song was written for a fête in honour of the Prince of Wales's Birthday, given by my friend, Major Bryan, at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.

In front would be seen,—  
 Oh, my life on your faith! were you summon'd this minute,  
 You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,  
 And show what the arm of old Erin has in it,  
 When rous'd by the foe, on her Prince's Day.

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded  
 In hearts, which have suffer'd too much to forget;  
 And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,  
 And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet,  
     The gem may be broke  
     By many a stroke,  
 But nothing can cloud its native ray;  
     Each fragment will cast  
     A light, to the last,—  
 And thus, Erin, my country, tho' broken thou art,  
     There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er will decay;  
 A spirit, which beams through each suffering part,  
 And now smiles at all pain on the Prince's Day,

---

#### WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

Weep on, weep on, your hour is past;  
 Your dreams of pride are o'er;  
 The fatal chain is round you cast,  
 And you are men no more.  
 In vain the hero's heart hath bled;  
 The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain;—  
 Oh, Freedom! once thy flame hath fled,  
 It never lights again.

Weep on—perhaps in after days,  
 They'll learn to love your name;  
 When many a deed may wake in praise  
 That long hath slept in blame.  
 And when they tread the ruin'd isle,  
 Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,  
 They'll wondering ask, how hands so vile  
 Could conquer hearts so brave?

“'Twas fate,” they'll say, “a wayward fate  
 “Your web of discord wove;  
 “And while your tyrants join'd in hate,  
 “You never join'd in love.  
 “But hearts fell off, that ought to twine,  
 “And man profan'd what God had given;  
 “Till some were heard to curse the shrine,  
 “Where others knelt to heaven!”

IRISH MELODIES.

LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,  
But no one knows for whom it beameth;  
Right and left its arrows fly,  
But what they aim at no one dreameth.  
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon  
My Nora's lid that seldom rises;  
Few its looks, but every one,  
Like unexpected light, surprises!  
Oh my Nora Creina, dear,  
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,  
Beauty lies  
In many eyes,  
But Love in yours, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,  
But all so close the nymph hath lac'd it,  
Not a charm of beauty's mould  
Presumes to stay where nature plac'd it.  
Oh! my Nora's gown for me,  
That floats as wild as mountain breezes  
Leaving every beauty free  
To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.  
Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,  
My simple, graceful Nora Creina,  
Nature's dress  
Is loveliness—  
The dress you wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refin'd,  
But, when its points are gleaming round us,  
Who can tell if they're design'd  
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?  
Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,  
In safer slumber Love reposes—  
Bed of peace! whose roughest part  
Is but the crumpling of the roses.  
Oh! my Nora Creina dear,  
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!  
Wit, tho' bright,  
Hath no such light,  
As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

---

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

I saw thy form in youthful prime,  
Nor thought that pale decay  
Would steal before the steps of Time,  
And waste its bloom away, Mary!



Yet still thy features wore that light,  
Which fleets not with the breath;  
And life ne'er look'd more truly bright  
Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

As streams that run o'er golden mines,  
Yet humbly, calmly glide,  
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines  
Within their gentle tide, Mary;  
So veil'd beneath the simplest guise,  
Thy radiant genius shone,  
And that, which charm'd all other eyes,  
Seem'd worthless in thy own, Mary!

If souls could always dwell above,  
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;  
Or could we keep the souls we love,  
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!  
Though many a gifted mind we meet,  
Though fairest forms we see,  
To live with them is far less sweet,  
Than to remember thee, Mary! <sup>1</sup>

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#### BY THAT LAKE, WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.<sup>1</sup>

By that Lake, whose gloomy shore  
Sky-lark never warbles o'er,<sup>2</sup>  
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,  
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.  
"Here, at least," he calmly said,  
"Woman ne'er shall find my bed."  
Ah! the good Saint little knew  
What that wily sex can do.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,—  
Eyes of most unholy blue!  
She had lov'd him well and long,  
Wish'd him hers, nor thought it wrong.  
Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,  
Still he heard her light foot nigh;  
East or west, where'er he turn'd,  
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,  
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;

<sup>1</sup> I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of Shenstone's,  
"Heu! quanto minns est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!"

<sup>2</sup> This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

<sup>3</sup> There are many other curious traditions concerning this Lake, which may be found in Giraldus, Colgan, etc.

## IRISH MELODIES.

Dreams of heav'n, nor thinks that e'er  
Woman's smile can haunt him there.  
But nor earth nor heaven is free  
From her power, if fond she be :  
Even now, while calm he sleeps,  
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had track'd his feet  
To this rocky, wild retreat;  
And when morning met his view,  
Her mild glances met it too.  
Ah, your Saints have cruel hearts !  
Sternly from his bed he starts,  
And with rude, repulsive shock,  
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough, thy gloomy wave  
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave !  
Soon the saint (yet ah! too late,)  
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.  
When he said, "Heav'n rest her soul !"  
Round the Lake light music stole;  
And her ghost was seen to glide,  
Smiling o'er the fatal tide.

---

## SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,  
And lovers are round her, sighing :  
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,  
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,  
Every note which he lov'd awaking ;—  
Ah ! little they think who delight in her strains,  
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,  
They were all that to life had entwin'd him;  
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,  
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,  
When they promise a glorious morrow;  
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,  
From her own loved island of sorrow

## MOORE'S WORKS.

### NAY, TELL ME NOT, DEAR.

Nay, tell me not, dear, that the goblet drowns  
One charm of feeling, one fond regret;  
Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns  
Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.  
Ne'er hath a beam  
Been lost in the stream  
That ever was shed from thy form or soul;  
The spell of those eyes,  
The balm of thy sighs,  
Still float on the surface, and hallow my bowl.  
Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal  
One blissful dream of the heart from me;  
Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,  
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

They tell us that Love in his fairy bower  
Had two blush-roses, of birth divine;  
He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,  
But bath'd the other with mantling wine.  
Soon did the buds  
That drank of the floods  
Distill'd by the rainbow, decline and fade;  
While those which the tide  
Of ruby had dy'd  
All blush'd into beauty, like thee, sweet maid!  
Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal  
One blissful dream of the heart from me;  
Like founts, that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,  
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

---

### AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

Avenging and bright fall the swift sword of Erin<sup>1</sup>  
On him who the brave sons of Usna betray'd!—  
For ev'ry fond eye be hath waken'd a tear in,  
A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

<sup>1</sup> The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called "Deirdri, or the Lamentable Fate of the Sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic, by Mr. O'Flanagan (see vol. i. of *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin*), and upon which it appears that the "Dairbhla of Macpherson" is founded. The treachery of Conor, King of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman. "This story (says Mr. O'Flanagan) has been, from time immemorial, held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are, 'The death of the children of Tonran'; 'The death of the children of Lear' (both regarding Tnaitha de Danans), and this, 'The death of the children of Usnach,' which is a Milesian story." It will be recollected, that in the Second Number of these Melodies, there is a ballad upon the story of the children of Lear or Lir; "Silent, oh Moyler!" etc.

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity, which Mr. O'Flanagan and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a lasting reproach upon our nationality, if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement they so well merit.

## IRISH MELODIES.

By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling,<sup>1</sup>  
When Ulad's<sup>2</sup> three champions lay sleeping in gore—  
By the billows of war, which so often, high swelling,  
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore—

We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,  
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,  
Our halls shall be mute and our fields shall lie wasted,  
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head.

Yes, monarch! tho' sweet are our home recollections,  
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;  
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,  
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

---

### WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWERET.

*He.* — What the bee is to the floweret,  
When he looks for honey-dew,  
Through the leaves that close embower it,  
That, my love, I'll be to you.

*She.*—What the bank, with verdure glowing,  
Is to waves that wander near,  
Whispering kisses, while they're going,  
That I'll be to you, my dear.

*She.*—But they say, the bee's a rover,  
Who will fly, when sweets are gone;  
And, when once the kiss is over,  
Faithless brooks will wander on.

*He.* — Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks,  
If sunny banks *will* wear away,  
'Tis but right, that bees and brooks  
Should sip and kiss them, while they may.

---

### LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

“Here we dwell, in holiest bowers,  
“Where angels of light o'er our orisons bend;  
“Where sighs of devotion and breathings of flowers  
“To heaven in mingled odour ascend.  
“Do not disturb our calm, oh Love!  
“So like is thy form to the cherubs above,  
“It well might deceive such hearts as ours.”

<sup>1</sup> “Oh Nani! view that cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Eman-green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red.”—*Deirdri's Song*.

<sup>2</sup> Ulster.

Love stood near the Novice and listen'd,  
 And Love is no novice in taking a hint;  
 His laughing blue eyes soon with piety glisten'd;  
 His rosy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint.  
 "Who would have thought," the urchin cries,  
 "That Love could so well, so gravely disguise  
 "His wandering wings, and wounding eyes?"

Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,  
 Young Novice, to him all thy orisons rise.  
*He* tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,  
*He* brightens the censor's flame with his sighs.  
 Love is the Saint enshrin'd in thy breast,  
 And angels themselves would admit such a guest,  
 If he came to them cloth'd in Piety's vest.

## THIS LIFE IS ALL CHECQUER'D WITH PLEASURES AND WOES.

This life is all checquer'd with pleasures and woes,  
 That chase one another like waves of the deep,—  
 Each brightly or darkly, as onward it flows,  
 Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.  
 So closely our whims on our miseries tread,  
 That the laugh is awak'd ere the tear can be dried;  
 And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,  
 The goose-plumage of Folly can turn it aside.  
 But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,  
 With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise,  
 Be ours the light Sorrow, half-Sister to Joy,  
 And the light, brilliant Folly that flashes and dies.

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,  
 Thro' fields full of light, and with heart full of play,  
 Light rambled the boy, over meadow and mount,  
 And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.<sup>1</sup>  
 Thus many, like me, who in youth should have tasted  
 The fountain that runs by Philosophy's shrine,  
 Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,  
 And left their light urns all as empty as mine.  
 But pledge me the goblet;—while Idleness weaves  
 These flowerets together, should Wisdom but see  
 One bright drop or two that has fall'n on the leaves  
 From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me.

<sup>1</sup> Proposito florem protulit officio.

PROPERT. lib. i. eleg. 26.

IRISH MELODIES.

ON THE SHAMROCK.

Through Erin's Isle,  
To sport awhile,  
As Love and Valour wander'd,  
With Wit, the sprite,  
Whose quiver bright  
A thousand arrows squander'd.  
Where'er they pass,  
A triple grass<sup>1</sup>  
Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,  
As softly green  
As emeralds seen  
Thro' purest crystal gleaming.  
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !  
Chosen leaf,  
Of Bard and Chief,  
Old Erin's native Shamrock !

Says Valour, " See,  
" They spring for me,  
" Those leafy gems of morning ! "—  
Says Love, " No, no,  
" For me they grow,  
" My fragrant path adorning."  
But Wit perceives  
The triple leaves,  
And cries, " Oh ! do not sever  
" A type, that blends  
" Three godlike friends,  
" Love, Valour, Wit, for ever !"  
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock  
Chosen Leaf,  
Of Bard and Chief,  
Old Erin's native Shamrock !

So firmly fond  
May last the bond,  
They wove that morn together,  
And ne'er may fall  
One drop of gall  
On Wit's celestial feather.  
May Love, as twine  
His flowers divine,  
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em;  
May Valour ne'er

<sup>1</sup> It is said that St. Patrick, when preaching the Trinity to the Pagan Irish, used to illustrate his subject by reference to that species of trefoil called in Ireland by the name of the Shamrock; and hence, perhaps, the Island of Saints adopted this plant as her national emblem. Hope, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, standing upon tip-toes, and a trefoil or three-coloured grass in her hand.

## MOORE'S WORKS.

His standard rear  
Against the cause of Freedom !  
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !  
Chosen leaf  
Of Bard and Chief,  
Old Erin's native Shamrock !

---

### AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly  
To the lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm in thine eye ;  
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air,  
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,  
And tell me our love is remember'd, even in the sky.

Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such pleasure to hear !  
When our voices commingling breath'd, like one, on the ear ;  
And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,  
I think, oh my love ! 'tis thy voice from the Kingdom of Souls,<sup>1</sup>  
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

---

### ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

One bumper at parting !—tho' many  
Have circled the board since we met,  
The fullest, the saddest of any  
Remains to be crown'd by us yet.  
The sweetness that pleasure hath in it,  
Is always so slow to come forth,  
That seldom, alas, till the minute  
It dies, do we know half its worth.  
But come,—may our life's happy measure  
Be all of such moments made up ;  
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,  
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

As onward we journey, how pleasant  
To pause and inhabit a while  
Those few sunny spots, like the present,  
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile !  
But Time, like a pitiless master,  
Cries "Onward !" and spurs the gay hours—  
Ah, never doth Time travel faster,  
Than when his way lies among flowers.

<sup>1</sup> "There are countries," says Montaigne, "where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fields; and that it is those souls, repeating the words we utter, which we call Echo."

## IRISH MELODIES.

But come—may our life's happy measure  
Be all of such moments made up ;  
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,  
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

We saw how the sun look'd in sinking,  
The waters beneath him how bright ;  
And now, let our farewell of drinking  
Resemble that farewell of light.  
You saw how he finish'd, by darting  
His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—  
So, fill up, let's shine at our parting,  
In full liquid glory, like him.  
And oh ! may our life's happy measure  
Of moments like this be made up,  
'Twas born on the bosom of Pleasure,  
It dies 'mid the tears of the cup.

---

## 'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer  
Left blooming alone ;  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone ;  
No flower of her kindred,  
No rose-bud is nigh,  
To reflect back her blushes,  
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one !  
To pine on the stem ;  
Since the lovely are sleeping,  
Go, sleep thou with them.  
Thus kindly I scatter  
Thy leaves o'er the bed.  
Where thy mates of the garden  
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,  
When friendships decay,  
And from Love's shining circle  
The gems drop away.  
When true hearts lie wither'd,  
And fond ones are flown,  
Oh ! who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone ?



## MOORE'S WORKS.

### THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

The young May moon is beaming, love,  
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,  
How sweet to rove  
Through Morna's grove,<sup>1</sup>  
When the drowsy world is dreaming, love!  
Then awake!—the heavens look bright, my dear,  
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear!  
And the best of all ways  
To lengthen our days,  
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

Now all the world is sleeping, love,  
But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,  
And I, whose star,  
More glorious far,  
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.  
Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear,  
The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,  
Or, in watching the flight  
Of bodies of light,  
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

### THE MINSTREL-BOY.

The Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone,  
In the ranks of death you'll find him;  
His father's sword he has girded on,  
And his wild harp slung behind him.—  
"Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,  
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,  
"One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,  
"One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain  
Could not bring his proud soul under;  
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,  
For he tore its chords asunder;  
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,  
"Thou soul of love and bravery!  
"Thy songs were made for the pure and free,  
"They shall never sound in slavery."

<sup>1</sup> "Steals silently to Morna's grove."—See, in Mr. Bunting's collection, a poem translated from the Irish, by the late John Brown, one of my earliest college companions and friends, whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate as his life had been amiable, honourable, and exemplary.

# IRISH MELODIES.

## THE SONG OF O'RUARK,

PRINCE OF BREFFNI.<sup>1</sup>

The valley lay smiling before me,  
Where lately I left her behind;  
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me,  
That sadden'd the joy of my mind.  
I look'd for the lamp which, she told me,  
Should shine, when her Pilgrim return'd;  
But, though darkness began to infold me,  
No lamp from the battlements burn'd!

I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely,  
As if the lov'd tenant lay dead;—  
Ah, would it were death, and death only!  
But no, the young false one had fled.  
And there hung the lute that could soften  
My very worst pains into bliss:  
While the hand, that had wak'd it so often,  
Now throbb'd to a proud rival's kiss.

There *was* a time, falsest of women,  
When Breffni's good sword would have sought  
That man thro' a million of foemen,  
Who dar'd hint to wrong thee *in thought*!  
While now—oh degenerate daughter  
Of Erin, how fall'n is thy fame!  
And thro' ages of bondage and slaughter,  
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already the curse is upon her,  
And strangers her valleys profane;  
They come to divide, to dishonour,  
And tyrants they long will remain.  
But onward!—the green banner rearing,  
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt;  
On *our* side is Virtue and Erin,  
On *theirs* is the Saxon and Guilt.

<sup>1</sup> These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland; if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions and subduing us. The following are the circumstances, as related by O'Halloran:—"The king of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the king of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, prince of Breffni, yet it could not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days), and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns."—The monarch Roderick espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

"Such," adds Giraldus Cambrensis (as I find him in an old translation), "is the variable and fickle nature of woman, by whom all mischief in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antonius, and by the destruction of Troy."

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF OUR OWN.

Oh I had we some bright little isle of our own,  
 In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,  
 Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,  
 And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers ;  
     Where the sun loves to pause  
     With so fond a delay,  
     That the night only draws  
     A thin veil o'er the day ;  
 Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,  
 Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,  
 We should love, as they lov'd in the first golden time ;  
 The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,  
 Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there.  
     With affection as free  
     From decline as the bowers,  
     And, with hope, like the bee,  
     Living always on flowers,  
 Our life should resemble a long day of light,  
 And our death come on, holy and calm as the night.

---

FAREWELL!—BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

Farewell !—but whenever you welcome the hour,  
 That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,  
 Then think of the friend who once welcom'd it too,  
 And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.  
 His griefs may return, not a hope may remain  
 Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain,  
 But he ne'er will forget the short vision, that threw  
 Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up  
 To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,  
 Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,  
 My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night ;  
 Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,  
 And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles—  
 Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer  
 Some kind voice had murmur'd, " I wish he were here ! "

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,  
 Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy ;  
 Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,  
 And bring back the features that joy us'd to wear.  
 Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd !

## IRISH MELODIES.

Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd—  
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

---

### OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

Oh! doubt me not—the season  
Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,  
And now the vestal, Reason,  
Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.  
Altho' this heart was early blown,  
And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,  
They only shook some blossoms down,  
Its fruit has all been kept for thee.  
Then doubt me not—the season  
Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,  
And now the vestal, Reason,  
Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.

And tho' my lute no longer  
May sing of Passion's ardent spell,  
Yet, trust me, all the stronger  
I feel the bliss I do not tell.  
The bee through many a garden roves,  
And hums his lay of courtship o'er,  
But when he finds the flower he loves,  
He settles there, and bums no more.  
Then doubt me not—the season  
Is o'er, when Folly kept me free.  
And now the vestal, Reason,  
Shall guard the flame awak'd by thee.

---

### YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,  
How meekly she blessed her humble lot,  
When the stranger, William, had made her his bride,  
And love was the light of their lowly cot.  
Together they toil'd through winds and rains,  
Till William, at length, in sadness said,  
"We must seek our fortune on other plains;"  
Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,  
Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,  
When now, at close of one stormy day,

<sup>1</sup> This ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story told of a certain noble family in England.

They see a proud castle among the trees.  
 "To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there;  
 "The wind blows cold, the hour is late:"  
 So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,  
 And the Porter bow'd as they pass'd the gate.  
 "Now, welcome, Lady," exclaim'd the youth,—  
 "This castle is thine, and these dark woods all!"  
 She believ'd him crazed, but his words were truth,  
 For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!  
 And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves  
 What William the stranger woo'd and wed;  
 And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,  
 Shines pure as it did in the lowly shed.

---

### I'D MOURN THE HOPES.

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,  
 If thy smiles had left me too;  
 I'd weep when friends deceive me,  
 If thou wert, like them, untrue.  
 But while I've thee before me,  
 With heart so warm and eyes so bright,  
 No clouds can linger o'er me,  
 That smile turns them all to light.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,  
 While fate leaves thy love to me;  
 'Tis not in joy to charm me,  
 Unless joy be shared with thee.  
 One minute's dream about thee  
 Were worth a long, an endless year  
 Of waking bliss without thee,  
 My own love, my only dear!

And tho' the hope be gone, love,  
 That long sparkled o'er our way,  
 Oh! we shall journey on, love,  
 More safely, without its ray.  
 For better lights shall win me  
 Along the path I've yet to roam:—  
 The mind that burns within me,  
 And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted  
 The traveller at first goes out,  
 He feels awhile benighted,  
 And looks round in fear and doubt.  
 But soon, the prospect clearing,  
 By cloudless starlight on he treads,  
 And thinks no lamp so cheering  
 As that light which Heaven sheds.

COME O'ER THE SEA.

Come o'er the sea,  
Maiden, with me,  
Mine thro' sunshine, storm, and snows :  
Seasons may roll,  
But the true soul  
Burns the same, where'er it goes.  
Let fate frown on, so we love and part not ;  
'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis death where thou art not.  
Then come o'er the sea,  
Maiden with me,  
Come where the wild wind blows ;  
Seasons may roll,  
But the true soul  
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Was not the sea  
Made for the Free,  
Land for courts and chains alone ?  
Here we are slaves,  
But, on the waves,  
Love and Liberty's all our own.  
No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,  
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us—  
Then come o'er the sea,  
Maiden, with me,  
Mine thro' sunshine, storm, and snows ;  
Seasons may roll,  
But the true soul  
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded,  
As clouds o'er the morning fleet ?  
Too fast have those young days faded,  
That, even in sorrow, were sweet ?  
Does Time with his cold wing wither  
Each feeling that once was dear ?—  
Then, child of misfortune, come hither,  
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has love to that soul, so tender,  
Been like our Lagenian mine,<sup>1</sup>  
Where sparkles of golden splendour  
All over the surface shine—  
But, if in pursuit we go deeper,

<sup>1</sup> Our Wicklow Gold Mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, but too well the character here given of them.

MOORE'S WORKS.

Allur'd by the gleam that shone,  
Ah ! false as the dream of the sleeper,  
Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,<sup>1</sup>  
That flitted from tree to tree  
With the talisman's glittering glory—  
Has Hope been that bird to thee?  
On branch after branch alighting,  
The gem did she still display,  
And, when nearest and most inviting,  
Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the young hours have fled,  
When sorrow itself looked bright;  
If thus the fair hope hath cheated,  
That led thee along so light;  
If thus the cold world now wither  
Each feeling that once was dear :—  
Come, child of misfortune, come hither,  
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

---

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers  
Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,  
When half-awaking from fearful slumbers,  
He thinks the full quire of heaven is near,  
Than came that voice, when, all forsaken,  
This heart long had sleeping lain,  
Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken  
To such benign, blessed sounds again.

Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing  
Of summer wind thro' some wreathed shell—  
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling  
Of all my soul echoed to its spell.  
'Twas whisper'd balm—'twas sunshine spoken!—  
I'd live years of grief and pain  
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken  
By such benign, blessed sounds again.

<sup>1</sup> "The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off, with the talisman in his mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it; but, as he approached, the bird took wing, and settled again, etc.—*Arabian Nights*.

IRISH MELODIES.

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

When first I met thee, warm and young,  
There shone such truth about thee,  
And on thy lip such promise hung,  
I did not dare to doubt thee.  
I saw thee change, yet still relied,  
Still clung with hope the fonder,  
And thought, tho' false to all beside,  
For me thou couldst not wander.  
But go, deceiver ! go,—  
The heart, whose hopes could make it  
Trust one so false, so low,  
Deserves that thou shouldst break it.

When every tongue thy follies nam'd,  
I fled the unwelcome story ;  
Or found, in ev'n the faults they blam'd,  
Some gleams of future glory.  
I still was true, when nearer friends  
Conspired to wrong, to slight thee ;  
The heart that now thy falsehood rends,  
Would then have bled to right thee.  
But go, deceiver ! go,—  
Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken  
From pleasure's dream, to know  
The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, tho' youth its bloom has shed,  
No lights of age adorn thee :  
The few, who lov'd thee once, have fled,  
And they who flatter scorn thee.  
Thy midnight cup is pledg'd to slaves,  
No genial ties enwreath it ;  
The smiling there, like light on graves,  
Has rank cold hearts beneath it.  
Go—go—tho' worlds were thine,  
I would not now surrender  
One taintless tear of mine  
For all thy guilty splendour.

And days may come, thou false one ! yet,  
When even those ties shall sever ;  
When thou wilt call, with vain regret,  
On her thou'st lost for ever ;  
On her who, in thy fortune's fall,  
With smiles had still receiv'd thee,  
And gladly died to prove thee all  
Her fancy first believ'd thee.  
Go—go—'tis vain to curse,  
'Tis weakness to upbraid thee ;



## MOORE'S WORKS.

Hate cannot wish thee worse  
Than guilt and shame have made thee.

---

### WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

While History's Muse the memorial was keeping  
Of all that the dark band of Destiny weaves,  
Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,  
For hers was the story that blotted the leaves.  
But oh ! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,  
When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,  
She saw History write,  
With a pencil of light  
That illum'd the whole volume, her Wellington's name.

"Hail, Star of my Isle !" said the Spirit, all sparkling  
With beams, such as break from her own dewy skies—  
"Thro' ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,  
"I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.  
"For, tho' Heroes I've number'd, unblest was their lot,  
"And unhallow'd they sleep in the cross-ways of Fame ;—  
"But oh ! there is not  
"One dishonouring blot  
"On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's name.  
  
"Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,  
"The grandest, the purest, ev'n *thou* hast yet known ;  
"Tho' proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,  
"Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.  
"At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou hast stood.  
"Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame,  
"And, bright o'er the flood  
"Of her tears and her blood,  
"Let the rainbow of Hope be her Wellington's name !"

---

### THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

The time I've lost in wooing,  
In watching and pursuing  
The light that lies  
In woman's eyes,  
Has been my heart's undoing.  
Tho' Wisdom oft has sought me,  
I scorn'd the lore she brought me,  
My only books  
Were woman's looks,  
And folly's all they've taught me.

## IRISH MELODIES.

Her smile when Beauty granted,  
I hung with gaze enchanted,  
Like him the Sprite,<sup>1</sup>  
Whom maids by night  
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.  
Like him, too, Beauty won me,  
But while her eyes were on me,  
If once their ray  
Was turn'd away,  
O! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?  
And is my proud heart growing  
Too cold or wise  
For brilliant eyes  
Again to set it glowing?  
No, vain, alas! th' endeavour  
From bonds so sweet to sever;  
Poor Wisdom's chance  
Against a glance  
Is now as weak as ever.

---

## WHERE IS THE SLAVE !

Oh, where's the slave so lowly,  
Condemn'd to chains unholy,  
Who, could he burst  
His bonds at first,  
Would pine beneath them slowly?  
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,  
Would wait till time decay'd it,  
When thus its wing  
At once may spring  
To the throne of Him who made it?

Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all,  
Who live to weep our fall!

Less dear the laurel growing,  
Alive, untouch'd and blowing,  
Than that, whose braid  
Is pluck'd to shade  
The brows with victory glowing.  
We tread the land that bore us,

<sup>1</sup> This alludes to a kind of Irish fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields at dusk. As long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed, and in your power;—but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement) he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun; but a high authority upon such subjects, Lady Morgan, (in a note upon her national and interesting novel, O'Donnel,) has given a very different account of that goblin.

## MOORE'S WORKS.

Her green flag glitters o'er us,  
The friends we've tried  
Are by our side,  
And the foe we hate before us.

Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all,  
Who live to weep our fall!

---

## COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,  
Tho' the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;  
Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'ercast,  
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same  
Thro' joy and thro' torment, thro' glory and shame?  
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,  
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast call'd me thy Angel in moments of bliss,  
And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,—  
Thro' the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,  
And shield thee, and save thee,—or perish there too!

---

## 'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

'Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,  
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead—  
When Man, from the slumber of ages awaking,  
Look'd upward, and bless'd the pure ray, ere it fled.  
'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burning  
But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,  
That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,  
And darkest of all, hapless Erin, o'er thee.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting  
Around thee, thro' all the gross clouds of the world;  
When Truth, from her fetters, indignantly starting,  
At once, like a Sun-burst, her banner unfurl'd.<sup>1</sup>  
Oh! never shall earth see a moment so splendid!  
Then, then—had one Hymn of Deliverance blended  
The tongues of all nations—how sweet had ascended  
The first note of Liberty, Erin, from thee!

But, shame on those tyrants, who envied the blessing!  
And shame on the light race, unworthy its good,

<sup>1</sup> "The Sun-burst" was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the Royal Banner.

## IRISH MELODIES.

Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies, caressing  
The young hope of Freedom, baptiz'd it in blood  
Then vanish'd for ever that fair, sunny vision,  
Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,  
Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright, and elysian,  
As first it arose, my lost Erin, on thee.

---

### I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,  
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on ;  
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining.  
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,  
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known ;  
Each wave, that we danc'd on at morning, ebbs from us,  
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning  
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night ;—  
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning,  
Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,  
When passion first wak'd a new light thro' his frame,  
And his soul, like the wood, that grows precious in burning,  
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame.

---

### FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

Fill the bumper fair !  
Every drop we sprinkle  
O'er the brow of Care  
Smooths away a wrinkle.  
Wit's electric flame  
Ne'er so swiftly passes,  
As when thro' the frame  
It shots from brimming glasses.  
Fill the bumper fair !  
Every drop we sprinkle  
O'er the brow of Care  
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,  
Grasp the lightning's pinions,  
And bring down its ray  
From the starr'd dominions :—

## MOORE'S WORKS.

So we, Sages, sit,  
And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning,  
From the Heaven of Wit  
Draw down all its lightning

Would'st thou know what first  
Made our souls inherit  
This ennobling thirst  
For wine's celestial spirit?  
It chanc'd upon that day,  
When, as bards inform us,  
Prometheus stole away  
The living fires that warm us :

The careless Youth, when up  
To Glory's fount aspiring,  
Took nor urn nor cup  
To hide the pilfer'd fire in.—  
But oh his joy, when round  
The halls of Heaven spying,  
Among the stars he found  
A bowl of Bacchus lying !

Some drops were in that howl,  
Remains of last night's pleasure,  
With which the Sparks of Soul  
Mix'd their burning treasure.  
Hence the goblet's shower  
Hath such spells to win us ;  
Hence its mighty power  
O'er that flame within us.  
Fill the bumper fair !  
Every drop we sprinkle  
O'er the brow of Care  
Smooths away a wrinkle.

---

## DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

Dear Harp of my Country ! in darkness I found thee,  
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,<sup>1</sup>  
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,  
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song !

<sup>1</sup> In that rebellious but beautiful song, "When Erin first rose," there is, if I recollect right, the following line:—

"The dark chain of Silence was thrown o'er the deep."

The chain of silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of "a celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace at Almhalm, where the attending Bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks." See also the *Ode of the Gaul, the Son of Morni*, in Miss Brooke's *Reliques of Irish Poetry*.

## IRISH MELODIES.

The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness  
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill ;  
But, so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sadness,  
That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my country ! farewell to thy numbers,  
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine !  
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,  
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine ;  
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,  
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone ;  
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,  
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.

---

## MY GENTLE HARP.

My gentle Harp, once more I waken  
The sweetness of thy slumbering strain ;  
In tears our last farewell was taken,  
And now in tears we meet again.  
No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,  
But, like those Harps whose heav'nly skill  
Of slavery, dark as thine, hath spoken,  
Thou hang'st upon the willows still.

And yet, since last thy chord resounded,  
An hour of peace and triumph came,  
And many an ardent bosom bounded  
With hopes—that now are turn'd to shame.  
Yet even then, while Peace was singing  
Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,  
Tho' joy and hope to others bringing,  
She only brought new tears to thee.

Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,  
My drooping Harp, from chords like thine ?  
Alas, the lark's gay morning measure  
As ill would suit the swan's decline !  
Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,  
Invoke thy breath for Freedom's strains,  
When ev'n the wreaths in which I dress thee,  
Are sadly mix'd—half flow'rs, half chains ?

But come—if yet thy frame can borrow  
One breath of joy, oh, breathe for me,  
And show the world, in chains and sorrow,  
How sweet thy music still can be ;  
How gaily, ev'n mid gloom surrounding,  
Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill—  
Like Memnon's broken image sounding,  
'Mid desolation tuneful still !<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ.—*Juvenal.*

## IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

in the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,  
 And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,  
 When we live in a bright-heaming world of our own,  
 And the light that surrounds us is all from within ;  
 Oh 'tis not, believe me, in that happy time  
 We can love, as in hours of less transport we may ;—  
 Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny prime,  
 But affection is truest when these fade away.

When we see the first glory of youth pass us by,  
 Like a leaf on the stream that will never return ;  
 When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,  
 First tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn ;  
 Then, then is the time when affection holds sway  
 With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew ;  
 Love, nursed among pleasures, is faithless as they,  
 But the love born of Sorrow, like Sorrow, is true.

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid the flowers,  
 Their sighs have no freshness, their odour no worth ;  
 'Tis the cloud and the mist of our own Isle of showers,  
 That call the rich spirit of fragrancy forth.  
 So it is not mid splendour, prosperity, mirth,  
 That the depth of Love's generous spirit appears ;  
 To the sunshine of smiles it may first owe its birth,  
 But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears.

## AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

As slow our ship her foamy track  
 Against the wind was cleaving,  
 Her trembling pennant still look'd back  
 To that dear isle 'twas leaving.  
 So loath we part from all we love,  
 From all the links that bind us ;  
 So turn our hearts as on we rove,  
 To those we've left behind us.

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years  
 We talk, with joyous seeming,—  
 With smiles that might as well be tears.  
 So faint, so sad their heaming ;  
 While mem'ry brings us back again  
 Each early tie that twined us,  
 Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then  
 To those we've left behind us.

## IRISH MELODIES.

And when, in other climes, we meet  
Some isle, or vale enchanting,  
Where all looks flow'ry, wild, and sweet,  
And nought but love is wanting;  
We think how great had been our bliss,  
If heav'n had but assign'd us  
To live and die in scenes like this,  
With some we've left behind us!

As trav'lers oft look back at eve,  
When eastward darkly going,  
To gaze upon that light they leave  
Still faint behind them glowing,—  
So, when the close of pleasure's day  
To gloom hath near consign'd us,  
We turn to catch one fading ray  
Of joy that's left behind us.

---

## WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast loved,  
Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;  
Or, if from their slumber the veil be removed,  
Weep o'er them in silence, and close it again.  
And oh! if 'tis pain to remember how far  
From the pathways of light he was tempted to roam,  
Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star  
That arose on his darkness, and guided him home.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came  
The revealings, that taught him true love to adore,  
To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame  
From the idols he blindly had knelt to before.  
O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,  
Thou camest, like a soft golden calm o'er the sea;  
And if happiness purely and glowingly smiled  
On his ev'ning horizon, the light was from thee.

And tho', sometimes, the shades of past folly might rise,  
And tho' falsehood again would allure him to stray,  
He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,  
And the folly, the falsehood, soon vanish'd away.  
As the Priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,  
At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,  
So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,  
He but flew to that smile and rekindled it there.



REMEMBER THEE.

Remember thee? yes, while there's life in this heart,  
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art;  
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,  
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,  
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,  
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier hrow,  
But oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,  
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—  
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest  
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast.

WREATH THE BOWL.

Wreath the bowl  
With flowers of soul,  
The brightest Wit can find us;  
We'll take a flight  
Tow'rds heaven to-night,  
And leave dull earth behind us.  
Should Love amid  
The wreaths be hid,  
That joy, th' enchanter, brings us,  
No danger fear,  
While wine is near,  
We'll drown him if he stings us.  
Then, wreath the bowl  
With flowers of soul,  
The brightest Wit can find us;  
We'll take a flight  
Tow'rds heaven to-night,  
And leave dull earth behind us.

'Twas nectar fed  
Of old, 'tis said,  
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;  
And man may brew  
His nectar too,  
The rich receipt's as follows:  
Take wine like this,  
Let looks of bliss  
Around it well be blended,  
Then bring Wit's beam  
To warm the stream,  
And there's your nectar, splendid!

## IRISH MELODIES.

So wreath the bowl  
With flowers of soul,  
The brightest Wit can find us ;  
We'll take a flight  
Tow'rds heaven to-night,  
And leave dull earth behind us.

Say, why did Time  
His glass sublime  
Fill up with sands unsightly,  
When wine, he knew,  
Runs brisker through,  
And sparkles far more brightly ?  
Oh, lend it us,  
And, smiling thus,  
The glass in two we'll sever,  
Make pleasure glide  
In double tide,  
And fill both ends for ever !  
Then wreath the bowl  
With flowers of soul  
The brightest Wit can find us ;  
We'll take a flight  
Tow'rds heaven to-night,  
And leave dull earth behind us.

---

## WHENE'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.

Whene'er I see those smiling eyes,  
So full of hope, and joy, and light,  
As if no cloud could ever rise,  
To dim a heav'n so purely bright—  
I sigh to think how soon that brow  
In grief may lose its every ray,  
And that light heart, so joyous now,  
Almost forget it once was gay.

For time will come with all its blights,  
The ruined hope, the friend unkind,  
And love, that leaves, where'er it lights,  
A chill'd or burning heart behind :—  
While youth, that now like snow appears,  
Ere sullied by the dark'ning rain,  
When once 'tis touch'd by sorrow's tears  
Can never shine so bright again.

## IF THOU'LT BE MINE.

If thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air,  
 Of earth, and sea, shall lie at thy feet:  
 Whatever in Fancy's eye looks fair,  
 Or in Hope's sweet music sounds *most* sweet,  
 Shall be ours—if thou wilt be mine, love!

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we rove,  
 A voice divine shall talk in each stream;  
 The stars shall look like worlds of love,  
 And this earth be all one beautiful dream  
 In our eyes—if thou wilt be mine, love!

And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,  
 Like streams, that come from heaven-ward hills,  
 Shall keep our hearts, like meads, that lie  
 To be bathed by those eternal rills,  
 Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love!

All this and more the Spirit of Love  
 Can breathe o'er them, who feel his spells;  
 That heaven, which forms his home above,  
 He can make on earth, wherever he dwells,  
 As thou'lt own,—if thou wilt be mine, love!

## TO LADIES' EYES.

To Ladies' eyes around, boy,  
 We can't refuse, we can't refuse,  
 Tho' bright eyes so abound, boy,  
 'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose.  
 For thick as stars that lighten  
 You airy bow'rs, you airy bow'rs,  
 The countless eyes that brighten  
 This earth of ours, this earth of ours.  
 But fill the cup—where'er, boy,  
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,  
 We're sure to find Love there, boy,  
 So drink them all! so drink them all!

Some looks there are so holy,  
 They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n,  
 As shining beacons, solely,  
 To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n.  
 While some—oh! ne'er believe them—  
 With tempting ray, with tempting ray,  
 Would lead us (God forgive them!)  
 The other way, the other way.

### IRISH MELODIES.

But fill the cup—where'er, boy,  
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,  
We're sure to find Love there, boy,  
So drink them all! so drink them all!

In some, as in a mirror,  
Love seems portray'd, Love seems portray'd,  
But shun the flattering error,  
'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.  
Himself has fix'd the dwelling  
In eyes we know, in eyes we know,  
And lips—but this is telling—  
So here they go! so here they go!  
Fill up, fill up—where'er, boy,  
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,  
We're sure to find Love there, boy,  
So drink them all! so drink them all!

---

### FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

Forget not the field where they perish'd,  
The truest, the last of the brave,  
All gone—and the bright hope we cherish'd  
Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave!

Oh! could we from death but recover  
Those hearts as they bounded before,  
In the face of high heav'n to fight over  
That combat for freedom once more;—

Could the chain for an instant be riven  
Which Tyranny flung round us then,  
No, 'tis not in Man, nor in Heaven,  
To let Tyranny bind it again!

But 'tis past—and, tho' blazon'd in story  
The name of our Victor may be,  
Accurst is the march of that glory  
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,  
Hush'd by one patriot name,  
Than the trophies of all, who have risen  
On Liberty's ruins to fame.

---

### THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

They may rail at this life—from the hour I began it,  
I found it a life full of kindness and bliss;  
And, until they can show me some happier planet,  
More social and bright, I'll content me with this.

As long as the world has such lips and such eyes,  
 As before me this moment enraptured I see,  
 They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,  
 But this world is the planet for you, love, and me.

In Mercury's star, where each moment can bring them<sup>1</sup>  
 New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,  
 Tho' the nymphs may have livelier poets to sing them,  
 They've none, even there, more enamour'd than I.  
 And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,  
 And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,  
 They may talk as they will of their Edons above,  
 But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour,  
 At twilight so often we've roam'd through the dew,  
 There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,  
 And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you.<sup>2</sup>  
 But tho' they were even more bright than the queen  
 Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,  
 As I never those fair young celestials have seen,  
 Why—this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,  
 Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,  
 Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,  
 Heav'n knows we have plenty on earth we could spare.  
 Oh! think what a world we should have of it here,  
 If the haters of peace, of affection and glee,  
 Where to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,  
 And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

#### OH FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME!

Oh for the swords of former time!  
 Oh for the men who bore them,  
 When arm'd for Right, they stood sublime,  
 And tyrants crouch'd before them:  
 When free yet, ere courts began  
 With honours to enslave him,  
 The best honours worn by Man  
 Were those which Virtue gave him.  
 Oh for the swords, etc. etc.

Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then!  
 Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,  
 Where hearts and hands of freeborn men  
 Were all the ramparts round them

Tous les habitants de Mercure sont vifs.—*Pluralité des Mondes.*

<sup>2</sup> La Terre pourra être pour Vénus l'étoile du berger et la mère des amours, comme Vénus l'est pour nous.—*Pluralité des Mondes.*

## IRISH MELODIES.

When, safe built on bosoms true,  
The throne was but the centre,  
Round which Love a circle drew,  
That Treason durst not enter.  
Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then!  
Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,  
When hearts and hands of freeborn men  
Were all the ramparts round them !

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### ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

#### ST. SENANUS.<sup>1</sup>

" Oh ! haste and leave this sacred isle,  
" Unholy bark, ere morning smile ;  
" For on thy deck, though dark it be,  
" A female form I see ;  
" And I have sworn this sainted sod  
" Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod."

#### THE LADY.

" Oh ! Father, send not hence my bark,  
" Through wintry winds and billows dark :  
" I come with humble heart to share  
" Thy morn and evening prayer ;  
" Nor mine the feet, oh ! holy Saint,  
" The brightness of thy sod to taint."

The Lady's prayer Senauus spurn'd ;  
The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd ;  
But legends hint, that had the maid  
Till morning's light delay'd,  
And given the saint one rosy smile,  
She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

<sup>1</sup> In a metrical life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS., and may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum Hibernia*, we are told of his flight to the island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party ; he refused to receive even a sister saint, St. Cannara, whom an angel had taken to the island for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious answer of Senanus, according to his poetical biographer :

*Cui praeul, quid feminis  
Commune est cum monachis ?  
Nec te nec ullam aliam  
Admittemus in insulam.*

See the *Acta Sancti Hib.*, page 610.

According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a personage than the river Shannon ; but O'Connor and other antiquarians deny the metamorphose indignantly.

## NE'ER ASK THE HOUR.

Ne'er ask the hour—what is it to us  
 How Time deals out his treasures ?  
 The golden moments lent us thus,  
 Are not *his* coin, but *Pleasure's*.  
 If counting them o'er could add to their blisses,  
 I'd number each glorious second :  
 But moments of joy are, like Leshia's kisses,  
 Too quick and sweet to be reckon'd.  
 Then fill the cup—what is it to us  
 How time his circle measures ?  
 The fairy hours we call up thus,  
 Obey no waud but *Pleasure's*.

Young Joy ne'er thought of counting hours,  
 Till Care, one summer's morning,  
 Set up, among his smiling flowers,  
 A dial, by way of warning.  
 But Joy loved better to gaze on the sun,  
 As long as its light was glowing,  
 Than to watch with old Care how the shadow stole on,  
 And how fast that light was going.  
 So fill the cup—what is it to us  
 How Time his circle measures ?  
 The fairy hours we call up thus,  
 Obey no wand but *Pleasure's*.

## SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

Sail on, sail on, thou fearless hark—  
 Wherever blows the welcome wind,  
 It cannot lead to scenes more dark,  
 More sad than those we leave behind.  
 Each wave that passes seems to say,  
 "Though death beneath our smile may be,  
 "Less cold we are, less false than they,  
 "Whose smiling wreck'd thy hopes and thee."

Sail on, sail on,—through endless space—  
 Through calm—through tempest—stop no more .  
 The stormiest sea's a resting place  
 To him who leaves such hearts on shore.  
 Or—if some desert land we meet,  
 Where never yet false-hearted men  
 Profaned a world, that else were sweet,—  
 Then rest thee, hark, but not till then.

## IRISH MELODIES.

### THE PARALLEL.

Yes, sad one of Sion,<sup>1</sup> if closely resembling,  
In shame and in sorrow, thy wither'd-up heart—  
If drinking deep, deep, of the same "cup of trembling"  
Could make us thy children, our parent thou art.

Like thee doth our nation lie conquer'd and broken,  
And fall'n from her head is the once royal crown;  
In her streets, in her halls, Desolation hath spoken,  
And "while it is day yet, her sun hath gone down."<sup>2</sup>

Like thine doth her exile, 'mid dreams of returning,  
Die far from the home it were life to behold;  
Like thine do her sons, in the day of their mourning,  
Remember the bright things that bless'd them of old.

Ah, well may we call her, like thee "the Forsaken,"<sup>3</sup>  
Her boldest are vanquish'd, her proudest are slaves;  
And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they waken,  
Have tones mid their mirth like the wind over graves!

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance—yet came there the morrow,  
That shines out, at last, on the longest dark night,  
When the sceptre, that smote thee with slavery and sorrow,  
Was shiver'd at once, like a reed, in thy sight.

When that cup, which for others the proud Golden City<sup>4</sup>  
Had brimm'd full of bitterness, drench'd her own lips;  
And the world she had trampled on heard, without pity,  
The howl in her halls, and the cry from her ships.

When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty came over  
Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,  
And, a ruin, at last, for the earthworm to cover,<sup>5</sup>  
The Lady of Kingdoms<sup>6</sup> lay low in the dust.

---

### DRINK OF THIS CUP.

Drink of this cup;—you'll find there's a spell in  
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;  
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!  
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.  
Would you forget the dark world we are in,

<sup>1</sup> These verses were written after the perusal of a treatise by Mr. Hamilton, professing to prove that the Irish were originally Jews.

<sup>2</sup> "Her sun is gone down while it was yet day."—*Jer.* xv. 9.

<sup>3</sup> "Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken."—*Isaiah*, lxii. 4.

<sup>4</sup> "How hath the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased!"—*Isaiah*, xiv. 11.

<sup>5</sup> "Thy pomp is brought down to the grave . . . . and the worms cover thee."—*Isaiah*, xiv. 4.

<sup>6</sup> "Thou shalt no more be called the Lady of Kingdoms."—*Isaiah*, xlvii. 5.



## MOORE'S WORKS.

Just taste of the bubble that gleams on the top of it;  
But would you rise above earth, till akin  
To Immortals themselves, you must drain every drop of it;  
Send round the cup—for oh there's a spell in  
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;  
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!  
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

Never was philter form'd with such power  
To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing;  
Its magic began when, in Autumn's rich bonr,  
A harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing.  
There having, by Nature's enchantment, been fill'd  
With the balm and the bloom of her kindest weather,  
This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd  
To enliven such hearts as are here brought together.  
Then drink of the cup—you'll find there's a spell in  
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;  
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!  
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

And though, perhaps—but breathe it to no one—  
Like liquor the witch brews at midnight so awful,  
This philter in secret was first taught to flow on,  
Yet 'tis n't less potent for being unlawful.  
And, ev'n though it taste of the smoke of that flame  
Which in silence extracted its virtue forbidden—  
Fill up—there's a fire in some hearts I could name,  
Which may work too its charm, though as lawless and hidden.  
So drink of the cup—for oh there's a spell in  
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;  
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!  
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

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## THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

Down in the valley come meet me to-night,  
And I'll tell you your fortune truly  
As ever 'twas told, by the new-moon's light,  
To a young maiden, shining as newly.

But, for the world, let no one be nigh,  
Lest haply the stars should deceive me;  
Such secrets between you and me and the sky  
Should never go farther, believe me.

If at that hour the heav'ns be not dim,  
My science shall call up before you  
A male apparition,—the image of him  
Whose destiny 'tis to adore you.

## IRISH MELODIES.

And if to that phantom you'll be kind,  
So fondly around you he'll hover,  
You'll hardly, my dear, any difference find  
'Twixt him and a true living lover.

Down at your feet, in the pale moonlight,  
He'll kneel, with a warmth of devotion—  
An ardour, of which such an innocent sprite  
You'd scarcely believe had a notion.

What other thoughts and events may arise,  
As in destiny's book I've not seen them,  
Must only be left to the stars and your eyes  
To settle, ere morning, between them.

---

### OH, YE DEAD !

Oh, ye Dead ! oh, ye Dead !<sup>1</sup> whom we know by the light you give  
From your cold gleaming eyes, though you move like men who live,  
Why leave you thus your graves,  
In far off fields and waves,  
Where the worm and the sea-bird only know your bed,  
To haunt the spot where all  
Those eyes that wept your fall,  
And the hearts that wail'd you, like your own, lie dead ?

It is true, it is true, we are shadows cold and wan ;  
And the fair and the brave whom he lov'd on earth are gone ;  
But still thus ev'n in death,  
So sweet the living breath  
Of the fields and the flow'rs in our youth we wander'd o'er,  
That ere, condemn'd, we go  
To freeze 'mid Hecla's snow,  
We would taste it awhile, and think we live once more !

---

### O'DONOHUE'S MISTRESS.

Of all the fair months, that round the sun  
In light-link'd dance their circles run,  
Sweet May, shine thou for me ;  
For still, when thy earliest beams arise,  
That youth, who beneath the blue lake lies,  
Sweet May, returns to me.

<sup>1</sup> Paul Zealand mentions that there is a mountain in some part of Ireland, where the ghosts of persons who have died in foreign lands walk about and converse with those they meet, like living people. If asked why they do not return to their homes, they say they are obliged to go to Mount Hecla, and disappear immediately.

Of all the bright haunts, where daylight leaves  
 Its lingering smile on golden eves,  
 Fair Lake, thou'rt dearest to me ;  
 For when the last April sun grows dim,  
 Thy Nalads prepare his steed<sup>1</sup> for him  
 Who dwells, bright Lake, in thee.

Of all the proud steeds, that ever bore  
 Young plumed Chiefs on sea or shore,  
 White Steed, most joy to thee ;  
 Who still, with the first young glance of spring,  
 From under that glorious lake dost bring  
 My love, my chief, to me.

While, white as the sail some bark unfurls,  
 When newly launch'd, thy long mane<sup>2</sup> curls,  
 Fair Steed, as white and free ;  
 And spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,  
 Glide o'er the blue waves scattering flowers,  
 Around my love and thee.

Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die,  
 Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie,  
 Most sweet that death will be,  
 Which, under the next May evening's light,  
 When thou and thy steed are lost to sight,  
 Dear love, I'll die for thee.

---

#### ECHO.

How sweet the answer Echo makes  
 To music at night,  
 When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,  
 And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,  
 Goes answering light.

Yet Love bath echoes truer far,  
 And far more sweet,  
 Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,  
 Of horn or lute, or soft guitar,  
 The songs repeat.

<sup>1</sup> The particulars of the tradition respecting O'Donohue and his White Horse, may be found in Mr. Weld's Account of Killarney, or more fully detailed in Derrick's Letters. For many years after his death, the spirit of this hero is supposed to have been seen on the morning of May-day, gliding over the lake on his favourite white horse, to the sound of sweet unearthly music, and preceded by groups of youths and maidens, who flung wreaths of delicate spring flowers in his path.

Among other stories, connected with this Legend of the Lakes, it is said that there was a young and beautiful girl whose imagination was so impressed with the idea of this visionary chieftain, that she fancied herself in love with him, and at last, in a fit of insanity, on a May-morning threw herself into the lake.

<sup>2</sup> The boatmen at Killarney call those waves which come on a windy day, crested with foam, "O'Donohue's white horses."

## IRISH MELODIES.

'Tis when the sigh, in youth sincere,  
And only then,—  
The sigh that's breath'd for one to hear,  
Is by that one, that only dear,  
Breathed back again !

---

## OH BANQUET NOT.

Oh banquet not in those shining bowers,  
Where Youth resorts, but come to me :  
For mine's a garden of faded flowers,  
More fit for sorrow, for age, and thee.  
And there we shall have our feast of tears,  
And many a cup in silence pour ;  
Our guests, the shades of former years,  
Our toasts, to lips that bloom no more.

There, while the myrtle's withering boughs  
Their lifeless leaves around us shed,  
We'll brim the bowl to broken vows,  
To friends long lost, the changed, the dead.  
Or, while some blighted laurel waves  
Its branches o'er the dreary spot,  
We'll drink to those neglected graves,  
Where valour sleeps, unnamed, forgot.

---

## THEE, THEE, ONLY THEE.

The dawning of morn, the daylight's sinking,  
The night's long hours still find me thinking,  
Of thee, thee, only thee.  
When friends are met, and goblets crown'd,  
And smiles are near, that once enchanted,  
Unreach'd by all that sunshine round,  
My soul, like some dark spot, is haunted  
By thee, thee, only thee.

Whatever in fame's high path could waken  
My spirit once, is now forsaken  
For thee, thee, only thee.  
Like shores, by which some headlong bark  
To th' ocean hurries, resting never,  
Life's scenes go by me, bright or dark,  
I know not, heed not, hastening ever  
To thee, thee, only thee.

I have not a joy but of thy bringing,  
And pain itself seems sweet when springing  
From thee, thee, only thee.  
Like spells, that nought on earth can break,

MOORE'S WORKS.

Till lips, that know the charm, have spoken,  
This heart, howe'er the world may wake  
Its grief, its scorn, can but be broken  
By thee, thee, only thee.

---

SHALL THE HARP THEN BE SILENT.

Shall the Harp then be silent, when he who first gave  
To our country a name, is withdrawn from all eyes?  
Shall a minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave,  
Where the first—where the last of her Patriots lies?

No—faint tho' the death-song may fall from his lips,  
Tho' his Harp, like his soul, may with shadows be crost,  
Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's eclipse,  
And proclaim to the world what a star hath been lost;—<sup>1</sup>

What a union of all the affections and powers  
By which life is exalted, emhellish'd, refined,  
Was embraced in that spirit—whose centre was ours,  
While its mighty circumference circled mankind.

Oh, who that loves Erin, or who that can see,  
Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sublime—  
Like a pyramid raised in the desert—where he  
And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time;

That one lucid interval, snatch'd from the gloom  
And the madness of ages, when fill'd with his soul,  
A Nation o'erleap'd the dark hounds of her doom,  
And for one sacred instant, touch'd Liberty's goal?

Who, that ever hath heard him—hath drunk at the source  
Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,  
In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire, and the force,  
And the yet untamed spring of her spirit are shown?

An eloquence rich, wheresoever its wave  
Wander'd free and triumphant, with thoughts that shone through,  
As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and gave,  
With the flash of the gem, its solidity too.

Who, that ever approach'd him, when free from the crowd,  
In a home full of love, he delighted to tread  
'Mong the trees which a nation had giv'n, and which how'd,  
As if each brought a new civic crown for his head—

Is there one, who hath thus, through his orbit of life  
But at distance observed him—through glory, through blame,

<sup>1</sup> These lines were written on the death of our great patriot, Grattan, in the year 1820.  
It is only the two first verses that are either intended or fitted to be sung.

## IRISH MELODIES.

In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,  
Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same,—

Oh no, not a heart, that e'er knew him, but mourns  
Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such glory is shrined—  
O'er a monument Fame will preserve, 'mong the urns  
Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind !

---

### OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

Oh, the sight entrancing,  
When morning's beam is glancing  
O'er files array'd  
With helm and blade,  
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing !  
When hearts are all high beating,  
And the trumpet's voice repeating  
That song, whose breath  
May lead to death,  
But never to retreating.  
Oh the sight entrancing,  
When morning's beam is glancing  
O'er files array'd  
With helm and blade,  
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing.

Yet, 'tis not helm or feather—  
For ask yon despot, whether  
His plumed hands  
Could bring such hands  
And hearts as ours together.  
Leave pomps to those who need 'em—  
Give man but heart and freedom,  
And proud be haves  
The gaudiest slaves  
That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.  
The sword may pierce the beaver,  
Stone walls in time may sever,  
'Tis mind alone,  
Worth steel and stone,  
That keeps men free for ever.  
Oh that sight entrancing,  
When the morning's beam is glancing,  
O'er files array'd  
With helm and blade,  
And in Freedom's cause advancing !

MOORE'S WORKS.

SWEET INNISFALLEN.

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,  
May calm and sunshine long be thine!  
How fair thou art let others tell,—  
To *feel* how fair shall long be mine.

Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell  
In memory's dream that sunny smile,  
Which o'er thee on that evening fell,  
When first I saw thy fairy isle.

'Twas light, indeed, too blest for one,  
Who had to turn to paths of care—  
Through crowded haunts again to run,  
And leave thee bright and silent there;

No more unto thy shores to come,  
But, on the world's rude ocean tost,  
Dream of thee sometimes, as a home  
Of sunshine he had seen and lost.

Far better in thy weeping hours  
To part from thee, as I do now,  
When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,  
Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

For, though unrivall'd still thy grace,  
Thou dost not look, as then, *too* blest,  
But thus in shadow, seem'st a place  
Where erring man might hope to rest—

Might hope to rest, and find in thee  
A gloom like Eden's, on the day  
He left its shade, when every tree,  
Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way.

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle!  
And all the lovelier for thy tears—  
For tho' but rare thy sunny smile,  
'Tis heav'n's own glance when it appears.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,  
But, when *indeed* they come, divine—  
The brightest light the sun e'er threw  
Is lifeless to one gleam of thine!

'Twas ONE OF THOSE DREAMS.

'Twas one of those dreams, that by music are brought,  
Like a bright summer haze, o'er the poet's warm thought—  
When, lost in the future, his soul wanders on,  
And all of this life, but its sweetness, is gone.

The wild notes he heard o'er the water were those  
He had taught to sing Erin's dark bondage and woes,  
And the breath of the bogle now wafted them o'er  
From Dinis' green isle, to Glená's wooded shore.

He listen'd—while, high o'er the eagle's rude nest,  
The lingering sounds on their way loved to rest;  
And the echoes sang back from their full mountain quire,  
As if loth to let song so enchanting expire.

It seem'd as if ev'ry sweet note, that died here,  
Was again brought to life in some airier sphere,  
Some heav'n in those hills, where the soul of the strain  
That had ceased upon earth was awaking again!

Oh forgive, if, while listening to music, whose breath  
Seem'd to circle his name with a charm against death,  
He should feel a proud Spirit within him proclaim,  
"Even so shalt thou live in the echoes of Fame:

"Even so, tho' thy memory should now die away,  
"Twill be caught up again in some happier day,  
"And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,  
"Through the answering Future, thy name and thy song."

---

FAIREST! PUT ON AWHILE.

Fairest! put on awhile  
These pinions of light I bring thee,  
And o'er thy own green isle  
In fancy let me wing thee.  
Never did Ariel's plume,  
At golden sunset hover  
O'er scenes so full of bloom,  
As I shall waft thee over.

Fields, where the Spring delays  
And fearlessly meets the ardour  
Of the warm Summer's gaze,  
With only her tears to guard her.  
Rocks, through myrtle boughs  
In grace majestic frowning;

Written during a visit to Lord Kenmare, at Killarney.



MOORE'S WORKS.

Like some bold warrior's brows  
That Love hath just been crowning.

Islets, so freshly fair,  
That never hath bird come nigh them,  
But from his course thro' air  
He hath been won down by them ;—<sup>1</sup>  
Types, sweet maid, of thee,  
Whose look, whose blush inviting,  
Never did Love yet see  
From Heav'n, without alighting.

Lakes, where the pearl lies hid,<sup>2</sup>  
And caves, where the gem is sleeping,  
Bright as the tears thy lid  
Lets fall in lonely weeping.  
Glens,<sup>3</sup> where Ocean comes,  
To 'scape the wild wind's rancour,  
And Harbours, worthiest homes  
Where Freedom's fleet can anchor.

Then, if, while scenes so grand,  
So beautiful, shine before thee,  
Pride for thy own dear land  
Should haply be stealing o'er thee,  
Oh, let grief come first,  
O'er pride itself victorious—  
Thinking how man hath eurst  
What Heaven hath made so glorious!

---

QUICK! WE HAVE BUT A SECOND.

Quick! we have but a second,  
Fill round the eup, while you may;  
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,  
And we must away, away!  
Grasp the pleasure that's flying,  
For oh, not Orpheus' strain  
Could keep sweet hours from dying,  
Or charm them to life again.  
Then, quick! we have but a second,  
Fill round the eup, while you may:  
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,  
And we must away, away!

<sup>1</sup> In describing the Skelligs (islands of the Barony of Forth), Dr. Keating says, "There is a certain attractive virtue in the soil which draws down all the birds that attempt to fly over it, and obliges them to light upon the rock."

<sup>2</sup> "Nennius, a British writer of the ninth century, mentions the abundance of pearls in Ireland. Their princes, he says, hung them behind their ears: and this we find confirmed by a present made A. C. 1094, by Gilbert Bishop of Limerick, to Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, of a considerable quantity of Irish pearls."—*O'Halloran*.

<sup>3</sup> Glengarriff.

## IRISH MELODIES.

See the glass, how it flushes,  
Like some young Hebe's lip,  
And half meets thine, and blushes  
That thou shouldst delay to sip.  
Shame, oh shame unto thee,  
If ever thou see'st that day,  
When a cup or lip shall woo thee,  
And turn untouch'd away !  
Then, quick ! we have but a second,  
Fill round, fill round, while you may ;  
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,  
And we must away, away !

---

### AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.

And doth not a meeting like this make amends  
For all the long years I've been wand'ring away—  
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,  
As smiling and kind as in that happy day ?  
Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,  
The snow-fall of time may be stealing—what then ?  
Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,  
We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.

What soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart,  
In gazing on those we've been lost to so long !  
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,  
Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng.  
As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,  
When held to the flame will steal out on the sight,  
So many a feeling, that long seem'd effaced,  
The warmth of a moment like this brings to light.

And thus, as in memory's bark we shall glide,  
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,  
Tho' oft we may see, looking down on the tide,  
The wreck of full many a hope shining through ;  
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,  
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,  
Deceived for a moment, we'll think them still ours,  
And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more.<sup>1</sup>

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,  
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear ;  
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,  
For want of some heart, that could echo it, near.

<sup>1</sup> Jours charmans, quand je songe à vos heureux instans,  
Je pense remonter le fleuve de mes ans ;  
Et mon cœur enchanté sur sa rive fleurie  
Respire encore l'air pur du matin de la vie.

Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,  
 To meet in some world of more permanent bliss,  
 For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,  
 Is all we enjoy of each other in this.<sup>1</sup>

But, come, the more rare such delights to the heart,  
 The more we should welcome and bless them the more;  
 They're ours, when we meet,—they are lost when we part,  
 Like birds that bring summer, and fly when 'tis o'er.  
 Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,  
 Let Sympathy pledge us, thro' pleasure, thro' pain,  
 That, fast as a feeling but touches one link,  
 Her magic shall send it direct thro' the chain.

### THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE.

In yonder valley there dwelt, alone,  
 A youth, whose moments had calmly flown,  
 Till spells came o'er him, and, day and night,  
 He was haunted and watch'd by a Mountain Sprite.

As once, by moonlight, he wander'd o'er  
 The golden sands of that island shore,  
 A foot-print sparkled before his sight—  
 'Twas the fairy foot of the Mountain Sprite!

Beside a fountain, one sunny day,  
 As bending over the stream he lay,  
 There peep'd down o'er him two eyes of light,  
 And he saw in that mirror the Mountain Sprite.

He turn'd, but, lo, like a startled bird,  
 That spirit fled!—and the youth but heard  
 Sweet music, such as marks the flight  
 Of some bird of song, from the Mountain Sprite.

One night, still haunted by that bright look,  
 The boy, bewilder'd, his pencil took,  
 And, guided only by memory's light,  
 Drew the once-seen form of the Mountain Sprite.

“Oh thou, who lovest the shadow,” cried  
 A voice, low whisp'ring by his side,  
 “Now turn and see,”—here the youth's delight  
 Seal'd the rosy lips of the Mountain Sprite.

<sup>1</sup> The same thought has been happily expressed by my friend Mr. Washington Irving, in his *Bracebridge Hall*, vol. i. p. 213. The sincere pleasure which I feel in calling this gentleman my friend, is much enhanced by the reflection that he is too good an American, to have admitted me so readily to such a distinction, if he had not known that my feelings towards the great and free country that gave him birth, have been long such as every real lover of the liberty and happiness of the human race must entertain.

## IRISH MELODIES.

"Of all the Spirits of land and sea,"  
Then rapt he murmur'd, "there's none like thee,  
"And oft, oh oft, may thy foot thus light  
"In this lonely bower, sweet Mountain Sprite!"

---

### AS VANQUISH'D ERIN.

As vanquish'd Erin wept beside  
The Boyne's ill-fated river,  
She saw where Discord, in the tide,  
Had dropp'd his loaded quiver.  
"Lie hid," she cried, "ye venom'd darts,  
"Where mortal eye may shun you;  
"Lie hid—the stain of manly hearts,  
"That bled for me, is on you."

But vain her wish, her weeping vain,—  
As Time too well hath taught her—  
Each year the Fiend returns again,  
And dives into that water;  
And brings, triumphant, from beneath  
His shafts of desolation,  
And sends them, wing'd with worse than death,  
Through all her madd'ning nation.

Alas for her who sits and mourns,  
Ev'n now, beside that river—  
Unwearied still the Fiend returns,  
And stored is still his quiver.  
"When will this end, ye Powers of Good?"  
She weeping asks for ever;  
But only hears, from out that flood,  
The Demon answer, "Never!"

---

### DESMOND'S SONG.<sup>1</sup>

By the Feal's wave benighted,  
No star in the skies,  
To thy door by Love lighted,  
I first saw those eyes.  
Some voice whisper'd o'er me,  
As the threshold I crost,

<sup>1</sup> "Thomas, the heir of the Desmond family, had accidentally been so engaged in the chase, that he was benighted near Tralee, and obliged to take shelter at the Abbey of Feal, in the house of one of his dependents, called Mac Cormac. Catherine, a beautiful daughter of his host, instantly inspired the Earl with a violent passion, which he could not subdue. He married her, and by this inferior alliance alienated his followers, whose brutal pride regarded this indulgence of his love as an unpardonable degradation of his family."—*Ireland*, vol. ii.

MOORE'S WORKS.

There was ruin before me,  
If I loved, I was lost.

Love came, and brought sorrow  
Too soon in his train;  
Yet so sweet, that to-morrow  
'Twere welcome again.  
Though misery's full measure  
My portion should be,  
I would drain it with pleasure,  
If pour'd out by thee.

You, who call it dishonour  
To bow to this flame,  
If you've eyes, look hut on her,  
And blush while you blame.  
Hath the pearl less whiteness  
Because of its birth?  
Hath the violet less brightness  
For growing near earth?

No—Man for his glory  
To ancestry flies;  
But Woman's bright story  
Is told in her eyes.  
While the Monarch but traces  
Thro' mortals his line,  
Beauty, born of the Graces,  
Ranks next to Divine!

---

THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART.

They know not my heart, who believe there can be  
One stain of this earth in its feelings for thee;  
Who think, while I see thee in beauty's young hour,  
As pure as the morning's first dew on the flow'r,  
I could harm what I love,—as the sun's wanton ray  
But smiles on the dew-drop to waste it away.

No—beaming with light as those young features are,  
There's a light round thy heart which is lovelier far:  
It is not that cheek—'tis the soul dawning clear  
Thro' its innocent blush makes thy beauty so dear;  
As the sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,  
Is look'd up to the more, because Heaven lies there!

## IRISH MELODIES.

### I WISH I WAS BY THAT DIM LAKE.

I wish I was by that dim Lake,<sup>1</sup>  
Where sinful souls their farewell take  
Of this vain world, and half-way lie  
In death's cold shadow, ere they die.  
There, there, far from thee,  
Deceitful world, my home should be ;  
Where, come what might of gloom and pain,  
False hope should ne'er deceive again.

The lifeless sky, the mournful sound  
Of unseen waters falling round ;  
The dry leaves, quiv'ring o'er my head,  
Like man, unquiet ev'n when dead !  
These, ay, these shall wean  
My soul from life's deluding scene,  
And turn each thought, o'ercharged with gloom,  
Like willows, downward tow'nds the tomb.

As they, who to their couch at night  
Would win repose, first quench the light,  
So must the hopes, that keep this breast  
Awake, be quenched, ere it can rest.  
Cold, cold, this heart must grow,  
Unmoved by either joy or woe,  
Like freezing founts, where all that's thrown  
Within their current turns to stone.

---

### SHE SANG OF LOVE.

She sang of Love, while o'er her lyre  
The rosy rays of evening fell,  
As if to feed with their soft fire  
The soul within that trembling shell.  
The same rich light hung o'er her cheek,  
And play'd around those lips that sung  
And spoke, as flowers would sing and speak,  
If Love could lend their leaves a tongue.

<sup>1</sup> These verses are meant to allude to that ancient haunt of superstition, called Patrick's Purgatory. "In the midst of these gloomy regions of Donegall (says Dr. Campbell) lay a lake, which was to become the mystic theatre of this fabled and intermediate state. In the lake were several islands; but one of them was dignified with that called the Mouth of Purgatory, which, during the dark ages, attracted the notice of all Christendom, and was the resort of penitents and pilgrims from almost every country in Europe."

"It was," as the same writer tells us, "one of the most dismal and dreary spots in the North, almost inaccessible, through deep glens and rugged mountains, frightful with impending rocks, and the hollow murmurs of the western winds in dark caverns, peopled only with such fantastic beings as the mind, however gay, is, from strange association, wont to appropriate to such gloomy scenes."—*Strictures on the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Ireland.*

MOORE'S WORKS.

But soon the West no longer burn'd,  
Each rosy ray from heav'n withdrew;  
And, when to gaze again I turn'd,  
The minstrel's form seem'd fading too.  
As if *her* light and heav'n's were one,  
The glory all had left that frame;  
And from her glimmering lips the tone,  
As from a parting spirit, came.<sup>1</sup>

Who ever loved, but had the thought  
That he and all he loved must part?  
Fill'd with this fear, I flew and caught  
The fading image to my heart—  
And cried, "Oh Love! is this thy doom?  
"Oh light of youth's resplendent day!  
"Must ye then lose your golden bloom,  
"And thus, like sunshine, die away?"

SING—SING—MUSIC WAS GIVEN.

Sing—sing—Music was given,  
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;  
Souls here, like planets in Heaven,  
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.  
Beauty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks,  
But Love from the lips his true archery wings;  
And she, who but feathers the dart when she speaks,  
At once sends it home to the heart when she sings:  
Then sing—sing—Music was given,  
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;  
Souls here, like planets in Heaven,  
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

When Love, rock'd by his mother,  
Lay sleeping as calm as slumber could make him,  
"Hush, hush," said Venus, "no other  
"Sweet voice but his own is worthy to wake him."  
Dreaming of music he slumber'd the while  
Till faint from his lip a soft melody broke,  
And Venus, enchanted, look'd on with a smile,  
While Love to his own sweet singing awoke.  
Then sing—sing—Music was given,  
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;  
Souls here, like planets in Heaven,  
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

<sup>1</sup> The thought here was suggested by some beautiful lines in Mr. Rogers's Poem of *Human Life*, beginning—

"Now in the glimmering, dying light she grows  
Less and less earthly."

I would quote the entire passage did I not fear to put my own humble imitation of it  
out of countenance.

THOUGH HUMBLE THE BANQUET.

Though humble the banquet to which I invite thee,  
 Thou'lt find there the best a poor hard can command:  
 Eyes, heaving with welcome, shall throng round, to light thee,  
 And Love serve the feast with his own willing hand.

And though Fortune may seem to have turn'd from the dwelling,  
 Of him thou regardest her favouring ray,  
 Thou wilt find there a gift, all her treasures excelling,  
 Which, proudly he feels, hath ennobled his way.

'Tis that freedom of mind, which no vulgar dominion  
 Can turn from the path a pure conscience approves;  
 Which, with hope in the heart, and no chain on the pinion,  
 Holds upwards its course to the light which it loves.

'Tis this makes the pride of his humble retreat,  
 And, with this, though of all other treasures bereaved,  
 The breeze of his garden to him is more sweet  
 Than the costliest incense that Pomp e'er received.

Then, come,—if a board so untempting hath power  
 To win thee from grandeur, its best shall be thine;  
 And there's one, long the light of the bard's happy bower,  
 Who, smiling, will blend her bright welcome with mine.

SING, SWEET HARP.

Sing, sweet Harp, oh sing to me  
 Some song of ancient days,  
 Whose sounds, in this sad memory,  
 Long buried dreams shall raise;—  
 Some lay that tells of vanish'd fame,  
 Whose light once round us shone;  
 Of noble pride, now turn'd to shame,  
 And hopes for ever gone.—  
 Sing, sad Harp, thus sing to me;  
 Alike our doom is cast,  
 Both lost to all but memory,  
 We live but in the past.

How mournfully the midnight air  
 Among thy chords doth sigh,  
 As if it sought some echo there  
 Of voices long gone by;—  
 Of Chieftains, now forgot, who seem'd  
 The foremost then in fame;  
 Of Bards who, once immortal deem'd,  
 Now sleep without a name.—



## MOORE'S WORKS.

In vain, sad Harp, the midnight air  
Among thy chords doth sigh;  
In vain it seeks an echo there  
Of voices long gone by.

Could'st thou but call those spirits round,  
Who once, in bower and hall,  
Sate listening to thy magic sound,  
Now mute and mouldering all;—  
But, no; they would but wake to weep  
Their children's slavery;  
Then leave them in their dreamless sleep,  
The dead, at least, are free!—  
Hush, hush, sad Warp, that dreary tone,  
That knell of Freedom's day;  
Or, listening to its death-like moan,  
Let me, too, die away.

## SONG OF THE BATTLE EVE.

TIME—THE NINTH CENTURY.

To-morrow, comrade, we  
On the battle-plain must be,  
There to conquer, or both lie low!  
The morning star is up,—  
But there's wine still in the cup,  
And we'll take another quaff, ere we go, boy, go;  
We'll take another quaff, ere we go.

'Tis true, in manliest eyes  
A passing tear will rise,  
When we think of the friends we leave lone;  
But what can wailing do?  
See, our goblet's weeping too!  
With its tears we'll chase away our own, boy, our own;  
With its tears we'll chase away our own.

But daylight's stealing on;—  
The last that o'er us shone  
Saw our children around us play;  
The next—ah! where shall we  
And those rosy urchins be?  
But—no matter—grasp thy sword and away, boy, away;  
No matter—grasp thy sword and away

Let those, who brook the chain  
Of Saxon or of Dane,  
Ignobly by their fire-sides stay;  
One sigh to home be given,  
One heartfelt prayer to heaven,  
Then, for Erin and her cause, boy, hurra! hurra! hurra!  
Then, for Erin and her cause, hurra!

## IRISH MELODIES.

### THE WANDERING BARD.

What life like that of the bard can be,—  
The wandering bard, who roams as free  
As the mountain lark that o'er him sings,  
And, like that lark, a music brings  
Within him, where'er he comes or goes,—  
A fount that for ever flows!  
The world's to him like some play-ground,  
Where fairies dance their moonlight round;  
If dimm'd the turf where late they trod,  
The elves but seek some greener sod;  
So, when less bright his scene of glee,  
To another away flies he!

Oh, what would have been young Beauty's doom,  
Without a bard to fix her bloom?  
They tell us, in the moon's bright round,  
Things lost in this dark world are found;  
So charms, on earth long pass'd and gone,  
In the poet's lay live on.—  
Would ye have smiles that ne'er grow dim?  
You've only to give them all to him,  
Who, with but a touch of Fancy's wand,  
Can lend them life, this life beyond,  
And fix them high, in Poesy's sky,—  
Young stars that never die!

Then, welcome the bard where'er he comes,—  
For, though he hath countless airy homes,  
To which his wing excursive roves,  
Yet still, from time to time, he loves  
To light upon earth and find such cheer  
As brightens our banquet here.  
No matter how far, how fleet he flies,  
You've only to light up kind young eyes,  
Such signal-fires as here are given,—  
And down he'll drop from Fancy's heaven,  
The minute such call to love or mirth  
Proclaims he's wanting on earth!

---

### ALONE IN CROWDS TO WANDER ON.

Alone in crowds to wander on,  
And feel that all the charm is gone  
Which voices dear and eyes beloved  
Shed round us once, where'er we roved—  
This, this the doom must be  
Of all who've loved, and lived to see

MOORE'S WORKS.

The few bright things they thought would stay  
For ever near them, die away.  
Tho' fairer forms around us throng,  
Their smiles to others all belong,  
And want that charm which dwells alone  
Round those the fond heart calls its own.  
Where, where the sunny brow?  
The long-known voice—where are they now?  
Thus ask I still, nor ask in vain,  
The silence answers all too plain.

Oh, what is Fancy's magic worth,  
If all her art cannot call forth  
One bliss like those we felt of old  
From lips now mute, and eyes now cold?  
No, no,—her spell is vain,—  
As soon could she bring back again  
Those eyes themselves from out the grave,  
As wake again one bliss they gave.

---

I'VE A SECRET TO TELL THEE.

I've a secret to tell thee, but hush! not here,—  
Oh! not where the world its vigil keeps:  
I'll seek, to whisper it in thine ear,  
Some shore where the Spirit of Silence sleeps:  
Where summer's wave un murmuring dies,  
Nor fay can hear the fountain's gush;  
Where, if but a note her night-bird sighs,  
The rose saith, chidingly, "Hush, sweet, hush!"

There, amid the deep silence of that hour,  
When stars can be heard in ocean dip,  
Thyself shall, under some rosy bower,  
Sit mute, with thy finger on thy lip;  
Like him, the boy,<sup>1</sup> who born among  
The flowers that on the Nile-stream blush,  
Sits ever thus,—his only song  
To earth and heaven, "Hush, all, hush!"

---

SONG OF INNISFAIL.

They came from a land beyond the sea,  
And now o'er the western main  
Set sail, in their good ships, gallantly,  
From the sunny land of Spain.

<sup>1</sup> The God of Silence, thus pictured by the Egyptians.

## IRISH MELODIES.

"Oh, where's the Isle we've seen in dreams,  
"Our destin'd home or grave?"<sup>1</sup>  
Thus sung they as, by the morning's beams,  
They swept the Atlantic wave.

And, lo, where afar o'er ocean shines  
A sparkle of radiant green,  
As though in that deep lay emerald mines,  
Whose light thro' the wave was seen.  
"'Tis Innisfail"—'tis Innisfail!"  
Rings o'er the echoing sea:  
While, bending to heav'n, the warriors hail  
That home of the brave and free.

Then turn'd they unto the Eastern wave,  
Where now their Day-God's eye  
A look of such sunny omen gave  
As lighted up sea and sky.  
Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,  
Nor tear o'er leaf or sod,  
When first on their Isle of Destiny  
Our great forefathers trod.

---

## THE NIGHT DANCE.

Strike the gay harp! see the moon is on high,  
And, as true to her beam as the tides of the ocean,  
Young hearts, when they feel the soft light of her eye,  
Obey the mute call, and heave into motion.  
Then, sound notes—the gayest, the lightest,  
That ever took wing, when heav'n look'd brightest!  
Again! Again!

Oh! could such heart-stirring music be heard  
In that City of Statues described by romancers,  
So wakening its spell, even stone would be stirr'd,  
And statues themselves all start into dancers!

Why then delay, with such sounds in our ears,  
And the flower of Beauty's own garden before us,—  
While stars overhead leave the song of their spheres,  
And list'ning to ours, hang wondering o'er us?  
Again, that strain!—to hear it thus sounding  
Might set even Death's cold pulses bounding—  
Again! Again!

<sup>1</sup> "Milesius remembered the remarkable prediction of the principal Druid, who foretold that the posterity of Gadelus should obtain the possession of a Western Island (which was Ireland), and there inhabit."—Keating.

<sup>2</sup> The Island of Destiny, one of the ancient names of Ireland.

Oh, what delight when the youthful and gay,  
 Each with eye like a sunbeam and foot like a feather,  
 Thus dance, like the Hours to the music of May,  
 'And mingle sweet song and sunshine together !

## THERE ARE SOUNDS OF MIRTH.

There are sounds of mirth in the night-air ringing,  
 And lamps from every casement shown ;  
 While voices blithe within are singing,  
 That seem to say " Come," in every tone.  
 Ah ! once how light, in Life's young season,  
 My heart had leap'd at that sweet lay ;  
 Nor pans'd to ask of grey-beard Reason  
 Should I the syren call obey.

And, see—the lamps still livelier glitter,  
 The syren lips more fondly sound ;  
 No, seek, ye nymphs, some victim fitter  
 To sink in your rosy bondage bound.  
 Shall a bard, whom not the world in arms  
 Could bend to tyranny's rude controul,  
 Thus quail, at sight of woman's charms,  
 And yield to a smile his freeborn soul ?

Thus sung the sage, while, slyly stealing,  
 The nymphs their fetters around him cast ;  
 And,—their laughing eyes, the while, concealing,—  
 Led Freedom's Bard their slave at last.  
 For the Poet's heart, still prone to loving,  
 Was like that rock of the Druid race,<sup>1</sup>  
 Which the gentlest touch at once set moving,  
 But all earth's power couldn't cast from its base.

## OH! ARRANMORE, LOVED ARRANMORE.

Oh ! Arramore, loved Arramore,  
 How oft I dream of thee,  
 And of those days when, by thy shore,  
 I wander'd young and free.  
 Full many a path I've tried, since then,  
 Through pleasure's flowery maze,  
 But ne'er could find the bliss again  
 I felt in those sweet days.

<sup>1</sup> The Rocking Stones of the Druids, some of which no force is able to dislodge from their stations

## IRISH MELODIES.

How blithe upon the breezy cliffs  
 At sunny morn I've stood,  
 With heart as bounding as the skiffs  
 That danc'd along thy flood;  
 Or, when the western wave grew bright  
 With daylight's parting wing,  
 Have sought that Eden in its light  
 Which dreaming poets sing;—<sup>1</sup>

That Eden where th' immortal brave  
 Dwell in a land serene,—  
 Whose bow'rs beyond the shining wave,  
 At sunset, oft are seen.  
 Ah dream too full of sadd'ning truth!  
 Those mansions o'er the main  
 Are like the hopes I built in youth,—  
 As sunny and as vain!

## LAY HIS SWORD BY HIS SIDE.

Lay his sword by his side, <sup>2</sup>—it hath served him too well  
 Not to rest near his pillow below;  
 To the last moment true, from his hand ere it fell,  
 Its point was still turn'd to a flying foe.  
 Fellow-lab'ers in life, let them slumber in death,  
 Side by side, as becomes the reposing brave,—  
 That sword which he loved still unbroke in its sheath,  
 And himself unsubdued in his grave.

Yet pause—for, in fancy, a still voice I hear,  
 As if breathed from his brave heart's remains;—  
 Faint echo of that which, in Slavery's ear,  
 Once sounded the war-word, "Burst your chains!"  
 And it cries, from the grave where the hero lies deep,  
 "Tho' the day of your Chieftain for ever hath set,  
 "Oh leave not his sword thus inglorious to sleep,—  
 "It hath victory's life in it yet!

"Should some alien, unworthy such weapon to wield,  
 "Dare to touch thee, my own gallant sword,  
 "Then rest in thy sheath, like a talisman seal'd,  
 "Or return to the grave of thy chainless lord.  
 "But, if grasp'd by a hand that had learn'd the proud use  
 "Of a falchion, like thee, on the battle-plain,—

<sup>1</sup> "The inhabitants of Arranmore are still persuaded that, in a clear day, they can see from this coast Hy Brysail or the Enchanted Island, the Paradise of the Pagan Irish, and concerning which they relate a number of romantic stories"—*Beaufort's Ancient Topography of Ireland*.

<sup>2</sup> It was the custom of the ancient Irish, in the manner of the Scythians, to bury the favourite swords of their heroes along with them.

"Then, at Liberty's summons, like lightning let loose,  
"Leap forth from thy dark sheath again!"

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# OH, COULD WE DO WITH THIS WORLD OF OURS.

Oh, could we do with this world of ours  
As thou dost with thy garden bowers,  
Reject the weeds and keep the flowers,  
What a heaven on earth we'd make it!  
So bright a dwelling should be our own,  
So warranted free from sigh or frown,  
That angels soon would be coming down,  
By the week or month to take it.

Like those gay flies that wing thro' air,  
And in themselves a lustre bear,  
A stock of light, still ready there,  
Whenever they wish to use it;  
So, in this world I'd make for thee,  
Our hearts should all like fire-flies be,  
And the flash of wit or poesy  
Break forth whenever we choose it.

While ev'ry joy that glads our sphere  
Hath still some shadow hovering near,  
In this new world of ours, my dear,  
Such shadows will all be omitted:—  
Unless they're like that graceful one,  
Which, when thou'rt dancing in the sun,  
Still near thee, leaves a charm upon  
Each spot where it hath fitted!

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# THE WINE-CUP IS CIRCLING.

The wine-cup is circling in Almhin's hall,<sup>1</sup>  
And its Chief, 'mid his heroes reclining,  
Looks up, with a sigh, to the trophied wall,  
Where his sword hangs idly shining.  
When, hark! that shout  
From the vale without,—  
"Arm ye quick, the Dane, the Daue is nigh!"  
Ev'ry Chief starts up

<sup>1</sup> The Palace of Fin Mac-Cumhal (the Fingal of Macpherson) in Leinster. It was built on the top of the hill, which has retained from thence the name of the Hill of Allen, in the county of Kildare. The Finians, or Fenii, were the celebrated National Militia of Ireland, which this Chief commanded. The introduction of the Danes in the above song is an anachronism common to most of the Finian and Ossianic legends.

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From his foaming cup,  
And "To battle, to battle!" is the Finian's cry.

The minstrels have seized their harps of gold,  
And they sing such thrilling numbers,—  
'Tis like the voice of the Brave, of old,  
Breaking forth from their place of slumbers!  
Spear to buckler rang.  
As the minstrels sang,  
And the Sun-burst<sup>1</sup> o'er them floated wide;  
While remem'ring the yoke  
Which their fathers broke,  
"On for liberty, for liberty!" the Finians cried.

Like clouds of the night the Northmen came,  
O'er the valley of Almhín lowering;  
While onward moved, in the light of its fame,  
That banner of Erin, towering.  
With the mingling shock  
Rung cliff and rock,  
While, rank on rank, the invaders die:  
And the shout, that last  
O'er the dying passed,  
Was "victory! victory!"—the Finian's cry.

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## THE DREAM OF THOSE DAYS.

The dream of those days when first I sung thee is o'er,  
Thy triumph hath stain'd the charm thy sorrows then wore;  
And ev'n of the light which Hope once shed o'er thy chains,  
Alas, not a gleam to grace thy freedom remains.

Say, is it that slavery sunk so deep in thy heart,  
That still the dark brand is there, tho' chainless thou art;  
And Freedom's sweet fruit, for which thy spirit long burn'd  
Now, reaching at last thy lip, to ashes hath turn'd?

Up Liberty's steep by Truth and Eloquence led,  
With eyes on her temple fix'd, how proud was thy tread!  
Ah, better thou ne'er had'st lived that summit to gain,  
Or died in the porch, than thus dishonour the fane.

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## FROM THIS HOUR THE PLEDGE IS GIVEN.

From this hour the pledge is given,  
From this hour my soul is thine:  
Come what will, from earth or heaven,  
Weal or woe, thy fate be mine.

<sup>1</sup> The name given to the banner of the Irish.



When the proud and great stood by thee,  
 None dared thy rights to spurn;  
 And if now they're false and fly thee,  
 Shall I, too, basely turn?  
 No;—whate'er the fires that try thee,  
 In the same this heart shall burn.

Tho' the sea, where thou embarkest,  
 Offers now no friendly shore,  
 Light may come where all looks darkest,  
 Hope hath life, when life seems o'er.  
 And, of those past ages dreaming,  
 When glory deck'd thy brow,  
 Oft I fondly think, though seeming  
 So fall'n and clouded now,  
 Thou'lt again break forth, all beaming,—  
 None so bright, so blest as thou!

---

SILENCE IS IN OUR FESTAL HALLS.<sup>1</sup>

Silence is in our festal halls,—  
 Sweet Son of Song! thy course is o'er;  
 In vain on thee sad Erin calls,  
 Her minstrel's voice responds no more;—  
 All silent as th' Eolian shell  
 Sleeps at the close of some bright day,  
 When the sweet breeze, that waked its swell  
 At sunny morn, hath died away.

Yet, at our feasts, thy spirit long,  
 Awaked by music's spell, shall rise;  
 For, name so link'd with deathless song  
 Partakes its charm and never dies:  
 And ev'n within the holy fane,  
 When music wafts the soul to heaven,  
 One thought to him, whose earliest strain  
 Was echoed there, shall long be given.

But, where is now the cheerful day,  
 The social night, when, by thy side,  
 He, who now weaves this parting lay,  
 His skillless voice with thine allied;  
 And sung those songs whose every tone,  
 When bard and minstrel long have past,  
 Shall still, in sweetness all their own,  
 Embalm'd by fame, undying last.

<sup>1</sup> It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to inform the reader, that these lines are meant as a tribute of sincere friendship to the memory of an old and valued colleague in this work, Sir John Stevenson.

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Yes, Erin, thine alone the fame,—  
Or, if thy bard have shared the crown,  
From thee the borrow'd glory came,  
And at thy feet is now laid down.  
Enough, if Freedom still inspire  
His latest song, and still there be,  
As evening closes round his lyre,  
One ray upon its chords from thee.

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## APPENDIX :

CONTAINING

THE AUTHOR'S ADDITIONAL PREFACE TO THE LAST EDITION OF THE MELODIES ;  
THE ADVERTISEMENTS ORIGINALLY PREFIXED TO THE DIFFERENT NUMBERS,  
AND THE PREFATORY LETTER ON IRISH MUSIC.

## PREFACE.

The recollections connected, in my mind, with that early period of my life, when I first thought of interpreting in verse the touching language of my country's music, tempt me again to advert to those long past days ; and, even at the risk of being thought to indulge overmuch in what Colley Cibber calls " the great pleasure of writing about one's self all day," to notice briefly some of those impressions and influences under which the attempt to adapt words to our ancient Melodies was for some time meditated by me, and, at last, undertaken.

There can be no doubt that to the zeal and industry of Mr. Bunting his country is indebted for the preservation of her old national airs. During the prevalence of the Penal Code, the music of Ireland was made to share in the fate of its people. Both were alike shut out from the pale of civilised life ; and seldom any where but in the huts of the proscribed race could the sweet voice of the songs of other days be heard. Even of that class, the itinerant harpers, among whom for a long period our ancient music had been kept alive, there remained but few to continue the precious tradition ; and a great music-meeting held at Belfast in the year 1792, at which the two or three still remaining of the old race of wandering harpers assisted, exhibited the last public effort made by the lovers of Irish music, to preserve to their country the only grace or ornament left to her, out of the wreck of all her liberties and hopes. Thus what the fierce legislature of the Pale had endeavoured vainly through so many centuries to effect,—the utter extinction of Ireland's Minstrelsy,—the deadly pressure of the Penal Laws had nearly, at the close of the eighteenth century, accomplished ; and, but for the zeal and intelligent research of Mr. Bunting, at that crisis, the greater part of our musical treasures would probably have been lost to the world. It was in the year 1796 that this gentleman published his first volume ; and the national spirit and hope then awakened in Ireland, by the rapid spread of the democratic principle throughout Europe, could not but insure a most cordial reception for such a work ;—flattering as it was to the fond dreams of Erin's early days, and containing in itself, indeed, remarkable testimony to the truth of her claims to an early date of civilisation.

It was in the year 1797 that, through the medium of Mr. Bunting's book, I was first made acquainted with the beauties of our native music. A young friend of our family, Edward Hudson, the nephew of an eminent dentist of that name, who played with much taste and feeling on the flute, and, unluckily for himself, was but too deeply warmed with the patriotic ardour then kindling around him, was the first who made known to me this rich mine of our country's melodies ;—a mine, from the working of which my humble labours as a poet have since derived their sole lustre and value. About the same period I formed an acquaintance, which soon grew into intimacy, with young Robert Emmet. He was my senior, I think, by one class, in the university ; for when, in the first year of my course,

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I became a member of the Debating Society,—a sort of nursery to the authorised Historical Society—I found him in full reputation, not only for his learning and eloquence, but also for the blamelessness of his life, and the grave suavity of his manners.

Of the political tone of this minor school of oratory, which was held weekly at the rooms of different resident members, some notion may be formed from the nature of the questions proposed for discussion,—one of which, I recollect, was, “Whether an Aristocracy or a Democracy is most favourable to the advancement of science and literature?” while another, bearing even more pointedly on the relative position of the government and the people, at this crisis, was thus significantly propounded:—“Whether a soldier was bound, on all occasions, to obey the orders of his commanding officer?” On the former of those questions, the effect of Emmet’s eloquence upon his young auditors was, I recollect, most striking. The prohibition against touching upon modern politics, which it was subsequently found necessary to enforce, had not yet been introduced; and Emmet, who took of course ardently the side of democracy in the debate, after a brief review of the republics of antiquity, showing how much they had all done for the advancement of science and the arts, proceeded, lastly, to the grand and perilous example, then passing before all eyes, the young Republic of France. Referring to the circumstance told of Cæsar, that, in swimming across the Rubicon, he contrived to carry with him his Commentaries and his sword, the young orator said, “Thus France wades through a sea of storm and blood; but while, in one hand, she wields the sword against her aggressors, with the other she upholds the glories of science and literature unsullied by the ensanguined tide through which she struggles.” In another of his remarkable speeches, I remember his saying, “When a people advancing rapidly in knowledge and power, perceive at last how far their government is lagging behind them, what then, I ask, is to be done in such a case? What, but to pull the government up to the people?”

In a few months after, both Emmet and myself were admitted members of the greater and recognised institution, called the Historical Society; and, even here, the political feeling so rife abroad contrived to mix up its restless spirit with all our debates and proceedings; notwithstanding the constant watchfulness of the college authorities, as well as of a strong party within the Society itself, devoted adherents to the policy of the government, and taking invariably part with the Provost and Fellows in all their restrictive and inquisitorial measures. The most distinguished and eloquent of these supporters of power were a young man named Sargent, of whose fate in after days I know nothing, and Jebb, the late Bishop of Limerick, who was then, as he continued to be through life, much respected for his private worth and learning.

Of the popular side, in the Society, the chief champion and ornament was Robert Emmet; and though every care was taken to exclude from the subjects of debate all questions verging towards the politics of the day, it was always easy enough, by a side-wind of digression or allusion, to bring Ireland and the prospects then opening upon her within the scope of the orator’s view. So exciting and powerful, in this respect, were Emmet’s speeches, and so little were even the most eloquent of the adverse party able to cope with his powers, that it was at length thought advisable, by the higher authorities, to send among us a man of more advanced standing, as well as belonging to a former race of renowned speakers, in that Society, in order that he might answer the speeches of Emmet, and endeavour to obviate the mischievous impression they were thought to produce. The name of this mature champion of the higher powers it is not necessary here to record; but the object of his mission among us was in some respect gained; as it was in replying to a long oration of his, one night, that Emmet, much to the mortification of us who gloried in him as our leader, became suddenly embarrassed in the middle of his speech, and, to use the parliamentary phrase, broke down. Whether from a momentary confusion in the thread of his argument, or possibly from diffidence in encountering an adversary so much his senior,—for Emmet was as modest as he was high minded and brave,—he began, in the full career of his eloquence,

to hesitate and repeat his words, and then, after an effort or two to recover himself, sat down.

It fell to my own lot to be engaged, about the same time, in a brisk struggle with the dominant party in the Society, in consequence of a hurlesque poem which I gave in, as candidate for the Literary Medal, entitled "An Ode upon Nothing, with Notes, by Trismegistus Rustifostius, D. D." etc., etc. For this squib against the great Dons of learning, the medal was voted to me by a triumphant majority. But a motion was made in the following week to rescind this vote; and a fierce contest between the two parties ensued, which I at last put an end to by voluntarily withdrawing my composition from the Society's Book.

I have already adverted to the period when Mr. Bunting's valuable volume first became known to me. There elapsed no very long time before I was myself the happy proprietor of a copy of the work, and, though never regularly instructed in music, could play over the airs with tolerable facility on the pianoforte. Robert Emmet used sometimes to sit by me, when I was thus engaged; and I remember one day his starting up as from a reverie, when I had just finished playing that spirited tune called the Red Fox,<sup>1</sup> and exclaiming, "Oh that I were at the head of twenty thousand men, marching to that air!"

How little did I then think that in one of the most touching of the sweet airs I used to play to him, his own dying words would find an interpreter so worthy of their sad, but proud feeling;<sup>2</sup> or that another of those mournful strains<sup>3</sup> would long be associated, in the hearts of his countrymen, with the memory of her<sup>4</sup> who shared with Ireland his last blessing and prayer.

Though fully alive, of course, to the feelings which such music could not but inspire, I had not yet undertaken the task of adapting words to any of the airs; and it was, I am ashamed to say, in dull and turgid prose, that I made my first appearance in print as a champion of the popular cause. Towards the latter end of the year 1797, the celebrated newspaper called "The Press" was set up by Arthur O'Connor, Thomas Addis Emmett, and other chiefs of the United Irish conspiracy, with the view of preparing and ripening the public mind for the great crisis then fast approaching. This memorable journal, according to the impression I at present retain of it, was far more distinguished for earnestness of purpose and intrepidity, than for any great display of literary talent;—the bold letters written by Emmet (the elder), under the signature of "Montanus," being the only compositions I can now call to mind, as entitled to praise for their literary merit. It required, however, but a small sprinkling of talent to make bold writing, at that time, palatable; and, from the experience of my own home, I can answer for the avidity with which every line of this daring journal was devoured. It used to come out, I think, twice a week, and, on the evening of publication, I always read it aloud to our small circle after supper.

It may easily be conceived that, what with my ardour for the national cause, and a growing consciousness of some little turn for authorship, I was naturally eager to become a contributor to those patriotic and popular columns. But the constant anxiety about me which I knew my own family felt,—a feeling more wakeful far than even their zeal in the public cause,—withheld me from hazarding any step that might cause them alarm. I had ventured, indeed, one evening, to pop privately into the letter-box of *The Press*, a short Fragment in imitation of Ossian. But this, though inserted, passed off quietly; and nobody was, in any sense of the phrase, the wiser for it. I was soon tempted, however, to try a more daring flight. Without communicating my secret to any one but Edward Hudson, I addressed a long Letter, in prose, to the "\*\*\*\* of \*\*\*\*," in which a profusion of bad flowers of rhetoric was entwined plentifully with that weed which Shakspeare calls "the rock of rebellion," and, in the same manner as before, committed it tremblingly

<sup>1</sup> "Let Erin remember the days of old."

<sup>2</sup> "Oh, breathe not his name."

<sup>3</sup> "She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps."

<sup>4</sup> Miss Curran.

to the chances of the letter-box. I hardly expected my prose would be honoured with insertion, when, lo, on the next evening of publication, when, seated as usual in my little corner by the fire, I unfolded the paper for the purpose of reading it to my select auditory, there was my own Letter staring me full in the face, being honoured with so conspicuous a place as to be one of the first articles my audience would expect to hear. Assuming an outward appearance of ease, while every nerve within me was trembling, I contrived to, accomplish the reading of the Letter without raising in either of my auditors a suspicion that it was my own. I enjoyed the pleasure, too, of hearing it a good deal praised by them; and might have been tempted by this to acknowledge myself the author, had I not found that the language and sentiments of the article were considered by both to be "very bold."<sup>1</sup>

I was not destined, however, to remain long undetected. On the following day, Edward Hudson<sup>2</sup>,—the only one, as I have said, entrusted with my secret, called to pay us a morning visit, and had not been long in the room, conversing with my mother, when looking significantly at me, he said, "Well, you saw——" Here he stopped; but the mother's eye had followed his, with the rapidity of lightning, to mine, and at once she perceived the whole truth. "That Letter was yours then?" she asked of me eagerly; and, without hesitation, of course, I acknowledged the fact; when in the most earnest manner she entreated of me never again to have any connexion with that paper; and, as every wish of hers was to me law, I readily pledged the solemn promise she required.

Though well aware how easily a sneer may be raised at the simple details of this domestic scene, I have yet ventured to put it on record, as affording an instance of the gentle and womanly watchfulness,—the Providence, as it may be called, of the little world of home,—by which, although placed almost in the very current of so headlong a movement, and living familiarly with some of the most daring of those who propelled it, I yet was guarded from any participation in their secret oaths, counsels, or plans, and thus escaped all share in that wild struggle to which so many far better men than myself fell victims.

In the mean while, this great conspiracy was hastening on, with fearful precipitancy, to its outbreak; and vague and shapeless as are now known to have been the views, even of those who were engaged practically in the plot, it is not any wonder that to the young and uninitiated like myself it should have opened prospects partaking far more of the wild dreams of poetry than of the plain and honest prose of real life. But a crisis was then fast approaching, when such self-deceptions could no longer be indulged; and when the mystery which had hitherto hung over the plans of the conspirators was to be rent asunder by the stern hand of power.

Of the horrors that foreran and followed the frightful explosion of the year 1798, I have neither inclination nor, luckily, occasion to speak. But among those introductory scenes, which had somewhat prepared the public mind for such a catastrophe, there was one, of a painful description, which, as having been myself an actor in it, I may be allowed briefly to notice.

It was not many weeks, I think, before this crisis, that, owing to information gained by the college authorities of the rapid spread, among the students, not only of the principles but the organisation of the Irish Union,<sup>3</sup> a solemn Visitation was

<sup>1</sup> So thought also higher authorities; for among the extracts from *The Press* brought forward by the Secret Committee of the House of Commons, to show how formidable had been the designs of the United Irishmen, there are two or three paragraphs cited from this redoubtable Letter.

<sup>2</sup> Of the depth and extent to which Hudson had involved himself in the conspiracy, none of our family had harboured the least notion; till, on the seizure of the thirteen Leinster delegates, at Oliver Bond's, in the month of March, 1798, we found, to our astonishment and sorrow, that he was one of the number.

To those unread in the painful history of this period, it is right to mention that almost all the leaders of the United Irish conspiracy were Protestants. Among those companions of my own alluded to in these pages, I scarcely remember a single Catholic.

<sup>3</sup> In the Report from the Secret Committee of the Irish House of Lords, this extension

held by Lord Clare, the vice-chancellor of the University, with the view of inquiring into the extent of this branch of the plot, and dealing summarily with those engaged in it.

Imperious and harsh as then seemed the policy of thus setting up a sort of inquisitorial tribunal, armed with the power of examining witnesses on oath, and in a place devoted to the instruction of youth, I cannot but confess that the facts which came out in the course of the evidence, went far towards justifying even this arbitrary proceeding; and to the many who, like myself, were acquainted only with the general views of the Union leaders, without even knowing, except from conjecture, who those leaders were, or what their plans or objects, it was most startling to hear the disclosures which every succeeding witness brought forth. There were a few,—and among that number, poor Robert Emmet, John Brown, and the two \*\*\*\*\*,<sup>1</sup> whose total absence from the whole scene, as well as the dead silence that, day after day, followed the calling out of their names, proclaimed how deep had been their share in the unlawful proceedings inquired into by this tribunal.

But there was one young friend of mine, \* \* \* \* \*, whose appearance among the suspected and examined as much surprised as it deeply and painfully interested me. He and Emmet had long been intimate and attached friends;—their congenial fondness for mathematical studies having been, I think, a far more binding sympathy between them than any arising out of their political opinions. From his being called up, however, on this day, when, as it appeared afterwards, all the most important evidence was brought forward, there could be little doubt that, in addition to his intimacy with Emmet, the college authorities must have possessed some information which led them to suspect him of being an accomplice in the conspiracy. In the course of his examination, some questions were put to him which he refused to answer,—most probably from their tendency to involve or incriminate others; and he was accordingly dismissed, with the melancholy certainty that his future prospects in life were blasted; it being already known that the punishment for such contumacy was not merely expulsion from the University, but exclusion from all the learned professions.

The proceedings, indeed, of this whole day had been such as to send me to my home in the evening with no very agreeable feelings or prospects. I had heard evidence given affecting even the lives of some of those friends whom I had long regarded with admiration as well as affection; and what was still worse than even their danger,—a danger ennobled, I thought, by the cause in which they suffered,—was the shameful spectacle exhibited by those who had appeared in evidence against them. Of these witnesses, the greater number had been themselves involved in the plot, and now came forward either as voluntary informers, or else were driven by the fear of the consequences of refusal to secure their own safety at the expense of companions and friends.

I well remember the gloom, so unusual, that hung over our family circle on that evening, as, talking together of the events of the day, we discussed the likelihood of my being among those who would be called up for examination on the morrow. The deliberate conclusion to which my dear honest advisers came, was that, overwhelming as the consequences were to all their plans and hopes for me, yet, if the questions leading to criminate others, which had been put to almost all examined on that day, and which poor \* \* \* \* \* alone had refused to answer, I must, in the same manner, and at all risks, return a similar refusal. I am not quite

of the plot to the College is noticed as “a desperate project of the same faction to corrupt the youth of the country by introducing their organised system of treason into the University.”

<sup>1</sup> One of these brothers has long been a general in the French army; having taken a part in all those great enterprises of Napoleon which have now become matter of history. Should these pages meet the eye of General \* \* \* \* \*, they will call to his mind the days we passed together in Normandy, a few summers since;—more especially our excursions to Bayeux, when, as we talked on the way of old college times and friends, all the eventful and stormy scenes he had passed through since seemed forgotten.

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certain whether I received any intimation, on the following morning, that I was to be one of those examined in the course of the day; but I rather think some such notice had been conveyed to me;—and, at last, my awful turn came, and I stood in presence of the formidable tribunal. There sat, with severe look, the vice-chancellor, and, by his side, the memorable Doctor Duigenan,—memorable for his eternal pamphlets against the Catholics.

The oath was proffered to me. "I have an objection, my Lord," said I, "to taking this oath." "What is your objection?" he asked sternly. "I have no fears, my Lord, that any thing I might say would criminate myself; but it might tend to involve others, and I despise the character of the person who could be led, under any such circumstances, to inform against his associates." This was aimed at some of the revelations of the preceding day; and, as I learned afterwards, was so understood. "How old are you, Sir?" he then asked. "Between seventeen and eighteen, my Lord." He then turned to his assessor, Duigenan, and exchanged a few words with him, in an under tone of voice. "We cannot," he resumed, again addressing me, "suffer any one to remain in our University, who refuses to take this oath." "I shall, then, my Lord," I replied, "take the oath,—still reserving to myself the power of refusing to answer any such questions as I have just described." "We do not sit here to argue with you, Sir," he rejoined sharply; upon which I took the oath, and seated myself in the witnesses' chair.

The following are the questions and answers that then ensued. After adverting to the proved existence of United Irish Societies in the University, he asked, "Have you ever belonged to any of these societies?" "No, my Lord." "Have you ever known of any of the proceedings that took place in them?" "No, my Lord." "Did you ever hear of a proposal at any of their meetings, for the purchase of arms and ammunition?" "Never, my Lord." "Did you ever hear of a proposition made, in one of these societies, with respect to the expediency of assassination?" "Oh no, my Lord." He then turned again to Duigenan, and, after a few words with him, said to me:—"When such are the answers you are able to give,<sup>1</sup> pray what was the cause of your great repugnance to taking the oath? "I have already told your Lordship my chief reason; in addition to which, it was the first oath I ever took, and the hesitation was, I think, natural."<sup>2</sup>

I was dismissed without any further questioning; and, however trying had been this short operation, was amply repaid for it by the kind zeal with which my young friends and companions flocked to congratulate me;—not so much, I was inclined to hope, on my acquittal by the court, as on the manner in which I had acquitted *myself*. Of my reception, on returning home, after the fears entertained of so very different a result, I will not attempt any description;—it was all that *such* a home alone could furnish.

<sup>1</sup> There had been two questions put to all those examined on the first day,—“Were you ever asked to join any of these societies?”—and “By whom were you asked?”—which I should have refused to answer, and must, of course, have abided the consequences.

<sup>2</sup> For the correctness of the above report of this short examination, I can pretty confidently answer. It may amuse, therefore, my readers,—as showing the manner in which biographers make the most of small facts,—to see an extract or two from another account of this affair, published not many years since by an old and zealous friend of our family. After stating with tolerable correctness one or two of my answers, the writer thus proceeds:—“Upon this, Lord Clare repeated the question, and young Moore made such an appeal, as caused his lordship to relax, austere and rigid as he was. The words I cannot exactly remember; the substance was as follows:—that he entered college to receive the education of a scholar and a gentleman; that he knew not how to compromise these characters by informing against his college companions; that his own speeches in the debating society had been ill construed, when the worst that could be said of them was, if truth had been spoken, that they were patriotic . . . that he was aware of the high-minded nobleman he had the honour of appealing to, and if his lordship could for a moment condescend to step from his high station and place himself in his situation, then say how he would act under such circumstances,—it would be his guidance.”—*HERBERT'S Irish Varieties*. London, 1836.



I have been induced thus to continue down to the very verge of the warning outbreak of 1798, the slight sketch of my early days which I ventured to commence in the Preface to this Collection: nor could I have furnished the Irish Melodies with any more pregnant illustration, as it was in those times, and among the events then stirring, that the feeling which afterwards found a voice in my country's music, was born and nurtured.

I shall now string together such detached notices and memoranda respecting this work, as I think may be likely to interest my readers.

Of the few songs written with a concealed political feeling,—such as “When he who adores thee,” and one or two more,—the most successful, in its day, was “When first I met thee warm and young,” which alluded, in its hidden sense, to the Prince Regent's desertion of his political friends. It was little less, I own, than profanation to disturb the sentiment of so beautiful an air by any connexion with such a subject. The great success of this song, soon after I wrote it, among a large party staying at Chatsworth, is thus alluded to in one of Lord Byron's letters to me:—“I have heard from London that you have left Chatsworth and all there full of ‘enthusiasm’ . . . . . and, in particular, that ‘When first I met thee’ has been quite overwhelming in its effect. I told you it was one of the best things you ever wrote, though that dog . . . . . wanted you to omit part of it.”

It has been sometimes supposed that “Oh, breathe not his name,” was meant to allude to Lord Edward Fitzgerald: but this is a mistake; the song having been suggested by the well known passage in Robert Emmet's dying speech, “Let no man write my epitaph. . . . . let my tomb remain uninscribed, till other times and other men shall learn to do justice to my memory.”

The feeble attempt to commemorate the glory of our great Duke—“When History's Muse,” etc.—is in so far remarkable, that it made up amply for its want of poetical spirit, by an outpouring, rarely granted to bards in these days, of the spirit of prophecy. It was in the year 1815 that the following lines first made their appearance:—

And still the last crown of thy toils is remanent,  
The grandest, the purest, ev'n thou hast yet known;  
Though proud was thy task, other nations neeching,  
Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.  
At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou hast stood,  
Go, plead for the lad that first cradled thy fame, etc.

About fourteen years after these lines were written, the Duke of Wellington recommended to the throne the great measure of Catholic Emancipation.

The fancy of the “Origin of the Irish Harp,” was (as I have elsewhere acknowledged<sup>1</sup>) suggested, by a drawing made under peculiarly painful circumstances, by the friend so often mentioned in this sketch, Edward Hudson.

In connexion with another of these matchless airs,—one that defies all poetry to do it justice,—I find the following singular and touching statement in an article of the Quarterly Review. Speaking of a young and promising poetess, Lucretia Davidson, who died very early from nervous excitement, the Reviewer says, “She was particularly sensitive to music. There was one song (it was Moore's Farewell to his Harp) to which she took a special fancy. She wished to hear it only at twilight,—thus (with that same perilous love of excitement which made her place the Æolian harp in the window when she was composing), seeking to increase the effect which the song produced upon a nervous system, already diseasedly suscep-

<sup>1</sup> “When, in consequence of the compact entered into between government and the chief leaders of the conspiracy, the State Prisoners, before proceeding into exile, were allowed to see their friends, I paid a visit to Edward Hudson, in the jail of Kilmarnock, where he had then lain immured for four or five months, hearing of friend after friend being led out to death, and expecting every week his own turn to come. I found that to amuse his solitude he had made a large drawing with charcoal on the wall of his prison, representing that fancied origin of the Irish Harp which, some years after, I adopted as the subject of one of the ‘Melodies.’—*Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*, vol. i.

## IRISH MELODIES.

lible; for it is said that, whenever she heard this song, she became cold, pale, and almost fainting; yet it was her favourite of all songs, and gave occasion to those verses addressed in her fifteenth year to her sister."<sup>1</sup>

With the Melody entitled "Love, Valour, and Wit," an incident is connected, which awakened feelings in me of proud, but sad pleasure, to think that my songs had reached the hearts of some of the descendants of those great Irish families, who found themselves forced, in the dark days of persecution, to seek in other lands a refuge from the shame and ruin of their own;—those, whose story I have thus associated with one of their country's most characteristic airs:—

Ye Blakes and O'Donnells, whose fathers resign'd  
The green hills of their youth among strangers to find  
That repose which at home they had sigh'd for in vain.

From a foreign lady, of this ancient extraction,—whose names, could I venture to mention them, would lend to the incident an additional Irish charm,—I received, about two years since, through the hands of a gentleman to whom it had been entrusted, a large portfolio, adorned inside with a beautiful drawing, representing Love, Wit, and Valour, as described in the song. In the border that surrounds the drawing are introduced the favourite emblems of Erin, the harp, the shamrock, the mitred head of St. Patrick, together with scrolls containing each, inscribed in letters of gold, the name of some favourite melody of the fair artist.

This present was accompanied by the following letter from the lady herself; and her Irish race, I fear, is not too discernible in the generous indiscretion with which, this instance, she allows praise so much to outstrip desert:—

"Le 25 Août 1836.

"Monsieur,

"Si les poètes n'étoient en quelque sorte une propriété intellectuelle dont chacun prend sa part à raison de la puissance qu'ils exercent, je ne saurois en vérité comment faire pour justifier mon courage!—car il en falloit beaucoup pour avoir osé consacrer mon pauvre talent d'amateur à vos délicieuses poésies, et plus encore pour en renvoyer le pâle reflet à son véritable auteur.

"J'espère toutefois que ma sympathie pour l'Irlande vous fera juger ma foible production avec cette heureuse partialité qui impose silence à la critique: car, si je n'appartiens pas à l'Île Verte par ma naissance, ni mes relations, je puis dire que je m'y intéresse avec un cœur Irlandais, et que j'ai conservé plus que le nom de mes pères. Cela seul me fait espérer que mes petits voyageurs ne subiront pas le triste sort des étrangers. Puissent-ils remplir leur mission sur le sol natal, en agissant conjointement et toujours pour la cause Irlandaise, et amener enfin une ère nouvelle pour cette héroïque et malheureuse nation:—le moyen de vaincre de tels adversaires s'ils ne font qu'un!

"Vous dirai-je, Monsieur, les doux moments que je dois à vos ouvrages? ce seroit répéter une fois de plus ce que vous entendez tous les jours et de tous les coins de la terre. Aussi j'ai garde de vous ravir un tems trop précieux par l'écho de ces vieilles vérités.

"Si jamais mon étoile me conduit en Irlande, je ne m'y croirai pas étrangère. Je sais que le passé y laisse de longs souvenirs, et que la conformité des désirs et des espérances rapproche en dépit de l'espace et du tems.

"Jusque là, recevez, je vous prie, l'assurance de la parfaite considération avec laquelle j'ai l'honneur d'être,

"Monsieur,

"Votre très-humble servante,

"LA COMTESSE \* \* \* \* \*"

<sup>1</sup> Quarterly Review, vol. xli. p. 294.

Of the translations that have appeared of the Melodies in different languages, I shall here mention such as have come to my knowledge.

*Latin*.—"Cantus Hibernici," Nicholas Lee Torre, London, 1835.

*Italian*.—G. Flechla, Torino, 1836.—Adele Cuati, Milano, 1836.

*French*.—Madame Belloc, Paris, 1823.—Loeve Velmars, Paris, 1829.

*Russian*.—Several detached Melodies, by the popular Russian poet Kozlof.

*Polish*.—Selections, in the same manner, by Niemcewicz, Kosmian, and others.

I have now exhausted not so much my own recollections, as the patience, I fear, of my readers on this subject. We are told of painters calling those last touches of the pencil which they give to some favourite picture the "*ultima basia*;" and with the same sort of affectionate feeling do I now take leave of the Irish Melodies,—the only work of my pen, as I very sincerely believe, whose fame (thanks to the sweet music in which it is embalmed) may boast a chance of prolonging its existence to a day much beyond our own.

## ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST AND SECOND NUMBERS.

Power takes the liberty of announcing to the Public a Work which has long been a *Desideratum* in this country. Though the beauties of the National Music of Ireland have been very generally felt and acknowledged, yet it has happened, through the want of appropriate English words, and of the arrangement necessary to adapt them to the voice, that many of the most excellent compositions have hitherto remained in obscurity. It is intended, therefore, to form a Collection of the best Original Irish Melodies, with characteristic Symphonies and Accompaniments; and with Words containing, as frequently as possible, allusions to the manners and history of the country. Sir John Stevenson has very kindly consented to undertake the arrangement of the Airs; and the lovers of Simple National Music may rest secure, that in such tasteful hands, the native charms of the original melody will not be sacrificed to the ostentation of science.

In the poetical Part, Power has had promises of assistance from several distinguished Literary Characters; particularly from Mr. Moore, whose lyrical talent is so peculiarly suited to such a task, and whose zeal in the undertaking will be best understood from the following Extract of a Letter which he has addressed to Sir John Stevenson on the subject:—

"I feel very anxious that a work of this kind should be undertaken. We have too long neglected the only talent for which our English neighbours ever deigned to allow us any credit. Our National Music has never been properly collected; <sup>1</sup> and, while the composers of the Continent have enriched their Operas and Sonatas with Melodies borrowed from Ireland,—very often without even the honesty of acknowledgment,—we have left these treasures, in a great degree, unclaimed and fugitive. Thus our Airs, like too many of our countrymen, have, for want of protection at home, passed into the service of foreigners. But we are come, I hope, to a better period of both Politics and Music; and how much they are connected, in Ireland at least, appears too plainly in the tone of sorrow and depression which characterizes most of our early Songs.

"The task which you propose to me, of adapting words to these airs, is by no means easy. The Poet, who would follow the various sentiments which they express, must feel and understand that rapid fluctuation of spirits, that unaccountable mixture of gloom and levity, which composes the character of my countrymen,

<sup>1</sup> The writer forgot, when he made this assertion, that the public are indebted to Mr. Bunting for a very valuable collection of Irish Music; and that the patriotic genius of Miss Owenson has been employed upon some of our finest airs.

and has deeply tinged their Music. Even in their liveliest strains we find some melancholy note intrude, — some minor Third or flat Seventh, — which throws its shade as it passes, and makes even mirth interesting. If Burns had been an Irishman ( and I would willingly give up all our claims upon Ossian for him ), his heart would have been proud of such music, and his genius would have made it immortal.

" Another difficulty ( which is, however, purely mechanical ) arises from the irregular structure of many of those airs, and the lawless kind of metre which it will in consequence be necessary to adapt to them. In these instances the Poet must write, not to the eye, but to the ear : and must be content to have his verses of that description which Cicero mentions, '*Quos si cantu spoliaveris nuda remanebit oratio.*' That beautiful Air, 'The Twisting of the Rope,' which has all the romantic character of the Swiss *Ranz des Vaches*, is one of those wild and sentimental rakes which it will not be very easy to tie down in sober wedlock with Poetry. However, notwithstanding all these difficulties, and the very moderate portion of talent which I can bring to surmount them, the design appears to me so truly National, that I shall feel much pleasure in giving it all the assistance in my power.

" *Leicesterhire, Feb. 1807.*"

### ADVERTISEMENT TO THE THIRD NUMBER.

In presenting the Third Number of this work to the Public, Power begs leave to offer his acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage with which it has been honoured ; and to express a hope that the unabated zeal of those who have hitherto so admirably conducted it, will enable him to continue it through many future Numbers with equal spirit, variety, and taste. The stock of popular Melodies is far from being exhausted ; and there is still in reserve an abundance of beautiful Airs, which call upon Mr. Moore, in the language he so well understands, to save them from the oblivion to which they are hastening.

Power respectfully trusts he will not be thought presumptuous in saying, that he feels proud, as an Irishman, in even the very subordinate share which he can claim in promoting a Work so creditable to the talents of the Country, — a Work which, from the spirit of nationality it breathes, will do more, he is convinced, towards liberalizing the feelings of society, and producing that brotherhood of sentiment which it is so much our interest to cherish, than could ever be effected by the mere arguments of well-intentioned but uninteresting politicians.

### LETTER

TO

### THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEGAL,

PREFIXED TO THE THIRD NUMBER.

While the publisher of these Melodies very properly inscribes them to the Nobility and Gentry of Ireland in general, I have much pleasure in selecting one from that number, to whom my share of the Work is particularly dedicated. I know that, though your Ladyship has been so long absent from Ireland, you still continue to remember it well and warmly, — that you have not suffered the attractions of

English society to produce, like the taste of the lotus, any forgetfulness of your own country, but that even the humble tribute which I offer derives its chief claim upon your interest and sympathy from the appeal which it makes to your patriotism. Indeed, absence, however fatal to some affections of the heart, rather tends to strengthen our love for the land where we were born; and Ireland is the country, of all others, which an exile from it must remember with most enthusiasm. Those few darker and less amiable traits with which bigotry and misrule have stained her character, and which are too apt to disgust us upon a nearer intercourse, become at a distance softened, or altogether invisible. Nothing is remembered but her virtues and her misfortunes, — the zeal with which she has always loved liberty, and the barbarous policy which has always withheld it from her, — the ease with which her generous spirit might be conciliated, and the cruel ingenuity which has been exerted to “wring her into undutifulness.”<sup>1</sup>

It has been often remarked, and still oftener felt, that in our music is found the truest of all comments upon our history. The tone of defiance, succeeded by the languor of despondency, — a burst of turbulence dying away into softness, — the sorrows of one moment lost in the levity of the next, — and all that romantic mixture of mirth and sadness, which is naturally produced by the efforts of a lively temperament to shake off, or forget, the wrongs which lie upon it. Such are the features of our history and character, which we find strongly and faithfully reflected in our music; and there are even many airs, which it is difficult to listen to, without recalling some period or event to which their expression seems applicable. Sometimes, for instance, when the strain is open and spirited, yet here and there shaded by a mournful recollection, we can fancy that we behold the brave allies of Montrose,<sup>2</sup> marching to the aid of the royal cause, notwithstanding all the perfidy of Charles and his ministers, and remembering just enough of past sufferings to enhance the generosity of their present sacrifice. The plaintive melodies of Carolan take us back to the times in which he lived, when our poor countrymen were driven to worship their God in caves, or to quit for ever the land of their birth, — like the bird that abandons the nest which human touch has violated. In many of these mournful songs we seem to hear the last farewell of the exile,<sup>3</sup> mingling regret for the ties which he leaves at home, with sanguine hopes of the high honours that await him abroad, — such honours as were won on the field of Fontenoy, where the valour of Irish Catholics turned the fortune of the day, and extorted from George the Second that memorable exclamation, “Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects!”

Though much has been said of the antiquity of our music, it is certain that our finest and most popular airs are modern; and perhaps we may look no further than the last disgraceful century for the origin of most of those wild and melancholy strains, which were at once the offspring and solace of grief, and were applied to the mind as music was formerly to the body, “decantare loca dolentia.”

<sup>1</sup> A phrase which occurs in a Letter from the Earl of Desmond to the Earl of Ormond, in Elizabeth's time. — *Scripta Sacra*, as quoted by Curry.

<sup>2</sup> There are some gratifying accounts of the gallantry of these Irish auxiliaries in “The complete History of the Wars in Scotland under Montrose” (1660). See particularly, for the conduct of an Irishman at the battle of Aberdeen, chap. vi. p. 48.; and for a tribute to the bravery of Colonel O’Kyan, chap. vii. 55. Clarendon owns that the Marquis of Montrose was indebted for much of his miraculous success to the small band of Irish heroes under Macdonnell.

<sup>3</sup> The associations of the Hindu music, though more obvious and defined, were far less touching and characteristic. They divided their songs according to the seasons of the year, by which (says Sir William Jones) “they were able to recall the memory of autumnal merriment, at the close of the harvest, or of separation and melancholy during the cold months,” etc. — *Asiatic Transactions*, vol. iii. on the Musical Modes of the Hindus. — What the Abbé du Bos says of the symphonies of Lulli, may be asserted, with much more probability, of our bold and impassioned airs: — “Elles auroient produit de ces effets, qui nous paroissent fabuleux dans le récit des anciens, si on les avoit fait entendre à des hommes d’un naturel aussi vif que les Athéniens.” — *Reflex. sur la Peinture*, etc. tom. i. sect. 45.

Mr. Pinkerton is of opinion <sup>1</sup> that none of the Scotch popular airs are as old as the middle of the sixteenth century; and though musical antiquaries refer us, for some of our melodies, to so early a period as the fifth century, I am persuaded that there are few, of a *civilized* description, (and by this I mean to exclude all the savage Ceanans, Cries, <sup>2</sup> etc.) which can claim quite so ancient a date as Mr. Pinkerton allows to the Scotch. But music is not the only subject upon which our taste for antiquity has been rather unreasonably indulged; and, however heretical it may be to dissent from these romantic speculations, I cannot help thinking that it is possible to love our country very zealously, and to feel deeply interested in her honour and happiness, without believing that Irish was the language spoken in Paradise; <sup>3</sup> that our ancestors were kind enough to take the trouble of polishing the Greeks, <sup>4</sup> or that Abaris, the Hyperborean, was a native of the North of Ireland.<sup>5</sup>

By some of these zealous antiquarians it has been imagined that the Irish were early acquainted with counter-point; <sup>6</sup> and they endeavour to support this conjecture by a well-known passage in Giraldus, where he dilates, with such elaborate praise, upon the beauties of our national minstrelsy. But the terms of this eulogy are much too vague, too deficient in technical accuracy, to prove that even Giraldus himself knew any thing of the artifice of counter-point. There are many expressions in the Greek and Latin writers which might be cited, with much more plausibility, to prove that they understood the arrangement of music in parts; <sup>7</sup> and it is in general now conceded, I believe, by the learned, that, however grand and pathetic the melody of the ancients may have been, it was reserved for the ingenuity of modern Science to transmit the "light of Song" through the variegating prism of Harmony.

Indeed, the irregular scale of the early Irish (in which, as in the music of Scotland, the interval of the fourth was wanting, <sup>8</sup>) must have furnished but wild and refrac-

<sup>1</sup> Dissertation, prefixed to the 2d volume of his Scottish Ballads.

<sup>2</sup> Of which some genuine specimens may be found at the end of Mr. Walker's Work upon the Irish harps. Mr. Bunting has disfigured his last splendid volume by too many of these barbarous rhapsodies.

<sup>3</sup> See Advertisement to the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin.

<sup>4</sup> O'Halloran, vol. i. part. iv. chap. vii.

<sup>5</sup> Id. ib. chap. vi.

<sup>6</sup> It is also supposed, but with as little proof, that they understood the diesis, or enharmonic interval.—The Greeks seem to have formed their ears to this delicate gradation of sound; and, whatever difficulties or objections may lie in the way of its *practical* use, we must agree with Mersenne, (*Préludes de l'Harmonie*, quest. 7.) that the *theory* of Music would be imperfect without it. Even in practice, too, as Tosi, among others, very justly remarks, (*Observations on Florid Song*, chap. i. sect. 16.) there is no good performer on the violin who does not make a sensible difference between D sharp and E flat, though, from the imperfection of the instrument, they are the same notes upon the piano-forte. The effect of modulation by enharmonic transitions is also very striking and beautiful.

<sup>7</sup> The words *κοινὴν* and *στεροφώνικα*, in a passage of Plato, and some expressions of Cicero in Fragment, lib. ii. de Republ., induced the Abbé Fraguier to maintain that the ancients had a knowledge of counter-point. M. Burette, however, has answered him, I think, satisfactorily. (*Examen d'un passage de Platon*, in the 3d vol. of *Histoire de l'Acad.*) M. Huet is of opinion (*Pensées Diverses*), that what Cicero says of the music of the spheres, in his Dream of Scipio, is sufficient to prove an acquaintance with harmony; but one of the strongest passages, which I recollect, in favour of this supposition, occurs in the Treatise (*Περὶ Κόσμου*) attributed to Aristotle—*Μουσικὴ δὲ οὕτως ἀμικ καὶ βραχὺς, κ. τ. λ.*

<sup>8</sup> Another lawless peculiarity of our music is the frequent occurrence of, what composers call, consecutive fifths; but this, I must say, is an irregularity which can hardly be avoided by persons not conversant with all the rules of composition. If I may venture, indeed, to cite my own wild attempts in this way, it is a fault which I find myself continually committing, and which has even, at times, appeared so pleasing to my ear, that I have surrendered it to the critic with no small reluctance. May there not be a little pedantry in adhering too rigidly to this rule?—I have been told that there are instances in Haydn, of an undisguised succession of fifths; and Mr. Shield, in his Intro-

tory subjects to the harmonist. It was only when the invention of Guido began to be known, and the powers of the harp<sup>1</sup> were enlarged by additional strings, that our airs can be supposed to have assumed the sweet character which interests us at present; and while the Scotch persevered in the old mutilation of the scale,<sup>2</sup> our music became by degrees more amenable to the laws of harmony and counterpoint.

While profiting, however, by the improvements of the moderns, our style still keeps its original character sacred from their refinements; and though Carolan, it appears, had frequent opportunities of hearing the works of Geminiani and other great masters, we but rarely find him sacrificing his naive simplicity to any ambition of their ornaments, or affectation of their science. In that curious composition, indeed, called his Concerto, it is evident that he laboured to imitate Corelli; and this union of manners, so very dissimilar, produces the same kind of uneasy sensation which is felt at a mixture of different styles of architecture. In general, however, the artless flow of our music has preserved itself free from all tinge of foreign innovation;<sup>3</sup> and the chief corruptions of which we have to complain arise from the unskilful performance of our own itinerant musicians, from whom, too frequently, the airs are vied down, encumbered by their tasteless decorations, and responsible for all their ignorant anomalies. Though it be sometimes impossible to trace the original strain, yet, in most of them, "auri per ramos *aura* refulget."<sup>4</sup> the pure gold of melody shines through the ungraceful foliage which surrounds it, — and the most delicate and difficult duty of a compiler is to endeavour, by retrenching these inelegant superfluities, and collating the various methods of playing or singing each air, to restore the regularity of its form, and the chaste simplicity of its character.

I must again observe that, in doubting the antiquity of our music, my scepticism extends but to those polished specimens of the art, which it is difficult to conceive anterior to the dawn of modern improvement; and that I would by no means

duction to Harmony, seems to intimate that Handel has been sometimes guilty of the same irregularity.

<sup>1</sup> A singular oversight occurs in an Essay upon the Irish Harp, by Mr. Beauford, which is inserted in the Appendix to Walker's Historical Memoirs:—"The Irish (says he), according to Bromton, in the reign of Henry II. had two kinds of Harps, 'Hibernici tamen in duobus musici generis instrumentis, quamvis præcipitem et velocem, suavem tamen et jucundum: the one greatly bold and quick, the other soft and pleasing.'—How a man of Mr. Beauford's learning could so mistake the meaning, and mutilate the grammatical construction of this extract, is unaccountable. The following is the passage as I find it entire in Bromton; and it requires but little Latin to perceive the injustice which has been done to the words of the old Chronicler:—"Et cum Scotia, hujus terræ filia, natorum lyra, tympano et choro, ac Wallia cythara, tubis et choro Hibernici tamen in duobus musici generis instrumentis, quævis præcipitem et velocem, suavem tamen et jucundam, crispatis modulis et intricatis notulis, efficiunt harmoniam."—Hist. Anglic. Script. page 1075. I should not have thought this error worth remarking, but that the compiler of the Dissertation on the Harp, prefixed to Mr. Bunting's last Work, has adopted it implicitly.

<sup>2</sup> The Scotch lay claim to some of our best airs, but there are strong traits of difference between their melodies and ours. They had formerly the same passion for robbing us of our Saints, and the learned Dempster was for this offence called "The Saint Stealer." It must have been some Irishman, I suppose, who, by way of reprisal, stole Dempster's beautiful wife from him at Pisa.—See this anecdote in the *Pinacotheca* of Erythræus, part I. page 25.

<sup>3</sup> Among other also refinements of the art, our music (with the exception perhaps of the air called "Mamma, Mamma," and one or two more of the same ludicrous description,) has avoided that puerile mimicry of natural noises, motions, etc. which disgraces so often the works of even Handel himself. D'Alembert ought to have had better taste than to become the patron of this imitative affectation.—*Discours Préliminaire de l'Encyclopédie*. The reader may find some good remarks on the subject in Avison upon Musical Expression; a work which, though under the name of Avison, was written, it is said, by Dr. Brown.

<sup>4</sup> Virgil, *Æneid*, lib. vi. verse 204

invalidate the claims of Ireland to as early a rank in the annals of minstrelsy, as the most zealous antiquary may be inclined to allow her. In addition, indeed, to the power which music must always have possessed over the minds of a people so ardent and susceptible, the stimulus of persecution was not wanting to quicken our taste into enthusiasm; the charms of song were ennobled with the glories of martyrdom, and the acts against minstrels, in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, were as successful, I doubt not, in making my countrymen musicians, as the penal laws have been in keeping them Catholics.

With respect to the verses which I have written for these Melodies, as they are intended rather to be sung than read, I can answer for their sound with somewhat more confidence than for their sense. Yet it would be affectation to deny that I have given much attention to the task, and that it is not through any want of zeal or industry, if I unfortunately disgrace the sweet airs of my country, by poetry altogether unworthy of their taste, their energy, and their tenderness.

Though the humble nature of my contributions to this work may exempt them from the rigours of literary criticism, it was not to be expected that those touches of political feeling, those tones of national complaint, in which the poetry sometimes sympathizes with the music, would be suffered to pass without censure or alarm. It has been accordingly said, that the tendency of this publication is mischievous,<sup>1</sup> and that I have chosen these airs hut as a vehicle of dangerous politics,—as fair and precious vessels (to borrow an image of St. Augustin<sup>2</sup>), from which the wine of error might be administered. To those who identify nationality with treason, and who see, in every effort for Ireland, a system of hostility towards England,—to those, too, who, nursed in the gloom of prejudice, are alarmed by the faintest gleam of liberality that threatens to disturb their darkness,—like that Demophon of old, who, when the sun shone upon him, shivered,<sup>3</sup> to such men I shall not condescend to offer an apology for the too great warmth of any political sentiment which may occur in the course of these pages. But as there are many, among the more wise and tolerant, who, with feeling enough to mourn over the wrongs of their country, and sense enough to perceive all the danger of not redressing them, may yet be of opinion that allusions, in the least degree inflammatory, should be avoided in a publication of this popular description—I beg of these respected persons to believe, that there is no one who more sincerely deprecates than I do, any appeal to the passions of an ignorant and angry multitude; hut that it is not through that gross and inflammable region of society, a work of this nature could ever have been intended to circulate. It looks much higher for its audience and readers,—it is found upon the pianofortes of the rich and the educated,—of those who can afford to have their national zeal a little stimulated, without exciting much dread of the excesses into which it may hurry them; and of many whose nerves may be, now and then, alarmed with advantage, as much more is to be gained by their fears, than could ever be expected from their justice.

Having thus adverted to the principal objection, which has been hitherto made to the poetical part of this work, allow me to add a few words in defence of my ingenious coadjutor, Sir John Stevenson, who has been accused of having spoiled the simplicity of the airs by the chromatic richness of his symphonies, and the elaborate variety of his harmonies. We might cite the example of the admirable Haydn, who has sported through all the mazes of musical science, in his arrangement of the simplest Scottish melodies; hut it appears to me, that Sir John Stevenson has brought to this task an innate and national feeling, which it would be

<sup>1</sup> See Letters, under the signatures of Timæus, etc. in the *Morning Post, Pilot*, and other papers.

<sup>2</sup> "Non accuso verba, quasi vasa electa atque pretiosa; sed vinum erroris quod cum cis nobis propinatur."—Lib. i. Confess. chap. xvi.

<sup>3</sup> This emblem of modern bigots was head-butler (κεφαλὴ βορνοτός) to Alexander the Great.—*Seal. Empir. Pyrrh. Hypoth.* Lib. i.



vain to expect from a foreigner, however tasteful or judicious. Through many of his own compositions we trace a vein of Irish sentiment, which points him out as peculiarly suited to catch the spirit of his country's music; and, far from agreeing with those fastidious critics who think that his symphonies have nothing kindred with the airs which they introduce, I would say that, on the contrary, they resemble, in general, those illuminated initials of old manuscripts, which are of the same character with the writing which follows, though more highly coloured and more curiously ornamented.

In those airs which he has arranged for voices, his skill has particularly distinguished itself, and, though it cannot be denied that a single melody most naturally expresses the language of feeling and passion, yet often, when a favourite strail has been dismissed, as having lost its charm of novelty for the ear, it returns, in a harmonized shape, with new claims on our interest and attention; and to those who study the delicate artifices of composition, the construction of the inner parts of these pieces must afford, I think, considerable satisfaction. Every voice has an air to itself, a flowing succession of notes, which might be heard with pleasure, independently of the rest;—so artfully has the harmonist (if I may thus express it) *gavelled* the melody, distributing an equal portion of its sweetness to every part.

If your Ladyship's love of Music were not well known to me, I should not have hazarded so long a letter upon the subject; but as, probably, I may have presumed too far upon your partiality, the best revenge you now can take is to write me just as long a letter upon Painting; and I promise to attend to your theory of the art, with a pleasure only surpassed by that which I have so often derived from your practice of it.—May the mind which such talents adorn, continue calm as it is bright, and happy as it is virtuous!

Believe me, your Ladyship's

Grateful Friend and Servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

## ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FOURTH NUMBER.

This Number of the *Melodies* ought to have appeared much earlier; and the writer of the words is ashamed to confess, that the delay of its publication must be imputed chiefly, if not entirely, to him. He finds it necessary to make this avowal, not only for the purpose of removing all blame from the Publisher, but in consequence of a rumour, which has been circulated industriously in Dublin, that the Irish Government had interfered to prevent the continuance of the *Work*.

This would be, indeed, a revival of Henry the Eighth's enactments against Minstrels, and it is flattering to find that so much importance is attached to our compilation, even by such persons as the inventors of the report. Bishop Lowth, it is true, was of opinion, that *one* song, like the *Hymn to Harmodius*, would have done more towards rousing the spirit of the Romans, than all the *Philippics* of Cicero. But we live in wiser and less musical times; ballads have long lost their revolutionary powers, and we question if even a "*Lillithullero*" would produce any very serious consequences at present. It is needless, therefore, to add, that there is no truth in the report; and we trust that whatever belief it obtained was founded more upon the character of the *Government* than of the *Work*.

The *Airs* of the last Number, though full of originality and beauty, were, in general, perhaps, too curiously selected to become all at once as popular as, we think, they deserve to be. The public are apt to be reserved towards new acquaintances in music, and this, perhaps, is one of the reasons why many modern composers introduce none but old friends to their notice. It is, indeed, natural that persons, who love music only by association, should be somewhat slow in feeling the charms of a new and strange melody; while those, on the other hand, who have

## IRISH MELODIES.

a quick sensibility for this enchanting art, will as naturally seek and enjoy novelty, because in every variety of strain they find a fresh combination of ideas; and the sound has scarcely reached the ear, before the heart has as rapidly rendered it into imagery and sentiment. After all, however, it cannot be denied that the most popular of our National Airs are also the most beautiful; and it has been our wish, in the present Number, to select from those Melodies only which have long been listened to and admired. The least known in the collection is the Air of "*Love's Young Dream*;" but it will be found, I think, one of those easy and artless strangers whose merit the heart instantly acknowledges.

T. M.

Bury Street, St. James's,  
Nov. 1811.

### ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIFTH NUMBER.

It is but fair to those, who take an interest in this Work, to state that it is now very near its termination, and that the Sixth Number, which shall speedily appear, will, most probably, be the last of the series. Three volumes will then have been completed, according to the original plan, and the Proprietors desire me to say that a List of Subscribers will be published with the concluding Number.

It is not so much, I must add, from a want of materials, and still less from any abatement of zeal or industry, that we have adopted the resolution of bringing our task to a close; but we feel so proud, still more for our country's sake than our own, of the general interest which this purely Irish Work has excited, and so anxious lest a particle of that interest should be lost by too long a protraction of its existence, that we think it wiser to take away the cup from the lip, while its flavour is yet, we trust, fresh and sweet, than to risk any further trial of the charm, or give so much as not to leave some wish for more. In speaking thus, I allude entirely to the Airs, which are, of course, the main attraction of these Volumes; and though we have still a great many popular and delightful Melodies to produce, it cannot be denied that we should soon experience considerable difficulty in equalling the richness and novelty of the earlier numbers, for which, as we had the choice of all before us, we naturally selected only the most rare and beautiful. The Poetry, too, would be sure to sympathise with the decline of the Music; and, however feebly my words have kept pace with the excellence of the Airs, they would follow their *falling off*, I fear, with wonderful alacrity. Both pride and prudence, therefore, counsel us to come to a close, while yet our Work is, we believe, flourishing and attractive, and thus, in the imperial attitude, "*stantes mori*," before we incur the charge either of altering for the worse, or what is equally unpardonable, continuing too long the same.

We beg to say, however, that it is only in the event of our failing to find Airs as good as most of those we have given, that we mean thus to anticipate the natural period of dissolution (like those Indians who, when their relatives become worn out, put them to death); and they who are desirous of retarding this Euthanasia of the Irish Melodies, cannot better effect their wish than by contributing to our collection,—not what are called curious Airs, for we have abundance of such, and they are, in general, *only* curious,—but any real sweet and expressive Songs of our Country, which either chance or research may have brought into their hands.

T. M.

Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne,  
December, 1811.

<sup>1</sup> Among these is *Savourna Deelish*, which I have been hitherto only withheld from selecting by the diffidence I feel in treading upon the same ground with Mr. Campbell, whose beautiful words to this fine Air have taken too strong possession of all ears and hearts, for me to think of following in his footsteps with any success. I suppose, however, as a matter of duty, I must attempt the air for our next Number.

## ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SIXTH NUMBER.

In presenting this Sixth Number to the Public as our last, and bidding adieu to the Irish Harp for ever, we shall not answer very confidently for the strength of our resolution, nor feel quite sure that it may not turn out to be one of those eternal farewells which a lover takes occasionally of his mistress, merely to enhance, perhaps, the pleasure of their next meeting. Our only motive, indeed, for discontinuing the Work was a fear that our treasures were nearly exhausted, and a natural unwillingness to descend to the gathering of mere seed-pearl, after the really precious gems it has been our lot to string together. The announcement, however, of this intention, in our Fifth Number, has excited a degree of anxiety in the lovers of Irish Music, not only pleasant and flattering, but highly useful to us; for the various contributions we have received in consequence, have enriched our collection with so many choice and beautiful Airs, that should we adhere to our present resolution of publishing no more, it would certainly furnish an instance of forbearance unexampled in the history of poets and musicians. To one Gentleman in particular, who has been for many years resident in England, but who has not forgot, among his various pursuits, either the language or the melodies of his native country, we beg to offer our best thanks for the many interesting communications with which he has favoured us. We trust that neither he nor any other of our kind friends will relax in those efforts by which we have been so considerably assisted; for though our work must now be looked upon as defunct, yet—as Reamur found out the art of making the cicada sing after it was dead—it is just possible that we may, some time or other, try a similar experiment upon the Irish Melodies.

T. M.

Mayfield, Ashbourne,  
March, 1818.

## ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SEVENTH NUMBER.

Had I consulted only my own judgment, this Work would not have extended beyond the Six Numbers already published; which contain the flower, perhaps, of our national melodies, and have now attained a rank in public favour, of which I would not willingly risk the forfeiture, by degenerating, in any way, from those merits that were its source. Whatever treasures of our music were still in reserve, (and it will be seen, I trust, that they are numerous and valuable,) I would gladly have left to future poets to glean, and, with the ritual words "*tibi trado*," would have delivered up the torch into other hands, before it had lost much of its light in my own. But the call for a continuance of the work has been, as I understand from the Publisher, so general, and we have received so many contributions of old and beautiful airs,<sup>1</sup>—the suppression of which, for the enhancement of those we have published, would too much resemble the policy of the Dutch in burning their spices,—that I have been persuaded, though not without much diffidence in my success, to commence a new series of the Irish Melodies.

T. M.

<sup>1</sup> One Gentleman, in particular, whose name I shall feel happy in being allowed to mention, has not only sent us nearly forty ancient airs, but has communicated many curious fragments of Irish poetry, and some interesting traditions current in the country where he resides, illustrated by sketches of the romantic scenery to which they refer: all of which, though too late for the present Number, will be of infinite service to us in the prosecution of our task.

# IRISH MELODIES.

## DEDICATION

TO

### THE MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT,

PREFIXED TO THE TENTH NUMBER.

It is with a pleasure, not unmixed with melancholy, that I dedicate the last Number of the Irish Melodies to your Ladyship; nor can I have any doubt that the feelings with which you receive the tribute will be of the same mingled and saddened tone. To you,—who, though but little beyond the season of childhood, when the earlier numbers of this work appeared,—lent the aid of your beautiful voice, and, even then, exquisite feeling for music, to the happy circle who met, to sing them together, under your father's roof, the gratification, whatever it may be, which this humble offering brings, cannot be otherwise than darkened by the mournful reflection, how many of the voices, which then joined with ours, are now silent in death!

I am not without hope that, as far as regards the grace and spirit of the Melodies, you will find this closing portion of the work not unworthy of what has preceded it. The Sixteen Airs, of which the Number and the Supplement consist, have been selected from the immense mass of Irish music, which has been for years past accumulating in my hands; and it was from a desire to include all that appeared most worthy of preservation, that the four supplementary songs which follow this Tenth Number have been added.

Trusting that I may yet again, in remembrance of old times, hear our voices together in some of the harmonized airs of this Volume, I have the honour to subscribe myself,

Your Ladyship's faithful Friend and Servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

*Sloperton Cottage,  
May, 1834.*

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



# THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

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## PREFACE.

On my return from the interesting visit to Rome, of which some account has been given in the preceding Preface, I took up my abode in Paris, and, being joined there by my family, continued to reside in that capital, or its environs, till about the close of the year 1822. As no life, however sunny, is without its clouds, I could not escape, of course, my share of such passing shadows; and this long estrangement from our happy English home, towards which my family yearned even more fondly than myself, had been caused by difficulties of a pecuniary nature, and to a large amount, in which I had been involved by the conduct of the person who acted as my deputy in the small office I held at Bermuda.

That I should ever have come to be chosen for such an employment seems one of those freaks or anomalies of human destiny which baffle all ordinary speculation; and went far, indeed, to realise Beaumarchais' notion of the sort of standard by which, too frequently, qualification for place is regulated;—"Il fallut un calculateur; ce fut un danseur qui l'obtint."

But however much, in this instance, I suffered from my want of schooling in matters of business, and more especially from my having neglected the ordinary precaution of requiring security from my deputy, I was more than consoled for all such embarrassment, were it even ten times as much, by the eager kindness with which friends pressed forward to help to release me from my difficulties. Could I venture to name the persons,—and they were many,—who thus volunteered their aid, it would be found they were all of them men whose characters enhanced such a service, and that, in all, the name and the act reflected honour upon each other.

I shall so far lift the veil in which such delicate generosity seeks to shroud itself, as to mention briefly the manner in which one of these kind friends,—himself possessing but limited means,—proposed to contribute to the object of releasing me from my embarrassments. After adverting, in his letter, to my misfortunes, and "the noble way," as he was pleased to say, "in which I bore them," he adds,—“would it be very impertinent to say, that I have 500*l.* entirely at your disposal, to be paid when you like; and as much more that I could advance, upon any reasonable security, payable in seven years?” The writer concludes by apologising anxiously and delicately for “the liberty which he thus takes,” assuring me that “he would not have made the offer if he did not feel that he would most readily accept the same assistance from me.” I select this one instance from among the many which that trying event of my life enables me to adduce, both on account of the deliberate feeling of manly regard which it manifests, and also from other considerations which it would be out of place here to mention, but which rendered so genuine a mark of friendship from such a quarter peculiarly touching and welcome to me.

When such were the men who hastened to my aid in this emergency, I need hardly say, it was from no squeamish pride,—for the pride would have been in receiving favours from such hands,—that I came to the resolution of gratefully declining their offers, and endeavouring to work out my deliverance by my own ef-

forts. With a credit still fresh in the market of literature, and with publishers ready as ever to risk their thousands on my name, I could not but feel that, however gratifying was the generous zeal of such friends, I should best show that I, in some degree, deserved their offers, by declining, under such circumstances, to accept them.

Meanwhile, an attachment had issued against me from the Court of Admiralty; and as a negotiation was about to be opened with the American claimants, for a reduction of their large demand upon me,—supposed, at that time, to amount to six thousand pounds,—it was deemed necessary that, pending the treaty, I should take up my abode in France.

To write for the means of daily subsistence, and even in most instances to “forestall the slow harvest of the brain,” was for me, unluckily, no novel task. But I had now, in addition to these home calls upon the Muse, a new, painful, and, in its first aspect, overwhelming exigence to provide for; and, certainly, Paris, swarming throughout as it was, at that period, with rich, gay, and dissipated English, was, to a person of my social habits and multifarious acquaintance, the very worst possible place that could have been resorted to for even the semblance of a quiet or studious home. The only tranquil, and, therefore, to me, most precious portions of that period were the two summers passed by my family and myself with our kind Spanish friends, the V\*\*\*\*\*s, at their beautiful place, La Butte Coaslin, on the road up to Bellevue. There, in a cottage belonging to M. V\*\*\*\*\*I, and but a few steps from his house, we contrived to conjure up an apparition of Sloperston;<sup>1</sup> and I was able for some time to work with a feeling of comfort and home. I used frequently to pass the morning in rambling alone through the noble park of St. Cloud, with no apparatus for the work of authorship but my memorandum-book and pencils, forming sentences to run smooth and moulding verses into shape. In the evenings I generally joined with Madame V\*\*\*\*\*I in Italian duets, or, with far more pleasure, sat as listener, while she sung to the Spanish guitar those sweet songs of her own country to which few voices could do such justice.

One of the pleasant circumstances connected with our summer visits to La Butte was the near neighbourhood of our friend, Mr. Kenny, the lively dramatic writer, who was lodged picturesquely in the remains of the Palace of the King's Aunts, at Bellevue. I remember, on my first telling Kenny the particulars of my Bermuda mishap, his saying, after a pause of real feeling, “Well,—it's lucky you're a poet;—a philosopher never could have borne it.” Washington Irving also was, for a short time, our visiter; and still recollects, I trust, his reading to me some parts of his then forthcoming work, Bracebridge Hall, as we sat together on the grass walk that leads to the Rocher, at La Butte.

Among the writings, then but in embryo, to which I looked forward for the means of my enfranchisement, one of the most important, as well as most likely to be productive, was my intended *Life of Sheridan*. But I soon found that, at such a distance from all those living authorities from whom alone I could gain any interesting information respecting the private life of one who left behind him so little epistolary correspondence, it would be wholly impossible to proceed satisfactorily with this task. Accordingly I wrote to Mr. Murray and Mr. Wilkie, who were at that time the intended publishers of the work, to apprise them of this temporary obstacle to its progress.

Being thus baffled in the very first of the few resources I had looked to, I next thought of a Romance in verse, in the form of Letters, or Epistles; and with this view sketched out a story, on an Egyptian subject, differing not much from that which, some years after, formed the groundwork of the *Epicurean*. After labouring, however, for some months, at this experiment, amidst interruption, dissipation, and distraction, which might well put all the Nine Muses to flight, I gave up

<sup>1</sup> A little cool, with trees arroy,  
And, like its master, very low.”—POPE.

## THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

the attempt in despair;—fully convinced of the truth of that warning conveyed in some early verses of my own, addressed to the Invisible Girl:—

Oh hie to the bard, 'tis retirement alone  
Can hallow his harp or ennoble its tune:  
Like you, with a veil of seclusion between,  
His song to the world let him utter unseen, etc. etc. 1

It was, indeed, to the secluded life I led during the years 1813—1816, in a lone cottage among the fields, in Derbyshire, that I owed the inspiration, whatever may have been its value, of some of the best and most popular portions of *Lalla Rookh*. It was amidst the snows of two or three Derbyshire winters that I found myself enabled, by that concentration of thought which retirement alone gives, to call up around me some of the sunniest of those Eastern scenes which have since been welcomed in India itself, as almost native to its clime.

Abortive, however, as had now been all my efforts to woo the shy spirit of Poesy, amidst such unquiet scenes, the course of reading I found time to pursue, on the subject of Egypt, was of no small service in storing my mind with the various knowledge respecting that country, which some years later I turned to account, in writing the story of the *Epicurean*. The kind facilities, indeed, towards this object, which some of the most distinguished French scholars and artists afforded me, are still remembered by me with thankfulness. Besides my old acquaintance, Denon, whose drawings of Egypt, then of some value, I frequently consulted, I found Mons. Fourier and Mons. Langlès no less prompt in placing books at my disposal. With Humboldt, also, who was at that time in Paris, I had more than once some conversation on the subject of Egypt, and remember his expressing himself in no very laudatory terms respecting the labours of the French savans in that country.

I had now been foiled and frustrated in two of those literary projects on which I had counted most sanguinely in the calculation of my resources; and, though I had found sufficient time to furnish my musical publisher with the Eighth Number of the *Irish Melodies*, and also a Number of the *National Airs*, these works alone, I knew, would yield but an insufficient supply, compared with the demands so closely and threateningly hanging over me. In this difficulty I called to mind a subject,—the Eastern allegory of the *Loves of the Angels*,—on which I had, some years before, begun a prose story, but in which, as a theme for poetry, I had now been anticipated by Lord Byron, in one of the most sublime of his many poetical miracles, "*Heaven and Earth*." Knowing how soon I should be lost in the shadow into which so gigantic a precursor would cast me, I had endeavoured, by a speed of composition which must have astonished my habitually slow pen, to get the start of my noble friend in the time of publication, and thus give myself the sole chance I could perhaps expect, under such unequal rivalry, of attracting to my work the attention of the public. In this humble speculation, however, I failed; for both works, if I recollect right, made their appearance at the same time.

In the meanwhile, the negotiation which had been entered into with the American claimants, for a reduction of the amount of their demands upon me, had continued to "*drag its slow length along*;" nor was it till the month of September, 1822, that, by a letter from the Messrs. Longman, I received the welcome intelligence that the terms offered, as our ultimatum, to the opposite party, had been at last accepted, and that I might now with safety return to England. I lost no time, of course, in availing myself of so welcome a privilege; and as all that remains now to be told of this trying episode in my past life may be comprised in a small compass, I shall trust to the patience of my readers for tolerating the recital.

On arriving in England I learned, for the first time,—having been, till then, kept very much in darkness on the subject,—that, after a long and frequently interrupted



course of negotiation, the amount of the claims of the American merchants had been reduced to the sum of one thousand guineas, and that towards the payment of this the uncle of my deputy,—a rich London merchant,—had been brought, with some difficulty, to contribute three hundred pounds. I was likewise informed, that a very dear and distinguished friend of mine, to whom, by his own desire, the state of the negotiation was, from time to time, reported, had, upon finding that there appeared, at last, some chance of an arrangement, and learning also the amount of the advance made by my deputy's relative, immediately deposited in the hands of a banker the remaining portion (750*l.*) of the required sum, to be there in readiness for the final settlement of the demand.

Though still adhering to my original purpose of owing to my own exertions alone the means of relief from these difficulties, I yet felt a pleasure in allowing this thoughtful deposit to be applied to the generous purpose for which it was destined; and having employed in this manner the 750*l.*, I then transmitted to my kind friend,—I need hardly say with what feelings of thankfulness,—a cheque on my publishers for the amount.

Though this effort of the poet's purse was but, as usual, a new launch into the future,—a new anticipation of yet unborn means,—the result showed, I am happy to say, that, in this instance at least, I had not counted on my bank "*in rubibus*" too sanguinely; for, on receiving my publishers' account, in the month of June following, I found 1000*l.* placed to my credit from the sale of the *Loves of the Angels*, and 500*l.* from the *Fables of the Holy Alliance*.

I must not omit to mention, that, among the resources at that time placed at my disposal, was one small and sacred sum, which had been set apart by its young possessor for some such beneficent purpose. This fund, amounting to about 300*l.*, arose from the proceeds of the sale of the first edition of a biographical work, then recently published, which will long be memorable, as well from its own merits and subject, as from the lustre that has been since shed back upon it from the public career of its noble author. To a gift from such hands might well have been applied the words of Ovid,

———accepissima semper  
Mœna sunt, auctor quam pretiosa facit.

In this volume will be found collected almost all those delinquencies of mine, in the way of satire, which have appeared, from time to time, in the public journals, during the last twenty or thirty years. The comments and notices required to throw light on these political trifles will be the object of another preface.

## SECOND PREFACE.

The Eastern story of the angels Harut and Marut,<sup>1</sup> and the Rabbinical fictions of the loves of Uzziel and Shâmchazai,<sup>2</sup> are the only sources to which I need refer, for the origin of the notion on which this Romance is founded. In addition to the fitness of the subject for poetry, it struck me also as capable of affording an allegorical medium, through which might be shadowed out (as I have endeavoured to do in the following stories) the fall of the Soul from its original purity<sup>3</sup>—the loss of

<sup>1</sup> See note on page 142.

<sup>2</sup> Hyde, de Relig. Vet. Persarum, p. 272.

<sup>3</sup> The account which Macrobius gives\* of the downward journey of the Soul, through

\* In *Soma. Scriptoris*, cap. 12.

## THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

light and happiness which it suffers, in the pursuit of this world's perishable pleasures—and the punishments, both from conscience and Divine justice, with which impurity, pride, and presumptuous inquiry into the awful secrets of Heaven are sure to be visited. The beautiful story of Cupid and Psyche owes its chief charm to this sort of "velled meaning," and it has been my wish (however I may have failed in the attempt) to communicate to the following pages the same moral interest.

Among the doctrines, or notions, derived by Plato from the East, one of the most natural and sublime is that which inculcates the pre-existence of the soul, and its gradual descent into this dark material world, from that region of spirit and light which it is supposed to have once inhabited, and to which, after a long lapse of purification and trial, it will return. This belief, under various symbolical forms, may be traced through almost all the Oriental theologies. The Chaldeans represent the Soul as originally endowed with wings, which fall away when it sinks from its native element, and must be re-produced before it can hope to return. Some disciples of Zoroaster once inquired of him, "How the wings of the Soul might be made to grow again?"—"By sprinkling them," he replied, "with the Waters of Life."—"But where are those Waters to be found?" they asked.—"In the Garden of God," replied Zoroaster.

The mythology of the Persians has allegorized the same doctrine, in the history of those genii of light who strayed from their dwellings in the stars, and obscured their original nature by mixture with this material sphere; while the Egyptians, connecting it with the descent and ascent of the sun in the zodiac, considered Antinous as emblematic of the Soul's decline towards darkness, and the re-appearance of Spring as its return to life and light.

Besides the chief spirits of the Mahometan heaven, such as Gabriel, the angel of Revelations, Israfil, by whom the last trumpet is to be sounded, and Azrael, the angel of death, there were also a number of subaltern intelligences, of which tradition has preserved the names, appointed to preside over the different stages, or ascents, into which the celestial world was supposed to be divided.<sup>1</sup> Thus Kelail governs the fifth heaven; while Sadriel, the presiding spirit of the third, is also employed in steadying the motions of the earth, which would be in a constant state of agitation, if this angel did not keep his foot planted upon its orb.<sup>2</sup>

Among other miraculous interpositions in favour of Mahomet, we find commemorated in the pages of the Koran the appearance of five thousand angels on his side at the battle of Bedr.

The ancient Persians supposed that Ormuzd appointed thirty angels to preside successively over the days of the month, and twelve greater ones to assume the government of the months themselves; among whom Bahman (to whom Ormuzd committed the custody of all animals, except man,) was the greatest. Mihr, the angel of the 7th month, was also the spirit that watched over the affairs of friendship and love;—Chôr had the care of the disk of the sun;—Mah was agent for the concerns of the moon;—Isbandârmaz (whom Cæsar calls the Spirit of the Earth) was the tutelary genius of good and virtuous women, etc., etc., etc. For all this the reader may consult the 19th and 20th chapters of Hyde, de Relig. Vet. Persarum,

that gate of the zodiac which opens into the lower spheres, is a curious specimen of the wild fancies that passed for philosophy in ancient times.

In the system of Manes, the luminous or spiritual principle owes its corruption not to any evil tendency of its own, but to a violent inroad of the spirits of darkness, who, finding themselves in the neighbourhood of this pure light, and becoming passionately enamoured of its beauty, break the boundaries between them, and take forcible possession of it."

<sup>1</sup> "We adorned the lower heaven with lights, and placed therein a guard of angels."—Koran, chap. xli.

<sup>2</sup> See D'Herbelot, *passim*.

\* See a Treatise "De la Religion des Perses," by the Abbé Foucher, Mémoires de l'Académie, tom. xxii p. 404.

## MOORE'S WORKS.

where the names and attributes of these daily and monthly angels are with much minuteness and erudition explained. It appears, from the Zend-avesta, that the Persians had a certain office or prayer for every day of the month (addressed to the particular angel who presided over it), which they called the *Sirouzé*.

The Celestial Hierarchy of the Syrians, as described by Kircher, appears to be the most regularly graduated of any of these systems. In the sphere of the Moon they placed the angels, in that of Mercury the archangels, Venus and the Sun contained the Principalities and the Powers;—and so on to the summit of the planetary system, where, in the sphere of Saturn, the Thrones had their station. Above his was the habitation of the Cherubim in the sphere of the fixed stars; and still higher, in the region of those stars which are so distant as to be imperceptible, the Seraphim, we are told, the most perfect of all celestial creatures, dwell.

The Sabæans also (as D'Herbelot tells us) had their classes of angels, to whom they prayed as mediators, or intercessors; and the Arahians worshipped *female* angels, whom they called *Benah Hasche*, or, Daughters of God.

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## THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

'Twas when the world was in its prime,  
When the fresh stars had just begun  
Their race of glory, and young Time  
Told his first birth-days by the sun;  
When, in the light of Nature's dawn  
Rejoicing, men and angels met<sup>1</sup>  
On the high hill and sunny lawn,—  
Ere sorrow came, or Sin had drawn  
'Twixt man and heaven her curtain yet!  
When earth lay nearer to the skies  
Than in these days of crime and woe,  
And mortals saw, without surprise,  
In the mid-air, angelic eyes  
Gazing upon this world below.

Alas, that Passion should profane,  
Ev'n then, the morning of the earth!  
That, sadder still, the fatal stain  
Should fall on hearts of heavenly birth—  
And that from Woman's love should fall  
So dark a stain, most sad of all

One evening, in that primal hour,  
On a hill's side, where hung the ray  
Of sunset, brightening rill and bower,  
Three noble youths conversing lay:

<sup>1</sup> The Mahometans believe, says D'Herbelot, that in that early period of the world, "les hommes n'eurent qu'une seule religion, et furent souvent visités des Anges, qui leur donnaient la main."

## THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS

And, as they look'd, from time to time,  
 To the far sky, where Daylight furl'd  
 His radiant wing, their brows sublime  
 Bespoke them of that distant world—  
 Spirits, who once, in brotherhood  
 Of faith and bliss, near ALLA stood,  
 And o'er whose cheeks full oft had blown  
 The wind that breathes from ALLA's throne,<sup>1</sup>  
 Creatures of light, such as *still* play,  
 Like motes in sunshine, round the Lord,  
 And through their infinite array  
 Transmit each moment, night and day,  
 The echo of His luminous word!

Of Heaven they spoke, and, still more oft,  
 Of the bright eyes that charm'd them thence;  
 Till, yielding gradual to the soft  
 And balmy evening's influence—  
 The silent breathing of the flowers—  
 The melting light that beam'd above,  
 As on their first, fond, erring hours,—  
 Each told the story of his love,  
 The history of that hour unblest,  
 When, like a bird, from its high nest  
 Won down by fascinating eyes,  
 For Woman's smile he lost the skies.

The First who spoke was one, with look  
 The least celestial of the three—  
 A Spirit of light mould, that took  
 The prints of earth most yieldingly;  
 Who, ev'n in heaven, was not of those  
 Nearest the Throne,<sup>2</sup> but held a place  
 Far off, among those shining rows  
 That circle out through endless space,  
 And o'er whose wings the light from Him  
 In Heaven's centre falls most dim.

Still fair and glorious, he but shone  
 Among those youths the' unheavenliest one—  
 A creature, to whom light remain'd  
 From Eden still, but alter'd, stain'd,

<sup>1</sup> "To which will be joined the sound of the bells hanging on the trees, which will be put in motion by the wind proceeding from the Throne, so often as the Blessed wish for music."—See *Sale's Koran, Prelim. Discert.*

<sup>2</sup> The ancient Persians supposed that this Throne was placed in the Sun, and that through the stars were distributed the various classes of Angels that encircled it.

<sup>3</sup> The Basilidians supposed that there were three hundred and sixty-five orders of angels, "dont la perfection allait en décroissant, à mesure qu'ils s'éloignaient de la première classe d'esprits placés dans le premier ciel." See *Dupuis, Orig. des Cielles*, tom. ii. p. 112.

## MOORE'S WORKS.

And o'er whose brow not Love alone  
A blight had, in his transit, cast,  
But other, earthlier joys had gone,  
And left their foot-prints as they pass'd.  
Sighing, as back through ages flown,  
Like a tomb-searcher, Memory ran,  
Lifting each shroud that Time had thrown  
O'er buried hopes, he thus began:—

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## FIRST ANGEL'S STORY.

“ 'Twas in a land, that far away  
Into the golden orient lies,  
Where Nature knows not night's delay,  
But springs to meet her bridegroom, Day,  
Upon the threshold of the skies.  
One morn, on earthly mission sent,<sup>1</sup>  
And mid-way choosing where to light,  
I saw, from the blue element—  
Oh beautiful, but fatal sight!—  
One of earth's fairest womankind,  
Half veil'd from view, or rather shrin'd  
In the clear crystal of a brook;  
Which, while it hid no single gleam  
Of her young beauties, made them look  
More spirit-like, as they might seem  
Through the dim shadowing of a dream.

Pansing in wonder I look'd on,  
While, playfully around her breaking  
The waters, that like diamonds shone,  
She mov'd in light of her own making.  
At length, as from that airy height  
I gently lower'd my breathless flight,  
The tremble of my wings all o'er  
(For through each plume I felt the thrill)  
Startled her, as she reach'd the shore  
Of that small lake—her mirror still—  
Above whose brink she stood, like snow  
When rosy with a sunset glow.  
Never shall I forget those eyes!—  
The shame, the innocent surprise  
Of that bright face, when in the air  
Uplooking, she beheld me there.

<sup>1</sup> It appears that, in most languages, the term employed for an angel means also a messenger. *Firischteh*, the Persian word for angel, is derived (says D'Herbelot) from the verb *Firischtn*, to send. The Hebrew term, too, *Melak*, has the same signification.

## THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

It seem'd as if each thought, and look,  
And motion were that minute chain'd  
Fast to the spot, such root she took,  
And—like a sunflower by a brook,  
With face upturn'd—so still remain'd!

In pity to the wondering maid,  
Though loth from such a vision turning,  
Downward I bent, beneath the shade  
Of my spread wings to hide the burning  
Of glances, which—I well could feel—  
For me, for her, to warmly shone;  
But, ere I could again unseal  
My restless eyes, or even steal  
One sidelong look, the maid was gone—  
Hid from me in the forest leaves,  
Sudden as when, in all her charms  
Of full-blown light, some cloud receives  
The Moon into his dusky arms.

'Tis not in words to tell the power,  
The despotism that, from that hour,  
Passion held o'er me. Day and night  
I sought around each neighbouring spot;  
And, in the chase of this sweet light,  
My task, and heaven, and all forgot;—  
All, but the one, sole, haunting dream  
Of her I saw in that bright stream.

Nor was it long, ere by her side  
I found myself, whole happy days,  
Listening to words, whose music vied  
With our own Eden's seraph lays,  
When seraph lays are warm'd by love,  
But, wanting *that*, far, far above!—  
And looking into eyes where, blue  
And beautiful, like skies seen through  
The sleeping wave, for me there shone  
A heaven, more worshipp'd than my own.  
Oh what, while I could hear and see  
Such words and looks, was heaven to me?  
Though gross the air on earth I drew,  
'Twas blessed, while she breath'd it too;  
Though dark the flowers, though dim the sky,  
Love lent them light, while she was nigh.  
Throughout creation I but knew  
Two separate worlds—the *one*, that small,  
Belov'd, and consecrated spot  
Where *LEA* *was*—the other, all  
The dull, wide waste, where she was *not*!

MOORE'S WORKS.

But vain my suit, my madness vain ;  
 Though gladly, from her eyes to gain  
 One earthly look, one stray desire,  
 I would have torn the wings, that hung  
 Furl'd at my back, and o'er the Fire  
 In GEHIM's<sup>1</sup> pit their fragments flung ;—  
 'Twas hopeless all—pure and unmov'd  
 She stood, as lilies in the light  
 Of the hot noon but look more white ;—  
 And though she lov'd me, deeply lov'd,  
 'Twas not as man, as mortal—no,  
 Nothing of earth was in that glow—  
 She lov'd me but as one, of race  
 Angelic, from that radiant place.  
 She saw so oft in dreams—that Heaven,  
 To which her prayers at morn were sent,  
 And on whose light she gaz'd at even,  
 Wishing for wings, that she might go  
 Out of this shadowy world below,  
 To that free, glorious element !

Well I remember by her side  
 Sitting at rosy even-tide,  
 When,—turning to the star, whose head  
 Look'd out, as from a bridal bed,  
 At that mute, blushing hour,—she said,  
 " Oh ! that it were my doom to be  
 " The Spirit of yon beauteous star,  
 " Dwelling up there in purity,  
 " Alone, as all such bright things are ;—  
 " My sole employ to pray and shine,  
 " To light my censer at the sun,  
 " And cast its fire towards the shrine  
 " Of Him in heaven, the Eternal One !"

So innocent the maid, so free  
 From mortal taint in soul and frame,  
 Whom 'twas my crime—my destiny—  
 To love, aye, burn for, with a flame,  
 To which earth's wildest fires are tame.  
 Had you but seen her look, when first

<sup>1</sup> The name given by the Mahometans to the infernal regions, over which, they say, the angel Tabhek presides.

By the seven gates of hell, mentioned in the Koran, the commentators understand seven different departments or wards, in which seven different sorts of sinners are to be punished. The first, called Gehennem, is for sinful Mussulmans; the second, Ladha, for Christian offenders; the third, Hothama, is appointed for Jews; and the fourth and fifth, called Sair and Sacar, are destined to receive the Sabæans and the worshippers of fire: in the sixth, named Gehim, those pagans and idolaters who admit a plurality of gods are placed; while into the abyss of the seventh, called Derk Asfal, or the Deepest, the hypocritical canters of all religions are thrown.

## THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

From my mad lips the' avowal burst;  
Not anger'd—no—the feeling came  
From depths beyond mere anger's flame—  
It was a sorrow, calm as deep,  
A mournfulness that could not weep,  
So fill'd her heart was to the brink,  
So fix'd and froz'n with grief, to think  
That angel natures—that ev'n I,  
Whose love she clung to, as the tie  
Between her spirit and the sky—  
Should fall thus headlong from the height  
Of all that heaven hath pure and bright!

That very night—my heart had grown  
Impatient of its inward burning;  
The term, too, of my stay was flown,  
And the bright Watchers near the throne,  
Already, if a meteor shone  
Between them and this nether zone,  
Thought 'twas their herald's wing returning.  
Oft did the potent spell-word, given  
To Envoys hither from the skies,  
To be pronounc'd, when back to heaven  
It is their time or wish to rise,  
Come to my lips that fatal day;  
And once, too, was so nearly spoken,  
That my spread plumage in the ray  
And breeze of heaven began to play;—  
When my heart fail'd—the spell was broken—  
The word unfinish'd died away,  
And my check'd plumes, ready to soar,  
Fell slack and lifeless as before.

How could I leave a world, which she,  
Or lost or won, made all to me?  
No matter where my wanderings were,  
So there she look'd, breath'd, mov'd about—  
Woe, ruin, death, more sweet with her,  
Than Paradise itself, without!

But, to return—that very day  
A feast was held, where, full of mirth,  
Came—crowding thick as flowers that play  
In summer winds—the young and gay  
And beautiful of this bright earth.  
And she was there, and 'mid the young  
And beautiful stood first, alone;  
Though on her gentle brow still hung  
The shadow I that morn had thrown—  
The first, that ever shame or woe



# MOORE'S WORKS.

Had cast upon its vernal snow.  
 My heart was madden'd;—in the flush  
 Of the wild revel I gave way  
 To all that frantic mirth—that rush  
 Of desperate gaiety, which they,  
 Who never felt how pain's excess  
 Can break out thus, think happiness!  
 Sad mimicry of mirth and life,  
 Whose flashes come but from the strife  
 Of inward passions—like the light  
 Struck out by clashing swords in fight.

Then, too, that juice of earth, the bane  
 And blessing of man's heart and brain—  
 That draught of sorcery, which brings  
 Phantoms of fair, forbidden things—  
 Whose drops, like those of rainbows, smile  
 Upon the mists that circle man,  
 Bright'ning not only Earth, the while,  
 But grasping Heaven, too, in their span!—  
 Then first the fatal wine-cup rain'd  
 Its dews of darkness through my lips,<sup>1</sup>  
 Casting whate'er of light remain'd  
 To my lost soul into eclipse;  
 And filling it with such wild dreams,  
 Such fantasies and wrong desires,  
 As, in the absence of heaven's beams,  
 Haunt us for ever—like wild-fires  
 That walk this earth, when day retires.

Now hear the rest;—our banquet done,  
 I sought her in the' accustom'd bower,  
 Where late we oft, when day was gone,  
 And the world hush'd, had met alone,  
 At the same silent, moonlight hour.  
 Her eyes, as usual, were upturn'd  
 To her lov'd star, whose lustre burn'd  
 Purer than ever on that night;  
 While she, in looking, grew more bright,  
 As though she borrow'd of its light.

There was a virtue in that scene,  
 A spell of holiness around,

<sup>1</sup> I have already mentioned that some of the circumstances of this story were suggested to me by the eastern legend of the two angels, Harut and Marut, as given by Mariti, who says that the author of the Tasilim founds upon it the Mahometan prohibition of wine. I have since found that Mariti's version of the tale (which differs also from that of Dr. Prideaux, in his Life of Mahomet,) is taken from the French Encyclopédie, in which work, under the head "Aroï et Marot," the reader will find it.

The Behardenesh tells the fable differently.

## THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS

Which, had my burning brain not been  
 Thus madden'd, would have held me bound,  
 As though I trod celestial ground.  
 Ev'n as it was, with soul all flame,  
 And lips that burn'd in their own sighs,  
 I stood to gaze, with awe and shame—  
 The memory of Eden came  
 Full o'er me when I saw those eyes;  
 And tho' too well each glance of mine  
 To the pale, shrinking maiden prov'd  
 How far, alas, from aught divine,  
 Aught worthy of so pure a shrine,  
 Was the wild love with which I lov'd,  
 Yet must she, too, have seen—oh yes,  
 'Tis soothing but to *think* she saw  
 The deep, true, soul-felt tenderness,  
 The homage of an Angel's awe  
 To her, a mortal, whom pure love  
 Then plac'd above him—far above—  
 And all that struggle to repress  
 A sinful spirit's mad excess,  
 Which work'd within me at that hour,  
 When, with a voice, where Passion shed  
 All the deep sadness of her power,  
 Her melancholy power—I said,  
 "Then be it so; if back to heaven  
 "I must unlov'd, unpitied fly,  
 "Without one blest memorial given  
 "To soothe me in that lonely sky;  
 "One look, like those the young and fond  
 "Give when they're parting—which would be,  
 "Ev'n in remembrance, far beyond  
 "All heaven hath left of bliss for me!

"Oh, but to see that head recline  
 "A minute on this trembling arm,  
 "And those mild eyes look up to mine,  
 "Without a dread, a thought of harm!  
 "To meet, but once, the thrilling touch  
 "Of lips too purely fond to fear me—  
 "Or, if that boon be all too much,  
 "Ev'n thus to bring their fragrance near me!

"Nay, shrink not so—a look—a word—  
 "Give them but kindly and I fly;  
 "Already, see, my plumes have stirr'd,  
 "And tremble for their home on high.  
 "Thus be our parting—cheek to cheek—  
 "One minute's lapse will be forgiven,  
 "And then, the next, shalt hear me speak  
 "The spell that plumes my wing for heaven!"

## THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

I did—I spoke it o'er and o'er—  
I pray'd, I wept, but all in vain;  
For me the spell had power no more.  
There seem'd around me some dark chain  
Which still, as I essay'd to soar,  
Baffled, alas, each wild endeavour :  
Dead lay my wings, as they have lain  
Since that sad hour, and will remain—  
So wills the' offended God—for ever !

It was to yonder star I trac'd  
Her journey up the' illumin'd waste—  
That isle in the blue firmament,  
To which so oft her fancy went  
In wishes and in dreams before,  
And which was now—such, Purity,  
Thy blest reward—ordain'd to be  
Her home of light for evermore !  
Once—or did I but fancy so ?—  
Ev'n in her flight to that fair sphere,  
Mid all her spirit's new-felt glow,  
A pitying look she turn'd below  
On him who stood in darkness here ;  
Him whom, perhaps, if vain regret  
Can dwell in heaven, she pities yet ;  
And oft, when looking to this dim  
And distant world, remembers him.

But soon that passing dream was gone ;  
Farther and farther off she shone,  
Till lessen'd to a point, as small  
As are those specks that yonder hurn,—  
Those vivid drops of light, that fall  
The last from Day's exhausted urn.  
And when at length she merg'd, afar,  
Into her own immortal star,  
And when at length my straining sight  
Had caught her wing's last fading ray,  
That minute from my soul the light  
Of heaven and love both pass'd away ;  
And I forgot my home, my birth,  
Profan'd my spirit, sunk my brow,  
And revell'd in gross joys of earth,  
Till I became—what I am now !”

The Spirit bow'd his head in shame ;  
A shame, that of itself would tell—  
Were there not ev'n those breaks of flame,  
Celestial, through his clouded frame—  
How grand the height from which he fell !

MOORE'S WORKS.

While thus I spoke, the fearful maid,  
Of me, and of herself afraid,  
Had shrinking stood, like flowers beneath  
The scorching of the south-wind's breath:  
But when I nam'd—alas, too well,

I now recall, though wilder'd then,—  
Instantly, when I nam'd the spell,  
Her brow, her eyes uprose again,  
And, with an eagerness, that spoke  
The sudden light that o'er her broke,  
"The spell, the spell!—oh, speak it now,  
"And I will bless thee!" she exclaim'd—

Unknowing what I did, inflam'd,  
And lost already, on her brow  
I stamp'd one burning kiss, and nam'd

The mystic word, till then ne'er told  
To living creature of earth's mould!  
Scarcely was it said, when, quick as thought,  
Her lips from mine, like echo, caught  
The holy sound—her hands and eyes  
Were instant lifted to the skies,  
And thrice to heaven she spoke it out

With that triumphant look Faith wears,  
When not a cloud of fear or doubt,  
A vapour from this vale of tears,  
Between her and her God appears!

That very moment her whole frame  
All bright and glorified became,  
And at her back I saw uncloset  
Two wings, magnificent as those

That sparkle around ALLA's Throne,  
Whose plumes, as buoyantly she rose  
Above me, in the moon-beam shone  
With a pure light, which—from its hue,  
Unknown upon this earth—I knew  
Was light from Eden, glistening through!  
Most holy vision! ne'er before

Did aught so radiant—since the day  
When ERLIS, in his downfall, bore

The third of the bright stars away—  
Rise, in earth's beauty, to repair  
That loss of light and glory there!

But did I tamely view her flight?

Did not I, too, proclaim out thrice  
The powerful words that were, that night,—  
Oh ev'n for heaven too much delight!—

Again to bring us, eyes to eyes,  
And soul to soul, in Paradise?

That holy Shame, which ne'er forgets  
 The' unblench'd renown it us'd to wear;  
 Whose blush remains, when Virtue sets,  
 To show her sunshine *has* been there.  
 Once only, while the tale he told,  
 Were his eyes lifted to behold  
 That happy stainless star, where she  
 Dwelt in her bower of purity!  
 One minute did he look, and then—  
 As though he felt some deadly pain  
 From its sweet light through heart and brain—  
 Shrunk back, and never look'd again.

Who was the Second Spirit? he  
 With the prond front and piercing glance—  
 Who seem'd, when viewing heaven's expanse,  
 As though his far-sent eye could see  
 On, on into the' Immensity  
 Behind the veils of that blue sky,  
 Where ALLA's grandest secrets lie?—  
 His wings, the while, though day was gone,  
 Flashing with many a various hue  
 Of light they from themselves alone,  
 Instinct with Eden's brightness, drew.

'Twas RUBI—once among the prime  
 And flower of those bright creatures, nam'd  
 Spirits of Knowledge<sup>1</sup>, who o'er Time  
 And Space and Thought an empire claim'd,  
 Second alone to Ilim, whose light  
 Was, ev'n to theirs, as day to night;  
 'Twixt whom and them was distance far  
 And wide, as would the journey be  
 To reach from any island star  
 The vagne shores of Infinity!

'Twas RUBI, in whose mournful eye  
 Slept the dim light of days gone by;  
 Whose voice, though sweet, fell on the ear  
 Like echoes, in some silent place,  
 When first awak'd for many a year;  
 And when he smil'd, if o'er his face  
 Smile ever shone, 'twas like the grace  
 Of moonlight rainbows, fair, but wan,

<sup>1</sup> The Kerubim, as the Mussulmans call them, are often joined indiscriminately with the Asratil or Seraphim, under one common name of Asazil, by which all spirits who approach near the throne of Alla are designated.

## THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

The sunny life, the glory gone.  
Ev'n o'er his pride, though still the same,  
A softening shade from sorrow came;  
And though at times his spirit knew  
The kindlings of disdain and ire,  
Short was the fitful glare they threw—  
Like the last flashes, fierce but few,  
Seen through some noble pile on fire!

Such was the Angel, who now broke  
The silence that had come o'er all,  
When he, the Spirit that last spoke,  
Clos'd the sad history of his fall;  
And, while a sacred lustre, flown  
For many a day, return'd his cheek—  
Beautiful, as in days of old;  
And not those eloquent lips alone  
But every feature seem'd to speak—  
Thus his eventful story told:—

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## SECOND ANGEL'S STORY.

“ You both remember well the day,  
When unto Eden's new-made bowers,  
ALLA convok'd the bright array  
Of his supreme angelic powers,  
To witness the one wonder yet,  
Beyond man, angel, star, or sun,  
He must achieve, ere he could set  
His seal upon the world, as done—  
To see that last perfection rise,  
That crowning of creation's birth,  
When, mid the worship and surprise  
Of circling angels, Woman's eyes  
First open'd upon heaven and earth;  
And from their lids a thrill was sent,  
That through each living spirit went  
Like first light through the firmament!

Can yon forget how gradual stole  
The fresh-awaken'd breath of soul  
Throughout her perfect form—which seem'd  
To grow transparent, as there beam'd  
That dawn of Mind within, and caught  
New loveliness from each new thought?  
Slow as o'er summer seas we trace  
The progress of the noontide air,

Dimpling its bright and silent face  
 Each minute into some new grace,  
 And varying heaven's reflections there—  
 Or, like the light of evening, stealing  
 O'er some fair temple, which all day  
 Hath slept in shadow, slow revealing  
 Its several beauties, ray by ray,  
 Till it shines out, a thing to bless,  
 All full of light and loveliness.

Can you forget her blush, when round  
 Through Eden's lone, enchanted ground  
 She look'd, and saw, the sea—the skies—  
 And heard the rush of many a wing,  
 On high heights then vanishing;  
 And saw the last few angel eyes,  
 Still lingering—mine among the rest,—  
 Reluctant leaving scenes so blest?  
 From that miraculous hour, the fate  
 Of this new, glorious Being dwelt  
 For ever, with a spell-like weight,  
 Upon my spirit—early, late,  
 Whate'er I did, or dream'd, or felt,  
 The thought of what might yet befall  
 That matchless creature mix'd with all.—  
 Nor she alone, but her whole race  
 Through ages yet to come—whate'er  
 Of feminine, and fond, and fair,  
 Should spring from that pure mind and face,  
 All wak'd my soul's intensest care;  
 Their forms, souls, feelings, still to me  
 Creation's strangest mystery!

It was my doom—ev'n from the first,  
 When witnessing the primal burst  
 Of Nature's wonders, I saw rise  
 Those bright creations in the skies,—  
 Those worlds instinct with life and light,  
 Which Man, remote, but sees by night,—  
 It was my doom still to be haunted  
 By some new wonder, some sublime  
 And matchless work, that, for the time  
 Held all my soul, enchain'd, enchanted,  
 And left me not a thought, a dream,  
 A word, but on that only theme!

The wish to know—that endless thirst,  
 Which ev'n by quenching is awak'd,  
 And which becomes or hest or curst,  
 As is the fount whereat 'tis slak'd—

## THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

Still urg'd me onward, with desire  
Insatiate, to explore, inquire—  
Whate'er the wondrous things might be,  
That wak'd each new idolatry—  
Their cause, aim, source, whence-ever spruog—  
Their inmost powers, as though for me  
Existence on that knowledge hung.

Oh what a vision were the stars,  
When first I saw them burn on high,  
Rolling along, like living cars  
Of light, for gods to journey by!<sup>1</sup>  
They were my heart's first passion—days  
And nights, unwearied, in their rays  
Have I hung floating, till each sense  
Seem'd full of their bright influence.  
Innocent joy! alas, how much  
Of misery had I shunn'd below,  
Could I have still liv'd blest with such;  
Nor, proud and restless, burn'd to know  
The knowledge that brings guilt and woe.  
Often—so much I lov'd to trace  
The secrets of this starry race—  
Have I at morn and evening run  
Along the lines of radiance spun  
Like webs, between them and the sun,  
Untwisting all the tangled ties  
Of light into their different dyes—  
Then fleetly wing'd I off, in quest  
Of those, the farthest, loneliest,  
That watch, like winking sentinels\*,  
The void, beyond which Chaos dwells;  
And there, with noiseless plume, pursued  
Their track through that grand solitude,  
Asking intently all and each  
What soul within their radlance dwelt,  
And wishing their sweet light were speech;  
That they might tell me all they felt.

<sup>1</sup> "C'est un fait indubitable que la plupart des anciens philosophes, soit Chaldéens, soit Grecs, nous ont donné les astres comme animés, et ont soutenu que les astres qui nous éclairent n'étaient que, ou les chars, ou même les navires des intelligences qui les conduisaient. Pour les Chars, cela se lit partout: on n'a qu'à ouvrir Plin, saint Clément," etc., etc.—*Mémoire Historique sur le Sabbatisme*, par M. FOURMONT.

A belief that the stars are either spirits or the vehicles of spirit, was common to all the religions and heresies of the East. Kircher has given the names and stations of the seven archangels, who were by the Cabala of the Jews distributed through the planets.

<sup>2</sup> According to the cosmogony of the ancient Persians, there were four stars set as sentinels in the four quarters of the heavens, to watch over the other fixed stars, and superintend the planets in their course. The names of these four sentinel stars are, according to the Boundesh, Taschter, for the east; Salevis, for the west; Venand, for the south; and Haftorang, for the north.



Nay, oft, so passionate my chase  
 Of these resplendent heirs of space,  
 Oft did I follow—lest a ray  
 Should 'scape me in the farthest night—  
 Some pilgrim Comet, on his way  
 To visit distant shrines of light,  
 And well remember how I sung  
 Exultingly, when on my sight  
 New worlds of stars, all fresh and young,  
 As if just born of darkness, sprung!

Such was my pure ambition then,  
 My sinless transport, night and morn;  
 Ere yet this newer world of men,  
 And that most fair of stars was born  
 Which I, in fatal hour, saw rise  
 Among the flowers of Paradise!  
 Thenceforth my nature all was chang'd,  
 My heart, soul, senses turn'd below;  
 And he, who but so lately rang'd  
 Yon wonderful expanse, where glow  
 Worlds upon worlds,—yet found his mind  
 Ev'n in that luminous range confin'd,—  
 Now blest the humblest, meanest sod  
 Of the dark earth where Woman trod!  
 In vain my former idols glisten'd  
 From their far thrones; in vain these ears  
 To the once-thrilling music listen'd,  
 That hymn'd around my favourite spheres—  
 To earth, to earth each thought was given,  
 That in this half-lost soul had birth;  
 Like some high mount, whose head's in heaven,  
 While its whole shadow rests on earth!

Nor was it Love, ev'n yet, that thrall'd  
 My spirit in his burning ties;  
 And less, still less could it be call'd  
 That grosser flame, round which Love flies  
 Nearer and nearer, till he dies—  
 No, it was wonder, such as thrill'd  
 At all God's works my dazzled sense;  
 The same rapt wonder, only fill'd  
 With passion, more profound, intense,—  
 A vehement, but wandering fire,  
 Which, though nor love, nor yet desire—  
 Though through all womankind it took  
 Its range, as lawless lightnings run,  
 Yet wanted but a touch, a look,  
 To fix it burning upon *One*.

## THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

Then, too, the ever-restless zeal,  
The insatiate curiosity  
To know how shapes, so fair, must feel—  
To look, but once, beneath the seal  
Of so much loveliness, and see  
What souls belong'd to such bright eyes—  
Whether, as sun-beams find their way  
Into the gem that hidden lies,  
Those looks could inward turn their ray,  
And make the soul as bright as they :  
All this impell'd my anxious chase,  
And still the more I saw and knew  
Of Woman's fond, weak, conquering race,  
The' intenser still my wonder grew.

I had beheld their First, their Eve,  
Born in that splendid Paradise,  
Which sprung there solely to receive  
The first light of her waking eyes.  
I had seen purest angels lean  
In worship o'er her from above ;  
And man—oh yes, had envying seen  
Proud man possess'd of all her love.

I saw their happiness, so brief,  
So exquisite,—her error, too,  
That easy trust, that prompt belief  
In what the warm heart wishes true ;  
That faith in words, when kindly said,  
By which the whole fond sex is led—  
Mingled with—what I durst not blame,  
For 'tis my own—that zeal to know,  
Sad, fatal zeal, so sure of woe ;  
Which, though from heaven all pure it came,  
Yet stain'd, misus'd, brought sin and shame  
On her, on me, on all below !

I had seen this ; had seen Man, arm'd,  
As his soul is, with strength and sense,  
By her first words to ruin charm'd ;  
His vaunted reason's cold defence,  
Like an ice-barrier in the ray  
Of melting summer, smil'd away.  
Nay, stranger yet, spite of all this—  
Though by her counsels taught to err,  
Though driv'n from Paradise for her,  
(And *with her—that*, at least, was bliss,)  
Had I not beard him, ere he crost  
The threshold of that earthly heaven,

Which by her wildering smile he lost—  
 So quickly was the wrong forgiven!—  
 Had I not heard him, as he prest  
 The frail, fond trembler to a breast  
 Which she had doom'd to sin and strife,  
 Call her—ev'n then—his Life! his Life!<sup>1</sup>  
 Yes, such the love-taught name, the first,  
 That ruin'd Man to Woman gave,  
 Ev'n in his oncast hour, when curst  
 By her fond witchery, with that worst  
 And earliest boon of love, the grave!  
 She, who brought death into the world,  
 There stood before him, with the light  
 Of their lost Paradise still bright  
 Upon those sunny locks, that curl'd  
 Down her white shoulders to her feet—  
 So beautiful in form, so sweet  
 In heart and voice, as to redeem  
 The loss, the death of all things dear,  
 Except herself—and make it seem  
 Life, endless Life, while she was near!

Could I help wondering at a creature,  
 Thus circled round with spells so strong—  
 One to whose every thought, word, feature,  
 In joy and woe, through right and wrong,  
 Such sweet omnipotence heaven gave,  
 To bless or ruin, curse or save?

Nor did the marvel cease with her—  
 New Eyes in all her daughters came,  
 As strong to charm, as weak to err,  
 As sure of man through praise and blame,  
 Whate'er they brought him, pride or shame,  
 He still the' unreasoning worshipper,  
 And they, throughout all time, the same  
 Enchantresses of soul and frame,  
 Into whose hands, from first to last,  
 This world with all its destinies,  
 Devotedly by heaven seems cast,  
 To save or ruin, as they please!<sup>1</sup>  
 Oh, 'tis not to be told how long,  
 How restlessly I sigh'd to find  
 Some one, from out that witching throng,  
 Some abstract of the form and mind  
 Of the whole matchless sex, from which,  
 In my own arms beheld, possess,

<sup>1</sup> Chavah, or, as it is in Arabic, Havah (the name by which Adam called the woman after their transgression), means "Life."

THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

I might learn all the powers to witch,  
To warm, and (if my fate unblest  
*Would* have it) ruin, of the rest!  
Into whose inward soul and sense  
I might descend, as doth the bee  
Into the flower's deep heart, and thence  
Risë, in all its purity,  
The prime, the quintessence, the whole  
Of wondrous Woman's frame and soul!

At length, my burning wish, my prayer—  
(For such—oh what will tongues not dare,  
When hearts go wrong?—this lip preferr'd)—  
At length my ominous prayer was heard—  
But whether heard in heaven or hell,  
Listen—and thou wilt know *too* well.

There was a maid, of all who move  
Like visions o'er this orb, most fit  
To be a bright young angel's love,  
Herself so bright, so exquisite!  
The pride, too, of her step, as light  
Along the' unconscious earth she went,  
Seem'd that of one, born with a right  
To walk some heav'nlier element,  
And tread in places where her feet  
A star at every step should meet.  
'Twas not alone that loveliness  
By which the wilder'd sense is caught—  
Of lips, whose very breath could bless;  
Of playful blushes, that seem'd nought  
But luminous escapes of thought;  
Of eyes that, when by anger stirr'd,  
Were fire itself, but, at a word  
Of tenderness, all soft became  
As though they could, like the sun's bird,  
Dissolve away in their own flame—  
Of form, as pliant as the shoots  
Of a young tree, in vernal flower;  
Yet round and glowing as the fruits,  
That drop from it in summer's hour;—  
'Twas not alone this loveliness  
That falls to loveliest women's share,  
Though, even here, her form could spare  
From its own beauty's rich excess  
Enough to make ev'n *them* more fair—  
But 'twas the Mind, outshining clear  
Through her whole frame—the soul, still near,  
To light each charm, yet independent

Of what it lighted, as the sun  
 That shines on flowers, would be resplendent  
 Were there no flowers to shine upon—  
 'Twas this, all this, in one combin'd—  
 The' unnumber'd looks and arts that form  
 The glory of young woman-kind,  
 Taken, in their perfection, warm,  
 Ere time had chill'd a single charm,  
 And stamp'd with such a seal of Mind,  
 As gave to beauties, that might be  
 Too sensual else, too unrefin'd,  
 The impress of Divinity!

'Twas this—a union, which the hand  
 Of Nature kept for her alone,  
 Of every thing most playful, bland,  
 Voluptuous, spiritual, grand,  
 In angel-natures and her own—  
 Oh this it was that drew me nigh  
 One, who seem'd kin to heaven as I,  
 A bright twin-sister from on high—  
 One, in whose love, I felt, were given  
 The mix'd delights of either sphere,  
 All that the spirit seeks in heaven,  
 And all the senses burn for here.

Had we—but hold—hear every part  
 Of our sad tale—spite of the pain  
 Remembrance gives, when the fix'd dart  
 Is stirr'd thus in the wound again—  
 Hear every step, so full of bliss,  
 And yet so ruinous, that led  
 Down to the last, dark precipice,  
 Where perish'd both—the fall'n, the dead!

From the first hour she caught my sight,  
 I never left her—day and night  
 Hovering unseen around her way,  
 And mid her loneliest musings near,  
 I soon could track each thought that lay,  
 Gleaming within her heart, as clear  
 As pebbles within brooks appear;  
 And there, among the countless things  
 That keep young hearts for ever glowing,  
 Vague wishes, fond imaginings,  
 Love-dreams, as yet no object knowing—  
 Light, winged hopes, that come when bid,  
 And rainbow joys that end in weeping;  
 And passions, among pure thoughts hid,

Like serpents under flow'rets sleeping :—  
 'Mong all these feelings—felt where'er  
 Young hearts are beating—I saw there  
 Proud thoughts, aspirings high—beyond  
 Whate'er yet dwelt in soul so fond—  
 Glimpses of glory, far away  
 Into the bright, vague future given ;  
 And fancies, free and grand, whose play,  
 Like that of eaglets, is near heaven !  
 With this, too—what a soul and heart  
 To fall beneath the tempter's art !—  
 A zeal for knowledge, such as ne'er  
 Enshrin'd itself in form so fair,  
 Since that first, fatal hour, when Eve,  
 With every fruit of Eden blest,  
 Save one alone—rather than leave  
 That *one* unreach'd, lost all the rest.

It was in dreams that first I stole  
 With gentle mastery o'er her mind—  
 In that rich twilight of the soul,  
 When reason's beam, half hid behind  
 The clouds of sleep, obscurely gilds  
 Each shadowy shape the Fancy builds—  
 'Twas then, by that soft light, I brought  
 Vague, glimmering visions to her view ;—  
 Catches of radiance, lost when caught,  
 Bright labyrinths, that led to nought,  
 And vistas, with no pathway through ;—  
 Dwellings of bliss, that opening shone,  
 Then clos'd, dissolv'd, and left no trace—  
 All that, in short, could tempt Hope on,  
 But give her wing no resting-place ;  
 Myself the while, with brow, as yet,  
 Pure as the young moon's coronet,  
 Through every dream *still* in her sight,  
 The' enchanter of each mocking scene,  
 Who gave the hope, then brought the blight,  
 Who said, " Behold yon world of light."  
 Then sudden dropt a veil between !

At length, when I perceiv'd each thought,  
 Waking or sleeping, fix'd on nought  
 But these illusive scenes, and me—  
 The phantom, who thus came and went,  
 In half revealments, only meant  
 To madden curiosity—  
 When by such various arts I found  
 Her fancy to its utmost wound,

One night—'twas in a holy spot,  
Which she for pray'r had chos'n—a grot  
Of purest marble, built below  
Her garden beds, through which a glow  
From lamps invisible then stole,

Brightly pervading all the place—  
Like that mysterious light the soul,  
Itself unseen, sheds through the face.  
There, at her altar while she knelt,  
And all that woman ever felt,

When God and man both claim'd her sighs—  
Every warm thought, that ever dwelt,  
Like summer clouds, 'twixt earth and skies,  
Too pure to fall, too gross to rise,  
Spoke in her gestures, tones, and eyes—  
Then, as the mystic light's soft ray  
Grew softer still, as tho' its ray  
Was breath'd from her, I heard her say :—

“ Oh idol of my dreams ! whate'er  
“ Thy nature be—human, divine,  
“ Or but half heav'nly—still too fair,  
“ Too heavenly to be ever mine !

“ Wonderful Spirit, who dost make  
“ Slumber so lovely, that it seems  
“ No longer life to live awake,  
“ Since heaven itself descends in dreams,

“ Why do I ever lose thee ? why  
“ When on thy realms and thee I gaze  
“ Still drops that veil, which I could die,  
“ Oh gladly, but one hour to raise ?

“ Long ere such miracles as thou  
“ And thine came o'er my thoughts, a thirst  
“ For light was in this soul, which now  
“ Thy looks have into passion nurs'd.

“ There's nothing bright above, below,  
“ In sky—earth—ocean, that this breast  
“ Doth not intensely burn to know,  
“ And thee, thee, thee, o'er all the rest !

“ Then come, oh Spirit, from behind  
“ The curtains of thy radiant home,  
“ If thou would'st be as angel shrin'd,  
“ Or lov'd and clasp'd as mortal, come !

“ Bring all thy dazzling wonders here,  
“ That I may, waking, know and see ;

THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

- " Or waft me hence to thy own sphere,  
" Thy heaven or—aye, even *that* with thee !
- " Demon or God, who hold'st the book  
" Of knowledge spread beneath thine eye,  
" Give me, with thee, but one bright look  
" Into its leaves, and let me die !
- " By those ethereal wings, whose way  
" Lies through an element, so fraught  
" With living Mind, that, as they play,  
" Their every movement is a thought !
- " By that bright, wreathed hair, between  
" Whose sunny clusters the sweet wind  
" Of Paradise so late hath been,  
" And left its fragrant soul behind !
- " By those impassion'd eyes, that melt  
" Their light into the inmost heart;  
" Like sunset in the waters, felt  
" As molten fire through every part—
- " I do implore thee, oh most bright  
" And worshipp'd Spirit, shine but o'er  
" My waking, wondering eyes this night,  
" This one blest night—I ask no more !"

Exhausted, breathless, as she said  
These burning words, her languid head  
Upon the altar's steps she cast,  
As if that brain-throb were its last—

Till, startled by the breathing, nigh,  
Of lips, that echoed back her sigh,  
Sadden her brow again she rais'd ;  
And there, just lighted on the shrine,  
Beheld me—not as I had blaz'd  
Around her, full of light divine,  
In her late dreams, but soften'd down  
Into more mortal grace;—my crown  
Of flowers, too radiant for this world,  
Let hanging on yon starry steep ;  
My wings shot up, like banners furl'd,  
When Peace hath put their pomp to sleep ;  
Or like autumnal clouds, that keep  
Their lightnings sheath'd, rather than mar  
The dawning hour of some young star ;  
And nothing left, but what beseech'd  
The' accessible, though glorious mate



Of mortal woman—whose eyes beam'd  
 Back upon hers, as passionate;  
 Whose ready heart brought flame for flame,  
 Whose sin, whose madness was the same;  
 And whose soul lost, in that one hour,  
 For her and for her love—oh more  
 Of heaven's light than ev'n the power  
 Of heav'n itself could now restore!

And yet, that hour!"—

The Spirit here

Stopp'd in his utterance, as if words  
 Gave way beneath the wild career  
 Of his then rushing thoughts—like chords,  
 Midway in some enthusiast's song,  
 Breaking beneath a touch too strong;  
 While the clench'd hand upon the brow  
 Told how remembrance throb'd there now!  
 But soon 'twas o'er—that casual blaze  
 From the sunk fire of other days—  
 That relic of a flame, whose burning  
 Had been too fierce to be relum'd,  
 Soon pass'd away, and the youth, turning  
 To his bright listeners, thus resum'd:—

"Days, months elaps'd, and, though what most  
 On earth I sigh'd for was mine, all—  
 Yet—was I happy? God, thou know'st,  
 Howe'er they smile, and feign, and boast,  
 What happiness is theirs, who fall!  
 'Twas bitterest anguish—made more keen  
 Ev'n by the love, the bliss, between  
 Whose throbs it came, like gleams of hell  
 In agonizing cross-light given  
 Athwart the glimpses, they who dwell  
 In purgatory<sup>1</sup> catch of heaven!  
 The only feeling that to me  
 Seem'd joy—or rather my sole rest  
 From aching misery—was to see  
 My young, proud, blooming LILIS blest.  
 She, the fair fountain of all ill

<sup>1</sup> Called by the Mussulmans *Al Araf*—a sort of wall or partition which, according to the 7th chapter of the Koran, separates hell from paradise, and where they, who have not merits sufficient to gain them immediate admittance into heaven, are supposed to stand for a certain period, alternately tantalized and tormented by the sights that are on either side presented to them.

Manes, who borrowed in many instances from the Platonists, placed his purgatories, or places of purification, in the Sun and Moon.—*Beausobre*, liv. iii. chap. 8.

# THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

To my lost soul—whom yet its thirst  
 Fervidly panted after still,  
 And found the charm fresh as at first—  
 To see *her* happy—to reflect  
 Whatever beams still round me play'd  
 Of former pride, of glory wreck'd,  
 On her, my Moon, whose light I made,  
 And whose soul worshipp'd ev'n my shade—  
 This was, I own, enjoyment—this  
 My sole, last lingering glimpse of bliss.  
 And proud she was, fair creature!—proud,  
 Beyond what ev'n most queenly stirs  
 In woman's heart, nor would have bow'd  
 That beautiful young brow of hers  
 To aught beneath the First above,  
 So high she deem'd her Cherub's love!

Then, too, that passion, hourly growing  
 Stronger and stronger—to which even  
 Her love, at times, gave way—of knowing  
 Every thing strange in earth and heaven;  
 Not only all that, full reveal'd,  
 The' eternal ALLA loves to show,  
 But all that He hath wisely seal'd  
 In darkness, for man not to know—  
 Ev'n this desire, alas, ill-starr'd  
 And fatal as it was, I sought  
 To feed each minute, and unbarr'd  
 Such realms of wonder on her thought,  
 As ne'er, till then, had let their light  
 Escape on any mortal's sight!  
 In the deep earth—beneath the sea—  
 Through caves of fire—through wilds of air—  
 Wherever sleeping Mystery  
 Had spread her curtain, we were there—  
 Love still beside us, as we went,  
 At home in each new element,  
 And sure of worship every where!

Then first was Nature taught to lay  
 The wealth of all her kingdoms down  
 At woman's worshipp'd feet, and say,  
 "Bright creature, this is all thine own!"  
 Then first were diamonds, from the night,<sup>1</sup>  
 Of earth's deep centre brought to light,

<sup>1</sup> "Quelques gnomes désireux de devenir immortels avaient voulu gagner les bonnes grâces de nos filles, et leur avaient apporté des pierreries dont ils sont gardiens naturels : et ces auteurs ont cru, s'appuyant sur le livre d'Enoch mal entendu, que c'étaient des pièges que les anges amoureux," etc., etc.—*Comte de Gabalis*.

As the fiction of the loves of angels with women gave birth to the fanciful world of

And made to grace the conquering way  
Of proud young beauty with their ray.  
Then, too, the pearl from out its shell

Unsightly, in the sunless sea,  
(As 'twere a spirit, forc'd to dwell  
In form unlovely) was set free,

And round the neck of woman threw  
A light it lent and borrow'd too.

For never did this maid—whate'er

The' ambition of the hour—forget  
Her sex's pride in being fair;  
Nor that adornment, tasteful, rare,  
Which makes the mighty magnet, set  
In Woman's form, more mighty yet.  
Nor was there aught within the range

Of my swift wing in sea or air,  
Of beautiful, or grand, or strange,  
That, quickly as her wish could change.

I did not seek, with such fond care,  
That when I've seen her look above  
At some bright star admiringly,  
I've said, "Nay, look not there, my love,<sup>1</sup>  
Alas, I cannot give it thee!"

But not alone the wonders found

Through Nature's realm—the' unveil'd, material,  
Visible glories, that abound,

Through all her vast, enchanted ground—

But whatsoe'er unseen, ethereal,  
Dwells far away from human sense,  
Wrapp'd in its own intelligence—  
The mystery of that Fountain-head,

From which all vital spirit runs,  
All breath of Life, where'er 'tis spread

Through men or angels, flowers or suns—

The workings of the' Almighty Mind,

When first o'er Chaos he design'd

The outlines of this world; and through

That depth of darkness—like the bow,

Call'd out of rain-clouds, hue by hue<sup>2</sup>—

Saw the grand, gradual picture grow;—

sylphs and gnomes, so we owe to it also the invention of those beautiful Genii and Peris, which embellish so much the mythology of the East; for in the fabulous histories of Calidmarath, of Thamurath, etc., these spiritual creatures are always represented as the descendants of Seth, and called the Bani Algiann, or children of Giann.

<sup>1</sup> I am aware that this happy saying of Lord Albemarle's loses much of its grace and playfulness, by being put into the mouth of any but a human lover.

<sup>2</sup> According to Whitehurst's theory, the mention of rainbows by an antediluvian angel is an anachronism; as he says, "There was no rain before the flood, and consequently no rainbow, which accounts for the novelty of this sight after the Deluge."

## THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

The covenant with human kind  
By ALLA made<sup>1</sup>—the chains of Fate  
He round himself and them hath twin'd,  
Till his high task he consummate;—  
Till good from evil, love from hate,  
Shall be work'd out through sin and pain,  
And Fate shall loose her iron chain,  
And all be free, be bright again!

Such were the deep-drawn mysteries,  
And some, ev'n more obscure, profound,  
And wildering to the mind than these,  
Which—far as woman's thought could sound,  
Or a fall'n, outlaw'd spirit reach—  
She dar'd to learn, and I to teach.  
Till—fill'd with such unearthly lore,  
And mingling the pure light it brings  
With much that fancy had, before,  
Shed in false, tinted glimmerings—  
The enthusiast girl spoke out, as one  
Inspir'd, among her own dark race,  
Who from their ancient shrines would run,  
Leaving their holy rites undone,  
To gaze upon her holier face.  
And, though but wild the things she spoke.  
Yet, mid that play of error's smoke  
Into fair shapes by fancy curl'd,  
Some gleams of pure religion broke—  
Glimpses, that have not yet awoke,  
But startled the still dreaming world!  
Oh, many a truth, remote, sublime,  
Which Heav'n would from the minds of men  
Have kept conceal'd, till its own time,  
Stole out in these revelations then—  
Revelments dim, that have fore-run,  
By ages, the great, Sealing One!<sup>2</sup>  
Like that imperfect dawn, or light<sup>3</sup>  
Escaping from the Zodiac's signs,  
Which makes the doubtful east half bright,  
Before the real morning shines!

Thus did some moons of bliss go by—  
Of bliss to her, who saw but love  
And knowledge throughout earth and sky;  
To whose enamour'd soul and eye,

<sup>1</sup> For the terms of this compact, of which the angels were supposed to be witnesses, see the chapter of the Koran, entitled *Al Araf*, and the article "Adam" in *D'Herbelot*.

<sup>2</sup> In acknowledging the authority of the great Prophets who had preceded him, Mahomet represented his own mission as the final "Seal," or consummation of them all.

<sup>3</sup> The Zodiacal Light.

seem'd—as is the sun on high—  
 The light of all below, above,  
 The spirit of sea, and land, and air,  
 Whose influence, felt every where,  
 Spread from its centre, her own heart.  
 Ev'n to the world's extremest part;  
 While through that world her reinless mind  
 Had now career'd so fast and far,  
 That earth itself seem'd left behind,  
 And her proud fancy, unconfin'd,  
 Already saw Heaven's gates ajar!

Happy enthusiast! still, oh, still  
 Spite of my own heart's mortal chill,  
 Spite of that double-fronted sorrow,  
 Which looks at once before and back,  
 Beholds the yesterday, the morrow,  
 And sees both comfortless, both black—  
 Spite of all this, I could have still  
 In her delight forgot all ill;  
 Or, if pain *would* not be forgot,  
 At least have borne and murmur'd not.  
 When thoughts of an offended heaven,  
 Of sinfulness, which I—ev'n I,  
 While down its steep most headlong driven—  
 Well knew could never be forgiven,  
 Came o'er me with an agony  
 Beyond all reach of mortal woe—  
 A torture kept for those who know,  
 Know *every* thing, and—worst of all—  
 Know and love Virtue while they fall!  
 Ev'n then, her presence had the power  
 To soothe, to warm—nay, ev'n to bless—  
 If ever bliss could graft its flower  
 On stem so full of bitterness—  
 Ev'n then her glorious smile to me  
 Brought warmth and radiance, if not balm;  
 Like moonlight o'er a troubled sea,  
 Brightning the storm it cannot calm.

Oft, too, when that disheartening fear,  
 Which all who love, beneath yon sky,  
 Feel, when they gaze on what is dear—  
 The dreadful thought that it must die!  
 That desolating thought, which comes  
 Into men's happiest hours and homes;  
 Whose melancholy boding flings  
 Death's shadow o'er the brightest things,  
 Sicklies the infant's bloom, and spreads  
 The grave beneath young lovers' heads!

## THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

This fear, so sad to all—to me  
Most full of sadness, from the thought  
That I must still live on,<sup>1</sup> when she  
Would, like the snow that on the sea  
Fell yesterday, in vain be sought;  
That heaven to me this final seal  
Of all earth's sorrow would deny,  
And I eternally must feel  
The death-pang, without power to die!  
Ev'n this, her fond endearments—fond  
As ever cherish'd the sweet bond  
'Twixt heart and heart—could charm away;  
Before her look no clouds would stay,  
Or, if they did, their gloom was gone,  
Their darkness put a glory on!  
But 'tis not, 'tis not for the wrong,  
The guilty, to be happy long;  
And she, too, now, had sunk within  
The shadow of her tempter's sin,  
Too deep for ev'n Omnipotence  
To snatch the fated victim thence!

Listen, and, if a tear there be  
Left in your hearts, weep it for me.

'Twas on the evening of a day,  
Which we in love had dreamt away;  
In that same garden, where—the pride  
Of seraph splendour laid aside,  
And those wings furl'd, whose open light  
For mortal gaze were else too bright—  
I first had stood before her sight,  
And found myself—oh, ecstasy,  
Which ev'n in pain I ne'er forget—  
Worshipp'd as only God should be,  
And lov'd as never man was yet!  
In that same garden were we now,  
Thoughtfully side by side reclining,  
Her eyes turn'd upward, and her brow  
With its own silent fancies shining.  
It was an evening bright and still  
As ever blush'd on wave or bower,  
Smiling from heaven, as if nought ill  
Could happen in so sweet an hour.  
Yet, I remember, both grew sad  
In looking at that light—ev'n she,

<sup>1</sup> Pocccke, however, gives it as the opinion of the Mahometan doctors, that all souls, not only of men and of animals, living either on land or in the sea, but of the angels also, must necessarily taste of death.

Of heart so fresh, and brow so glad,  
 Felt the still hour's solemnity,  
 And thought she saw, in that repose,  
 The death-hour not alone of light,  
 But of this whole fair world—the close  
 Of all things beautiful and bright—  
 The last, grand sunset, in whose ray  
 Nature herself died calm away!

At length, as though some livelier thought  
 Had suddenly her fancy caught,  
 She turn'd upon me her dark eyes,  
 Dilated into that full shape  
 They took in joy, reproach, surprise,  
 As 'twere to let more soul escape,  
 And, playfully as on my head  
 Her white hand rested, smil'd and said:—

- “ I had, last night, a dream of thee,  
 “ Resembling those divine ones, given,  
 “ Like preludes to sweet minstrelsy,  
 “ Before thou cam'st, thyself, from heaven.
- “ The same rich wreath was on thy brow,  
 “ Dazzling as if of starlight made;  
 “ And these wings, lying darkly now,  
 “ Like meteors round thee flash'd and play'd.
- “ Thou stood'st, all bright, as in those dreams,  
 “ As if just wafted from above;  
 “ Mingling earth's warmth with heaven's beams  
 “ A creature to adore and love.
- “ Sudden I felt thee draw me near  
 “ To thy pure heart, where, fondly plac'd,  
 “ I seem'd within the atmosphere  
 “ Of that exhaling light embrac'd;
- “ And felt, methought, the' ethereal flame  
 “ Pass from thy purer soul to mine;  
 “ Till—oh, too blissful—I became,  
 “ Like thee, all spirit, all divine!
- “ Say, why did dream so hlest come o'er me,  
 “ If, now I wake, 'tis faded, gone?  
 “ When will my Cherub shine before me  
 “ Thus radiant, as in heaven he shone?
- “ When shall I, waking, be allow'd  
 “ To gaze upon those perfect charms,  
 “ And clasp thee once, without a cloud,  
 “ A chill of earth, within these arms?

THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

- " Oh what a pride to say, this, this  
" Is my own Angel—all divine,  
" And pure, and dazzling as he is,  
" And fresh from heaven—he's mine, he's mine!"
- " Think'st thou, were LILIS in thy place,  
" A creature of yon lofty skies,  
" She would have hid one single grace,  
" One glory from her lover's eyes?"
- " No, no—then, if thou lov'st like me,  
" Shine out, young Spirit, in the blaze  
" Of thy most proud divinity,  
" Nor think thou'lt wound this mortal gaze.
- " Too long and oft I've look'd upon  
" Those ardent eyes, intense ev'n thus—  
" Too near the stars themselves have gone,  
" To fear aught grand or luminous.
- " Then doubt me not—oh, who can say  
" But that this dream may yet come true,  
" And my blest spirit drink thy ray,  
" Till it becomes all heavenly too?
- " Let me this once but feel the flame  
" Of those spread wings, the very pride  
" Will change my nature, and this frame  
" By the mere touch be deified!"

Thus spoke the maid, as one, not us'd  
To be by earth or heav'n refus'd—  
As one, who knew her influence o'er  
All creatures, whatsoe'er they were,  
And, though to heaven she could not soar,  
At least would bring down heaven to her.

Little did she, alas, or I—  
Ev'n I, whose soul, but half-way yet  
Immerg'd in sin's obscurity  
Was as the earth whereon we lie,  
O'er half whose disk the sun is set—  
Little did we foresee the fate,  
The dreadful—how can it be told?  
Such pain, such anguish to relate  
Is o'er again to feel, behold!  
But, charg'd as 'tis, my heart must speak  
Its sorrow out, or it will break!  
Some dark misgivings had, I own,  
Pass'd for a moment through my breast—  
Fears of some danger, vague, unknown,



To one, or both—something unblest  
 To happen from this proud request.  
 But soon these boding fancies fled ;  
 Nor saw I aught that could forbid  
 My full revealment, save the dread  
 Of that first dazzle, when, nnhid,  
 Such light should burst npon a lid  
 Ne'er tried in heaven ;—and ev'n this glare  
 She might, by love's own nrsing care,  
 Be, like young eagles, taught to bear.  
 For well I knew, the lustre shed  
 From cherub wings, when proudest spread,  
 Was, in its nature, lambent, pure,  
 And innocent as is the light  
 The glow-worm hangs out to allure  
 Her mate to her green bower at night.  
 Oft had I, in the mid-air, swept  
 Through clouds in which the lightning slept,  
 As in its lair, ready to spring,  
 Yet wak'd it not—though from my wing  
 A thousaud sparks fell glittering !  
 Oft too when round me from above  
 The feather'd snow, in all its whiteness,  
 Fell, like the moultings of heaven's Dove,<sup>1</sup>—  
 So harmless, though so full of brightness,  
 Was my brow's wreath, that it would shake  
 From off its flowers each downy flake  
 As delicate, unmelted, fair,  
 And cool as they had lighted there.  
 Nay ev'n with LILIS—had I not  
 Around her sleep all radiant beam'd,  
 Hung o'er her slumbers, not forgot  
 To kiss her eye-lids, as she dream'd ?  
 And yet, at morn, from that repose,  
 Had she not wak'd, unscath'd and bright,  
 As doth the pure, unconscious rose,  
 Though by the fire-fly kiss'd all night ?  
 Thus having—as, alas, deceiv'd  
 By my sin's blindness, I believ'd—

<sup>1</sup> The Dove, or pigeon which attended Mahomet as his Familiar, and was frequently seen to whisper into his ear, was, if I recollect right, one of that select number of animals (including also the ant of Solomon, the dog of the Seven Sleepers, etc.) which were thought by the Prophet worthy of admission into Paradise.

"The Moslems have a tradition that Mahomet was saved (when he hid himself in a cave in Mount Shur) by his pursuers finding the mouth of the cave covered by a spider's web, and a nest built by two pigeons at the entrance, with two eggs unbroken in it, which made them think no one could have entered it. In consequence of this, they say, Mahomet enjoined his followers to look upon pigeons as sacred, and never to kill a spider."—*Modern Universal History*, vol. i.

## THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

No cause for dread, and those dark eyes  
Now fix'd upon me, eagerly  
As though the' unlocking of the skies  
Then waited but a sign from me—  
How could I pause? how ev'n let fall  
A word, a whisper that could stir  
In her proud heart a doubt, that all  
I brought from heaven belong'd to her?  
Slow from her side I rose, while she  
Arose, too, mutely, tremblingly,  
But not with fear—all hope, and pride,  
She waited for the awful boon,  
Like priestesses, at eventide,  
Watching the rise of the full moon,  
Whose light, when once its orb hath shone,  
'Twill madden them to look upon!

Of all my glories, the bright crown,  
Which, when I last from heaven came down,  
Was left behind me, in yon star  
That shines from out those clouds afar,—  
Where, relic sad, 'tis treasur'd yet,  
The downfall'n angel's coronet!—  
Of all my glories, this alone  
Was wanting:—but the' illumin'd brow,  
The sun-bright locks, the eyes that now  
Had love's spell added to their own,  
And pour'd a light till then unknown;—  
The' unfolded wings, that, in their play,  
Shed sparkles bright as ALLA's throne;  
All I could bring of heaven's array,  
Of that rich panoply of charms  
A Cherub moves in, on the day  
Of his best pomp, I now put on;  
And, proud that in her eyes I shone  
Thus glorious, glided to her arms;  
Which still (though, at a sight so splendid,  
Her dazzled brow had, instantly,  
Sunk on her breast,) were wide extended  
To clasp the form she durst not see!<sup>1</sup>  
Great Heav'n! how could thy vengeance light  
So bitterly on one so bright?  
How could the hand, that gave such charms,  
Blast them again, in love's own arms?  
Scarce had I touch'd her shrinking frame,  
When—oh most horrible!—I felt

<sup>1</sup> "Mohammed (says Sale), though a prophet, was not able to bear the sight of Gabriel, when he appeared in his proper form, much less would others be able to support it."

That every spark of that pure flame—  
 Pure, while among the stars I dwell—  
 Was now, by my transgression, turn'd  
 Into gross, earthly fire, which burn'd,  
 Burn'd all it touch'd, as fast as eye

Could follow the fierce, ravening flashes;  
 Till there—oh God, I still ask why  
 Such doom was hers?—I saw her lie

Black'ning within my arms to ashes!  
 That brow, a glory but to see—

Those lips, whose touch was what the first  
 Fresh cup of immortality

Is to a new-made angel's thirst!  
 Those clasping arms, within whose round—  
 My heart's horizon—the whole bound  
 Of its hope, prospect, heaven was found!  
 Which, ev'n in this dread moment, fond

As when they first were round me cast,  
 Loos'd not in death the fatal bond,

But, burning, held me to the last!  
 All, all, that, but that morn, had seem'd  
 As if Love's self there breath'd and beam'd,  
 Now, parch'd and black, before me lay,  
 Withering in agony away;  
 And mine, oh misery! mine the flame,  
 From which this desolation came;—  
 I, the curst spirit, whose caress  
 Had blasted all that loveliness!

'Twas maddening!—but now hear even worse—  
 Had death, death only, been the curse  
 I brought upon her—had the doom  
 But ended here, when her young bloom  
 Lay in the dust—and did the spirit  
 No part of that fell curse inherit,  
 'Twere not so dreadful—but, come near—  
 Too shocking 'tis for earth to hear—  
 Just when her eyes, in fading, took  
 Their last, keen, agoniz'd farewell,  
 And look'd in mine with—oh, that look!

Great vengeful Power, whate'er the hell  
 Thou may'st to human souls assign,  
 The memory of that look is mine!

In her last struggle, on my brow  
 Her ashy lips a kiss imprest,  
 So withering!—I feel it now—  
 'Twas fire—but fire, ev'n more unblest  
 Than was my own, and like that flame,  
 The angels shudder but to name,

## THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

Hell's everlasting element!

Deep, deep it pierc'd into my brain,  
Madd'ning and torturing as it went;

And here—mark here, the brand, the stain  
It left upon my front—burnt in  
By that last kiss of love and sin—  
A brand, which all the pomp and pride  
Of a fallen Spirit cannot hide!

But is it thus, dread Providence—

Can it, indeed, be thus, that she,  
Who, (but for *one* proud, fond offence,)

Had honour'd heaven itself, should be  
Now doom'd—I cannot speak it—no,  
Merciful ALLA! 'tis not so—

Never could lips divine have said

The fiat of a fate so dread.

And yet, that look—so deeply fraught

With more than anguish, with despair—

That new, fierce fire, resembling nought

In heaven or earth—this scorch I bear!—

Oh—for the first time that these knees

Have bent before thee since my fall,

Great Power, if ever thy decrees

Thou could'st for prayer like mine recall,

Pardon that spirit, and on me,

On me, who taught her pride to err,

Shed out each drop of agony

Thy burning phial keeps for her!

See, too, where low beside me kneel

Two other outcasts, who, though gone

And lost themselves, yet dare to feel

And pray for that poor mortal one.

Alas, too well, too well they know

The pain, the penitence, the woe

That Passion brings upon the best,

The wisest, and the loveliest.—

Oh, who is to be sav'd, if such

Bright, erring souls are not forgiven;

So loth they wander, and so much

Their very wanderings lean tow'rds heaven!

Again, I cry, Just Power, transfer

That creature's sufferings all to me—

Mine, mine the guilt, the torment be,

To save one minute's pain to her,

Let mine last all eternity!"

He paus'd, and to the earth bent down

His throbbing head; while they, who felt

That agony as 'twere their own,  
 Those angel youths, beside him knelt,  
 And, in the night's still silence there,  
 While mournfully each wandering air  
 Play'd in those plumes, that never more  
 To their lost home in heav'n must soar,  
 Breath'd inwardly the voiceless prayer,  
 Unheard by all but Mercy's ear—  
 And which if Mercy *did not* hear,  
 Oh, God would *not* be what this bright  
 And glorious universe of His,  
 This world of beauty, goodness, light  
 And endless love proclaims He *is*!

---

Not long they knelt, when, from a wood  
 That crown'd that airy solitude,  
 They heard a low, uncertain sound,  
 As from a lute, that just had found  
 Some happy theme, and murmur'd round  
 The new-born fancy, with fond tone,  
 Scarce thinking aught so sweet its own  
 Till soon a voice, that match'd as well  
 That gentle instrument, as suits  
 The sea-air to an ocean-shell,  
 (So kin its spirit to the lute's),  
 Tremblingly follow'd the soft strain,  
 Interpreting its joy, its pain,  
 And lending the light wings of words  
 To many a thought, that else had lain  
 Unfledg'd and mute among the chords.

All started at the sound—but chief  
 The third young Angel, in whose face,  
 Though faded like the others, grief  
 Had left a gentler, holier trace;  
 As if, ev'n yet, through pain and ill,  
 Hope had not fled him—as if still  
 Her precious pearl, in sorrow's cup,  
 Unmelted at the bottom lay,  
 To shine again, when, all drunk up,  
 The bitterness should pass away.  
 Chiefly did he, though in his eyes  
 There shone more pleasure than surprise,  
 Turn to the wood, from whence that sound  
 Of solitary sweetness broke;  
 Then, listening, look delighted round  
 To his bright peers, while thus it spoke :—

# THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

" Come, pray with me, my seraph love,  
 " My angel-lord, come pray with me;  
 " In vain to-night my lip hath strove  
 " To send one holy prayer above —  
 " The knee may bend, the lip may move,  
 " But pray I cannot, without thee!  
 " I've fed the altar in my bower  
 " With droppings from the incense tree;  
 " I've shelter'd it from wind and shower,  
 " But dim it burns the livelong hour,  
 " As if, like me, it had no power  
 " Of life or lustre, without thee!

" A boat at midnight sent alone  
 " To drift upon the moonless sea,  
 " A lute, whose leading chord is gone,  
 " A wounded bird, that hath but one  
 " Imperfect wing to soar upon,  
 " Are like what I am, without thee!

" Then ne'er, my spirit-love, divide,  
 " In life or death, thyself from me;  
 " But when again, in sunny pride,  
 " Thou walk'st through Eden, let me glide,  
 " A prostrate shadow, by thy side—  
 " Oh happier thus than without thee!"

The song had ceas'd, when, from the wood  
 Which, sweeping down that airy height,  
 Reach'd the lone spot whereon they stood—  
 There suddenly shone out a light  
 From a clear lamp, which, as it blaz'd  
 Across the brow of one, who rais'd  
 Its flame aloft (as if to throw  
 The light upon that group below),  
 Display'd two eyes, sparkling between  
 The dusky leaves, such as are seen  
 By fancy only, in those faces,  
 That haunt a poet's walk at even,  
 Looking from out their leafy places  
 Upon his dreams of love and heaven.  
 'Twas but a moment—the blush, brought  
 O'er all her features at the thought  
 Of being seen thus, late, alone,  
 By any but the eyes she sought,  
 Had scarcely for an instant shone  
 Through the dark leaves, when she was gone—  
 Gone, like a meteor that o'erhead  
 Suddenly shines, and, ere we've said,  
 " Behold, how beautiful!"—'tis fled.

## MOORE'S WORKS.

Yet, ere she went, the words, "I come,  
 "I come, my NAME," reach'd her ear,  
 In that kind voice, familiar, dear,  
 Which tells of confidence, of home,—  
 Of habit, that hath drawn hearts near,  
 Till they grow *one*,—of faith sincere,  
 And all that Love most loves to hear;  
 A music, breathing of the past,  
 The present and the time to be,  
 Where Hope and Memory, to the last,  
 Lengthen out life's true harmony!

Nor long did he, whom call so kind  
 Summon'd away, remain behind;  
 Nor did there need much time to tell  
 What they—alas, more fall'n than he  
 From happiness and heaven—knew well,  
 His gentler love's short history!

Thus did it run—*not* as he told  
 The tale himself, but as 'tis grav'd  
 Upon the tablets that, of old,  
 By *SETH*<sup>1</sup> were from the deluge sav'd,  
 All written over with sublime  
 And saddening legends of the' uublest,  
 But glorious Spirits of that time,  
 And this young Angel's 'mong the rest.

## THIRD ANGEL'S STORY.

Among the Spirits, of pure flame,  
 That in the' eternal heav'ns abide—  
 Circles of light, that from the same  
 Unclouded centre sweeping wide,  
 Carry its beams on every side—  
 Like spheres of air that waft around  
 The undulations of rich sound—  
 Till the far-circling radiance be  
 Diffus'd into infinity!

<sup>1</sup> Seth is a favourite personage among the Orientals, and acts a conspicuous part in many of their most extravagant romances. The Syrians pretended to have a Testament of this Patriarch in their possession, in which was explained the whole theology of angels, their different orders, etc., etc. The Kurds, too (as Hyde mentions in his Appendix) have a book, which contains all the rites of their religion, and which they call *Sobuph Shelt*, or the Book of Seth.

In the same manner that Seth and Cham are supposed to have preserved these memoirs of antediluvian knowledge, Xiruthrus is said in Chaldean fable to have deposited in Siparis, the city of the Sun, those monuments of science which he had saved out of the waters of a deluge.—See Jablonski's learned remarks upon these columns or tablets of Seth, which he supposes to be the same with the pillars of Mercury, or the Egyptian *Thoth*.—*Pantheon. Egypt.* lib. v. cap. 5.

## THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

First and immediate near the Throne,  
 Of ALLA,<sup>1</sup> as if most his own,  
 The Seraphs stand<sup>2</sup>—this burning sign  
 Trac'd on their banner, "Love Divine!"  
 Their rank, their honours, far above  
 Ev'n those to high-brow'd Cherubs given,  
 Though knowing all;—so much doth Love  
 Transcend all Knowledge, e'vn in heaven!

'Mong these was ZARAPH once—and none  
 E'er felt affection's holy fire,  
 Or yearn'd towards the' Eternal One,  
 With half such longing, deep desire.  
 Love was to his impassion'd soul  
 Not, as with others, a mere part  
 Of its existence, but the whole—  
 The very life-breath of his heart!  
 Oft, when from ALLA's lifted brow  
 A lustre came, too bright to hear,  
 And all the seraph ranks would bow,  
 To shade their dazzled sight, nor dare  
 To look upon the' effulgence there—  
 This Spirit's eyes would court the blaze  
 (Such pride he in adoring took),  
 And rather lose, in that one gaze,  
 The power of looking, than not look!  
 Then too, when angel voices sung  
 The mercy of their God, and strung  
 Their harps to hail, with welcome sweet,  
 That moment, watch'd for by all eyes,  
 When some repentant sinner's feet  
 First touch'd the threshold of the skies,  
 Oh then how clearly did the voice  
 Of ZARAPH above all rejoice!

<sup>1</sup> The Mussulmans, says D'Herbelot, apply the general name, Mocarreboun, to all those Spirits "qui approchent le plus près du Trône." Of this number are Mikail and Gebrail.

<sup>2</sup> The Seraphim, or Spirits of Divine Love.

There appears to be, among writers on the East, as well as among the Orientalists themselves, considerable indecision with regard to the respective claims of Seraphim and Cherubim to the highest rank in the celestial hierarchy. The derivation which Hyde assigns to the word *Cherub* seems to determine the precedence in favour of that order of spirits:—"Cherubim, i. e. Propinqui Angeli, qui sc. Deo propius quam alii accedunt: nam *Charub* est i. q. *Karab*, appropinquare." (P. 263.) Al Beidawi, too, one of the commentators of the Koran, on that passage, "the angels, who bear the throne, and those who stand about it," (chap. xl.) says, "These are the Cherubim, the highest order of angels." On the other hand, we have seen, in a preceding note, that the Syrians place the sphere in which the Seraphs dwell at the very summit of all the celestial systems; and even, among Mahometans, the word *Azazil* and *Mocarreboun* (which means the spirits that stand nearest to the throne of Alla) are indiscriminately applied to both Seraphim and Cherubim.



MOORE'S WORKS.

Love was in every buoyant tone—  
Such love, 'as only could belong  
To the blest angels, and alone  
Could, ev'n from angels, bring such song!

Alas, that it should e'er have been  
In heav'n as 'tis too often here,  
Where nothing fond or bright is seen,  
But it hath pain and peril near ;—  
Where right and wrong so close resemble,  
That what we take for virtue's thrill  
Is often the first downward tremble  
Of the heart's balance unto ill ;  
Where Love hath not a shrine so pure,  
So holy, but the serpent, Sin,  
In moments, e'vn the most secure,  
Beneath his altar may glide in!

So was it with that Angel—such  
The charm, that slop'd his fall along,  
From good to ill, from loving much,  
Too easy lapse, to loving wrong.—  
Ev'n so that am'rous Spirit, bound  
By beauty's spell, where'er 'twas found,  
From the bright things above the moon  
Down to earth's beaming eyes descended,  
Till love for the Creator soon  
In passion for the creature ended.

'Twas first at twilight, on the shore  
Of the smooth sea, he heard the lute  
And voice of her he lov'd steal o'er  
The silver waters, that lay mute,  
As loth, by ev'n a breath, to stay  
The pilgrimage of that sweet lay ;  
Whose echoes still went on and on,  
Till lost among the light that shone  
Far off, beyond the ocean's brim—  
There, where the rich cascade of day  
Had, o'er the horizon's golden rim.  
Into Elysium roll'd away!  
Of God she sung, and of the mild  
Attendant Mercy, that beside  
His awful throne for ever smil'd,  
Ready, with her white hand, to guide  
His bolts of vengeance to their prey—  
That she might quench them on the way!  
Of Peace—of that Atoning Love,  
Upon whose star, shining above

## THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS

This twilight world of hope and fear,  
The weeping eyes of Faith are fix'd  
So fond, that with her every tear  
The light of that love-star is mix'd!—  
All this she sung, and such a soul  
Of piety was in that song,  
That the charm'd Angel, as it stole  
Tenderly to his ear, along  
Those lulling waters where he lay,  
Watching the daylight's dying ray,  
Thought 'twas a voice from out the wave,  
An echo, that some sea-nymph gave  
To Eden's distant harmony,  
Heard faint and sweet beneath the seal

Quickly, however, to its source,  
Tracking that music's melting course,  
He saw, upon the golden sand  
Of the sea-shore a maiden stand,  
Before whose feet the' expiring waves  
Flung their last offering with a sigh—  
As, in the East, exhausted slaves  
Lay down the far-brought gift, and die—  
And, while her lute hung by her, hush'd,  
As if unequal to the tide  
Of song, that from her lips still gush'd,  
She rais'd, like one beatified,  
Those eyes, whose light seem'd rather given  
To be ador'd than to adore—  
Such eyes, as may have look'd from heaven,  
But ne'er were rais'd to it before!

Oh Love, Religion, Music!—all  
That's left of Eden upon earth—  
The only blessings, since the fall  
Of our weak souls, that still recall  
A trace of their high, glorious birth—  
How kindred are the dreams you bring!  
How Love, though unto earth so prone,  
Delights to take Religion's wing,  
When time or grief hath stain'd his own!  
How near to Love's beguiling brink,  
Too oft, entranc'd Religion lies!  
While Music, Music is the link  
They both still hold by to the skies,  
The language of their native sphere,  
Which they had else forgotten here.

<sup>1</sup> "Les Égyptiens disent que la Musique est sœur de la Religion."—*Voyages de Pythagore*, tom. i. p. 422.

How then could ZARAPH fail to feel  
 That moment's witcheries?—one, so fair,  
 Breathing out music, that might steal  
 Heaven from itself, and rapt in prayer  
 That seraphs might be proud to share!  
 Oh, he *did* feel it, all too well—  
 With warmth, that far too dearly cost—  
 Nor knew he, when at last he fell,  
 To which attraction, to which spell,  
 Love, Music, or Devotion, most  
 His soul in that sweet hour was lost.

Sweet was the hour, though dearly won,  
 And pure, as aught of earth could be,  
 For then first did the glorious sun  
 Before religion's altar see  
 Two hearts in wedlock's golden tie  
 Self-pledg'd, in love to live and die.  
 Blest union! by that Angel wove,  
 And worthy from such hands to come;  
 Safe, sole asylum, in which Love,  
 When fall'n or exit'd from above,  
 In this dark world can find a home.

And, though the Spirit had transgress'd,  
 Had, from his station 'moug the blest  
 Won down by woman's smile, allow'd  
 Terrestrial passion to breathe o'er  
 The mirror of his heart, and cloud  
 God's image, there so bright before—  
 Yet never did that Power look down  
 On error with a brow so mild;  
 Never did Justice wear a frown,  
 Through which so gently Mercy smil'd.  
 For humble was their love—with awe  
 And trembling like some treasure kept,  
 That was not theirs by holy law—  
 Whose beauty with remorse they saw,  
 And o'er whose preciousness they wept.  
 Humility, that low, sweet root,  
 From which all heavenly virtues shoot,  
 Was in the hearts of both—but most  
 In NANA's heart, by whom alone  
 Those charms, for which a heaven was lost,  
 Seem'd all unvalued and unknown;  
 And when her Seraph's eyes she caught,  
 And hid hers glowing on his breast,  
 Ev'n bliss was humbled by the thought—  
 "What claim have I to be so blest?"

## THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

Still less could maid, so meek, have nurs'd,  
 Desire of knowledge—that vain thirst,  
 With which the sex hath all been curs'd,  
 From luckless Eve to her, who near  
 The Tabernacle stole to bear  
 The secrets of the angels : <sup>1</sup> no—  
 To love as her own Seraph lov'd,  
 With Faith, the same through bliss and woe—  
 Faith, that, were ev'n its light remov'd,  
 Could, like the dial, fix'd remain,  
 And wait till it shone out again ;—  
 With Patience that, though often bow'd  
 By the rude storm, can rise anew ;  
 And Hope that, ev'n from Evil's clond,  
 Sees sunny Good half breaking through !  
 This deep, relying Love, worth more  
 In heaven than all a Cherub's lore—  
 This Faith, more sure than aught beside,  
 Was the sole joy, ambition, pride  
 Of her fond heart—the' unreasoning scope  
 Of all its views, above, below—  
 So true she felt it that to *hope*,  
 To *trust*, is happier than to *know*.  
 And thus in humbleness they trod,  
 Abash'd, but pure before their God ;  
 Nor e'er did earth behold a sight  
 So meekly beautiful as they,  
 When, with the altar's holy light  
 Full on their brows, they knelt to pray,  
 Hand within hand, and side by side,  
 Two links of love, awhile nntied  
 From the great chain above, but fast  
 Holding together to the last !—  
 Two fallen Splendors, <sup>2</sup> from that tree,  
 Which buds with such eternally, <sup>3</sup>  
 Shaken to earth, yet keeping all  
 Their light and freshness in the fall.

<sup>1</sup> Sara.

An allusion to the Sephiroths or Splendors of the Jewish Cabhala, represented as a tree, of which God is the crown or summit.

The Sephiroths are the higher orders of emanative being in the strange and incomprehensible system of the Jewish Cabhala. They are called by various names, Pity, Beauty, etc., etc.; and their influences are supposed to act through certain canals, which communicate with each other.

<sup>2</sup> The reader may judge of the rationality of this Jewish system by the following explanation of part of the machinery :—"Les canaux qui sortent de la Miséricorde et de la Force, et qui vont aboutir à la Beauté, sont chargés d'un grand nombre d'Anges. Il y en a trente-cinq sur le canal de la Miséricorde, qui récompensent et qui couronnent la vertu des Saints," etc., etc.—For a concise account of the Cabalistic Philosophy, see Engel's very useful compendium of Brucker.

<sup>3</sup> "On les représente quelquefois sous la figure d'un arbre... l'Ensoph, qu'on met au-dessus de l'arbre Séphirothique ou des Splendeurs divines, est l'Infini."—*L'Histoire des Juifs*, liv. ix. 11.

MOORE'S WORKS.

Their only punishment, (as wrong,  
 However sweet, must bear its brand,)  
 Their only doom was this—that, long  
 As the green earth and ocean stand,  
 They both shall wander here—the same,  
 Throughout all time, in heart and frame—  
 Still looking to that goal sublime,  
 Whose light remote, but sure, they see;  
 Pilgrims of Love, whose way is Time,  
 Whose home is in Eternity!  
 Subject, the while, to all the strife,  
 True Love encounters in this life—  
 The wishes, hopes, he breathes in vain;  
 The chill, that turns his warmest sighs  
 To earthly vapour, ere they rise;  
 The doubt he feeds on, and the pain  
 That in his very sweetness lies :—  
 Still worse, the' illusions that betray  
 His footsteps to their shining brink;  
 That tempt him, on his desert way  
 Through the bleak world, to bend and drink,  
 Where nothing meets his lips, alas,—  
 But he again must sighing pass  
 On to that far-off home of peace,  
 In which alone his thirst will cease.

All this they bear, but, not the less,  
 Have moments rich in happiness—  
 Blest meetings, after many a day  
 Of widowhood past far away,  
 When the lov'd face again is seen  
 Close, close, with not a tear between—  
 Confidings frank, without control,  
 Pour'd mutually from soul to soul;  
 As free from any fear or doubt  
 As is that light from chill or stain,  
 The sun into the stars sheds out,  
 To be by them shed back again!—  
 That happy minglement of hearts,  
 Where, chang'd as chymic compounds are,  
 Each with its own existence parts,  
 To find a new one, happier far!  
 Such are their joys—and, crowning all,  
 That blessed hope of the bright hour,  
 When, happy and no more to fall,  
 Their spirits shall, with fresher power,  
 Rise up rewarded for their trust  
 In Him, from whom all goodness springs,  
 And, shaking off earth's soiling dust  
 From their emancipated wings,

## THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

Wander for ever through those skies  
Of radiance, where Love never dies!

In what lone region of the earth  
These Pilgrims now may roam or dwell,  
God and the Angels, who look forth  
To watch their steps, alone can tell.  
But should we, in our wanderings,  
Meet a young pair, whose beauty wants  
But the adornment of bright wings,  
To look like heaven's inhabitants—  
Who shine where'er they tread, and yet  
Are humble in their earthly lot,  
As is the way-side violet,  
That shines unseen, and were it not  
For its sweet breath would be forgot—  
Whose hearts, in every thought, are one,  
Whose voices utter the same wills—  
Answering, as Echo doth some tone  
Of fairy music 'mong the hills,  
So like itself, we seek in vain  
Which is the echo, which the strain—  
Whose piety is love, whose love,  
Though close as 'twere their souls' embrace,  
Is not of earth, but from above—  
Like two fair mirrors, face to face,  
Whose light, from one to the' other thrown,  
Is heaven's reflection, not their own—  
Should we e'er meet with aught so pure,  
So perfect here, we may be sure  
'Tis ZARAPH and his bride we see;  
And call young lovers round, to view  
The pilgrim pair, as they pursue  
Their pathway tow'ards eternity.

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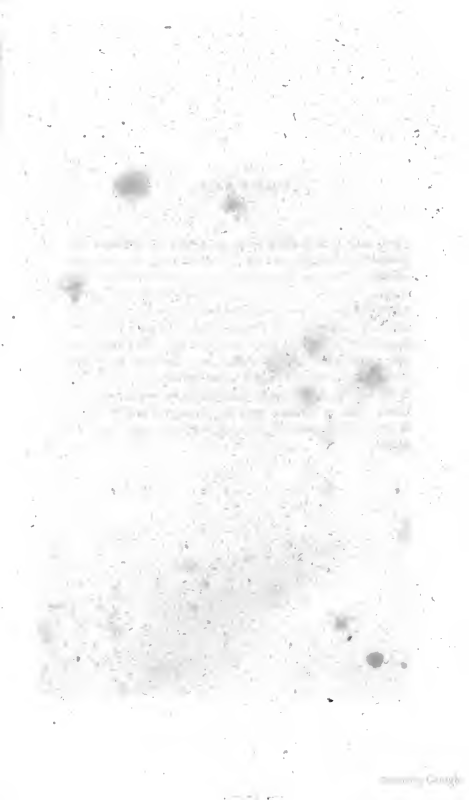
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PRINTED BY CASIMIR,  
Rue de la Vieille-Monnaie, 42.

## PREFACE.

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THE name of the country town, in England—a well-known fashionable watering-place—in which the events that gave rise to the following correspondence occurred, is, for obvious reasons, suppressed. The interest attached, however, to the facts and personages of the story, renders it independent of all time and place; and when it is recollected that the whole train of romantic circumstances so fully unfolded in these Letters has passed during the short period which has now elapsed since the great Meetings in Exeter Hall, due credit will, it is hoped, be allowed to the Editor for the rapidity with which he has brought the details before the Public; while, at the same time, any errors that may have been the result of such haste will, he trusts, with equal consideration, be pardoned.



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# THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND.

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## LETTER I.

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ., TO THE REV. RICHARD —, CURATE OF —,  
IN IRELAND.

WHO d' ye think we' ve got here?—quite reform'd from the giddy  
Fantastic young thing, that once made such a noise—  
Why, the famous Miss Fudge—that delectable Biddy,  
Whom you and I saw once at Paris, when boys,  
In the full blaze of bonnets, and ribands, and airs,—  
Such a thing as no rainbow hath colours to paint;  
Ere time had reduced her to wrinkles and prayers,  
And the Flirt found a decent retreat in the Saint.  
Poor “Pa” hath popp'd off—gone, as Charity judges,  
To some choice Elysium reserved for the Fudges;  
And Miss, with a fortune, besides expectations  
From some much-revered and much-palsied relations,  
Now wants but a husband, with requisites meet,—  
Age thirty, or thereabouts—stature six feet,  
And warranted godly,—to make all complete.  
*Nota bene*—a Churchman would suit, if he's *high*,  
But Socinians or Catholics need not apply.  
What say you, Dick? does n't this tempt your ambition?  
The whole wealth of Fudge, that renown'd man of pith,  
All brought to the hammer, for Church competition,—  
Sole encumbrance, Miss Fudge to be taken therewith:  
Think, my boy, for a curate how glorious a catch!  
While, instead of the thousands of souls you *now* watch,  
To save Biddy Fudge's is all you need do;  
And her purse will, meanwhile, be the saving of you.  
You may ask, Dick, how comes it that I, a poor elf,  
Wanting substance ev'n more than your spiritual self,  
Should thus generously lay my own claims on the shelf,  
When, God knows! there ne'er was young gentleman yet  
So much lack'd an old spinster to rid him from debt,  
Or had cogenter reasons than mine to assail her  
With tender love-suit,—at the suit of his tailor.

But thereby there hangs a soft secret, my friend,  
Which thus to your reverend breast I commend :—

Miss Fudge hath a niece—such a creature !—with eyes  
Like those sparklers that peep out from summer-night skies  
At astronomers royal, and laugh with delight  
To see elderly gentlemen spying all night.  
While her figure—oh, bring all the gracefulest things  
That are borne through the light air by feet or by wings,  
Not a single new grace to that form could they teach,  
Which combines in itself the perfection of each ;  
While, rapid or slow, as her fairy feet fall,  
The mute music of symmetry modulates all.

In short, ne'er was there creature more form'd to bewilder

A gay youth like me, who of castles aerial  
(And only of such) am, God help me ! a builder ;  
Still peopling each mansion with lodgers ethereal,  
And now, to this nymph of the seraph-like eye,  
Letting out, as you see, my first floor next the sky.

But, alas ! nothing 's perfect on earth,—even she,  
This divine little gipsy, does odd things sometimes ;  
Talks learning—looks wise (rather painful to see),  
Prints already in two county papers her rhymes ;  
And raves—the sweet, charming, absurd little dear !  
About Amulets, Bijous, and Keepsakes, next year,  
In a manner which plainly had symptoms portends  
Of that Annual *blue* fit, so distressing to friends ;  
A fit which, though lasting but one short edition,  
Leaves the patient long after in sad inanition.

However, let 's hope for the best,—and, meanwhile,  
Be it mine still to bask in the niece's warm smile ;  
While you, if you 're wise, Dick, will play the gallant  
(Uphill work, I confess) to her Saint of an Aunt.  
Think, my boy, for a youngster like you, who 've a lack,

Not indeed of rupees, but of all other specie,  
What luck thus to find a kind witch at your back,  
An old goose with gold eggs, from all debts to release ye !  
Never mind, though the spinster be reverend and thin,

What are all the Three Graces to her Three per Cents. ?  
While her acres !—oh Dick, it don't matter one pin  
How she touches the affections, so you touch the rents ;  
And Love never looks half so pleased as when, bless him, he  
Sings to an old lady's purse "Open, Sesame."

By the way, I 've just heard, in my walks, a report,  
Which, if true, will ensure for your visit some sport.  
'T is rumour'd our Manager means to bespeak  
The Church tumblers from Exeter Hall for next week :

\* That floor which a facetious garricteer called "Le premier en descendant du ciel."

"And certainly ne'er did a queerer or rumber set  
 Throw, for the amusement of Christians, a summerset.  
 'T is fear'd their chief "Merriman," C—ke, cannot come,  
 Being call'd off, at present, to play Punch at home,  
 And the loss of so practised a wag in divinity,  
 Will grieve much all lovers of jokes on the Trinity ;—  
 His pun on the name Unigenitus, lately  
 Having pleased Robert Taylor, the *Reverend*, greatly."

"T will prove a sad drawback, if absent he be,  
 As a wag Presbyterian 's a thing quite to see ;  
 And, among the Five Points of the Calvinists, none of 'em  
 E'er thought of making a point of wit one of 'em.  
 But ev'n though deprived of this comical elf,  
 We 've a host of *buffoni* in Murtagh himself,  
 Who, of all the whole troop is chief mummer and mime,  
 As C—ke takes the *Ground* Tumbling, *he* the *Sublime* :  
 And of him we 're quite certain, so, pray, come in time.

## LETTER II.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MRS. ELIZABETH

JUST in time for the post, dear, and monstrously busy,

With godly concerns,—and worldly ones, too ;  
 Things carnal and spiritual mix'd, my dear Lizzy,  
 In this little brain till, bewilder'd and dizzy,

'Twixt heaven and earth, I scarce know what I do.  
 First, I 've been to see all the gay fashions from town,  
 Which our favourite Miss Gimp for the spring has had down.  
 Sleeves *still* worn (which I think is wise) *à la folle*,  
 Charming hats, *pou de soie*,—though the shape rather droll.  
 But you can't think how nicely the caps of *tulle* lace,  
 With the *mentounières*, look on this poor sinful face :  
 And I mean, if the Lord in his mercy thinks right,  
 To wear one at Mrs. Fitzwigram's to-night.

The silks are quite heavenly :—I'm glad, too, to say,  
 Gimp herself grows more godly and good every day ;  
 Hath had sweet experience—yea, ev'n doth begin  
 To turn from the Gentiles, and put away sin,—  
 And all since her last stock of goods was laid in.

\* See the Dublin Evening Post, of the 9th of this month (July), for an account of a scene which lately took place at a meeting of the Synod of Ulster, in which the performance of the above-mentioned part by the personage in question appears to have been worthy of all his former reputation in that line.

\* "All are punsters if they have wit to be so ; and therefore when an Irishman has to commence with a Bull, you will naturally pronounce it a *bull*. (A laugh.) Allow me to bring before you the famous Bull that is called Unigaultus, referring to the only-begotten Son of God."—*Report of the Rev. Doctor's Speech, June 20, in the Record Newspaper.*

† In the language of the play-bills, "Ground and *Lofty* Tumbling."



What a blessing one's milliner, careless of self,  
Should thus "walk in newness" as well as one's self!

So much for the blessings, the comforts of Spirit  
I've had since we met, and they're more than I merit!—  
Poor, sinful, weak creature in every respect,  
Though ordain'd (God knows why) to be one of the Elect.  
But now for the picture's reverse.—You remember  
That footman and cook-maid I hired last December;  
*He*, a Baptist Particular,—*she*, of some sect  
Not particular, I fancy, in any respect;  
But desirous, poor thing, to be fed with the Word,  
And "to wait," as she said, "on Miss Fudge and the Lord."

Well, my dear, of all men, that Particular Baptist  
At preaching a sermon, off hand, was the aptest;  
And, long as he staid, to do him justice, more rich in  
Sweet savours of doctrine, there never was kitchen.  
He preach'd in the parlour, he preach'd in the hall.  
He preach'd to the chambermaids, scullions, and all.  
All heard with delight his reprovings of sin,  
But above all, the cook-maid;—oh, ne'er would she tire,—  
Though, in learning to save sinful souls from the fire,  
She would oft let the soles she was frying fall in.  
(God forgive me for punning on points thus of piety!—  
A sad trick I've learn'd in Bob's heathen society.)  
But ah! there remains still the worst of my tale;  
Come, asterisks, and help me the sad truth to veil,—  
Conscious stars, that at ev'n your own secret turn pale!

\* \* \* \* \*

In short, dear, this preaching and psalm-singing pair,  
Chosen "vessels of mercy," as I thought they were,  
Have together this last week eloped; making bold  
To whip off as much goods as both vessels could hold,—  
Not forgetting some scores of sweet Tracts from my shelves,  
Two Family Bibles as large as themselves,  
And besides, from the drawer,—I neglecting to lock it—  
My neat "Morning Manna, done up for the pocket."  
Was there e'er known a case so distressing, dear Liz?  
It has made me quite ill:—and the worst of it is,  
When rogues are *all* pious, 't is hard to detect  
*Which* rogues are the reprobate, *which* the elect.

\* "Morning Manna, or British Verse-book, neatly done up for the pocket," and chiefly intended to assist the members of the British Verse Association, whose design is, we are told, "to induce the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland to commit one and the same verse of Scripture to memory every morning. Already, it is known, several thousand persons in Scotland, besides tens of thousands in America and Africa, are every morning learning the same verse."

This man "had a call," he said,—impudent mockery!  
What call had he to my linen and crockery?

I'm now, and have been for this week past, in chase  
Of some godly young couple this pair to replace.  
The inclosed two announcements have just met my eyes;  
In that venerable Monthly where Saints advertise  
For such temporal comforts as this world supplies;  
And the fruits of the Spirit are properly made  
An essential in every craft, calling, and trade.  
Where the attorney requires for his 'prentice some youth  
Who has "learn'd to fear God and to walk in the truth;"  
Where the sempstress, in search of employment, declares,  
That pay is no object, so she can have prayers;  
And the Establish'd Wine Company proudly gives out  
That the whole of the firm, Co. and all, are devout.

Happy London! one feels, as one reads o'er the pages,  
Where Saints are so much more abundant than sages;  
Where Parsons may soon be all laid on the shelf,  
As each Cit can cite chapter and verse for himself,  
And the *serious* frequenters of market and dock  
All lay in religion as part of their stock.  
Who can tell to what lengths we may go on improving,  
When thus through all London the Spirit keeps moving,  
And heaven's so in vogue, that each shop advertisement  
Is now not so much for the earth as the skies meant?

P. S.

Have mislaid the two paragraphs—can't stop to look,  
But both described charming,—both footman and cook.  
She, "decidedly pious,"—with pathos deplores

\* The Evangelical Magazine.—A few specimens taken at random from the wrapper of this highly-esteemed periodical will fully justify the character which Miss Fudge has here given of it. "Wanted, in a pious pawn-broker's family, an active lad as an apprentice." "Wanted, as housemaid, a young female who has been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth." "Wanted immediately, a man of decided piety, to assist in the baking business." "A gentleman who understands the Wine Trade is desirous of entering into partnership, etc. etc. He is not desirous of being connected with any one whose system of business is not of the strictest integrity as in the sight of God, and seeks connexion only with a truly pious man, either Churchman or Dissenter."

\* According to the late Mr. Irving, there is even a peculiar form of theology, got up expressly for the money-market. "I know how far wide," he says, "of the mark my views of Christ's work in the flesh will be viewed by those who are working with the stock-jobbing theology of the religious world." "Let these preachers," he adds, "(for I will not call them theologians,) cry up, broker-like, their article." *Morning Watch*, No. 5, 442—5.

From the statement of another writer, in the same publication, it would appear that the stock-brokers have even set up a new Divinity of their own. "This shows," says the writer in question, "that the doctrine of the union between Christ and his members is quite as essential as that of substitution, by taking which latter alone the *Stock-Exchange Divinity* has been produced."—No. 40, p. 375.

Among the ancients, we know the money-market was provided with more than one presiding Deity—"Dea Pecunie (says an ancient author) commendabantur ut pecuniosi essent."

The increase of French cookery and sin on our shores;  
 And adds—(while for further accounts she refers  
 To a great Gospel preacher, a cousin of hers),  
 That “though *some* make their sabbaths mere matter-of-fun days,  
 She asks hut for tea and the Gospel, on Sundays.”  
 The footman, too, full of the true saving knowledge,—  
 Has late been to Cambridge,—to Trinity College;  
 Served last a young gentleman, studying divinity,  
 But left,—not approving the morals of Trinity.

P. S.

I inclose, too, according to promise, some scraps  
 Of my Journal,—that day-book I keep of my heart;  
 Where, at some little items (partaking, perhaps,  
 More of earth than of heaven), thy prudery may start,  
 And suspect something tender, sly girl as thou art.  
 For the present, I’m mute—but, whate’er may befall,  
 Recollect, dear, in Hebrews, xiii. 4, St. Paul  
 Hath himself declared, “marriage is honourable in all.”

#### EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

*Monday.*

Tried a new châlè gown-on—pretty!  
 No one to see me in it—pity!  
 Flew in a passion with Friz, my maid:—  
 The Lord forgive me!—she look’d dismay’d;  
 But got her to sing the 100th Psalm,  
 While she curl’d my hair, which made me calm.  
 Nothing so soothes a Christian heart  
 As sacred music—heavenly art!

*Tuesday.*

At two, a visit from Mr. Magan,—  
 A remarkably handsome nice young man;  
 And, all Hibernian though he be,  
 As civilized, strange to say, as we!

I own this young man’s spiritual state  
 Hath much engross’d my thoughts of late;  
 And I mean, as soon as my niece is gone,  
 To have some talk with him thereupon.  
 At present, I nought can do or say,  
 But that troublesome child is in the way:  
 Nor is there, I think, a doubt that he  
 Would also her absence much prefer,  
 As oft, while listening intent to me,  
 He’s forced, from politeness, to look at her.

Heigho!—what a blessing should Mr. Magan  
 Turn out, after all, a “renew’d” young man;

And to me should fall the task, on earth,  
 To assist at the dear youth's second birth.  
 Blest thought! and, ah, more blest the tie,  
 Were it Heaven's high will, that he and I—  
 But I blush to write the nuptial word,—  
 Should wed, as St Paul says, "in the Lord;"  
 Not *this* world's wedlock—gross, gallant,  
 But pure,—as when Amrani married his aunt.

Our ages differ—but who would count  
 One's natural sinful life's amount,  
 Or look in the register's vulgar page  
 For a regular twice-born Christian's age,  
 Who, blessed privilege! only then  
 Begins to live when he's born again.  
 And, counting in *this* way,—let me see,—  
 I myself but five years old shall be,  
 And dear Magan, when the event takes place,  
 An actual new-born child of grace,—  
 Should Heaven in mercy so dispose,—  
 A six-foot baby, in *swaddling* clothes.

*Wednesday.*

Finding myself, by some good fate,  
 With Mr. Magan left *tête-à-tête*,  
 Had just begun,—having stirr'd the fire,  
 And drawn my chair near his,—to inquire  
 What his notions were of Original Sin,  
 When that naughty Fanny again bounced in;  
 And all the sweet things I had got to say  
 Of the Flesh and the Devil, were whisk'd away!

Much grieved to observe that Mr. Magan  
 Is actually pleased and amused with Fan!  
 What charms any sensible man can see  
 In a child so foolishly young as she,—  
 But just eighteen, come next May-day,  
 With eyes, like herself, full of nothing but play,—  
 Is, I own, an exceeding puzzle to me.

## THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND.

## LETTER III.

FROM MISS FANNY FUDGE TO HER COUSIN, MISS KITTY —.

## STANZAS

(INCLOSED)

TO MY SHADOW;

OR,

WHY?—WHAT?—HOW?

Dark comrade of my path! while earth and sky  
 Thus wed their charms, in bridal light array'd,  
 Why, in this bright hour, walk'st thou ever nigh,  
 Blackening my footsteps with thy length of shade—  
 Dark comrade, WHY?

Thou mimic Shape that, 'mid these flowery scenes,  
 Glidest beside me o'er each sunny spot,  
 Sadd'ning them as thou goest,—say, what means  
 So dark an adjunct to so bright a lot,—  
 Grim goblin, WHAT?

Still, as to pluck sweet flowers I bend my brow,  
 Thou bendest, too,—then risest when I rise;—  
 Say, mute mysterious Thing! how is't that thou  
 Thus comest between me and those blessed skies,—  
 Dim shadow, How?

(ADDITIONAL STANZA, BY ANOTHER HAND.)

Thus said I to that Shape, far less in grudge  
 Than gloom of soul, while, as I eager cried,  
 Oh why? what? how?—a Voice, that one might judge  
 To be some Irish echo's, faint replied  
 All fudge, fudge, fudge!

You have here, dearest Coz, my last lyric effusion;  
 And, with it, that odious "additional stanza,"  
 Which Aunt *will* insist I must keep, as conclusion,  
 And which, you'll at once see, is Mr. Magan's;—a  
 Mere part of that plot in which he and my Aunt are  
 To stifle the flights of my genius by banter.

Just so 't was with Byron's young eagle-eyed strain,  
 Just so did they taunt him;— but vain, critics, vain  
 All your efforts to saddle Wit's fire with a chain!  
 To blot out the splendour of Fancy's young stream,  
 Or crop, in its cradle, her newly-fledged beam!!!  
 Thou perceivest, dear, that, ev'n while these lines I indite,  
 Thoughts burn, brilliant fancies break out, wrong or right,  
 And I'm all over poet, in Criticism's spite!

That my Aunt, who deals only in Psalms, and regards  
Messrs. Sternhold and Co. as the first of all bards,—  
That *she* should make light of my works I can't blame;  
But that nice, handsome, odious Magan—what a shame!  
Do you know, dear, that, high as on most points I rate him,  
I'm really afraid—after all, I—must hate him,  
He is so provoking—nought's safe from his tongue,  
He spares no one authoress, ancient or young.  
Were you Sappho herself, and in Keepsake or Bijou  
Once shone as contributor, lord how he'd quiz you!  
He laughs at *all* Monthlies,—I've actually seen  
A sneer on his brow at the Court Magazine!—  
While of Weeklies, poor things, there's but one he peruses,  
And buys every book which that Weekly abuses.  
But I care not how others such sarcasm may fear,  
*One* spirit, at least, will not bend to his sneer;  
And though tried by the fire, my young genius shall burn as  
Uninjured as crucified gold in the furnace!  
(I suspect the word "crucified" must be made "crucible,"  
Before this fine image of mine is producible.)

And now, dear—to tell you a secret which, pray  
Only trust to such friends as with safety you may—  
You know, and, indeed the whole country suspects  
(Though the editor often my best things rejects),  
That the verses signed so, which you now and then see  
In our County Gazette (*vide last*) are by me.  
But 't is dreadful to think what provoking mistakes  
The vile country press in one's prosody makes.  
For you know, dear,—I may, without vanity, hint—  
Though an angel should write, still 't is *devils* must print;  
And you can't think what havoc these demons sometimes  
Choose to make of one's sense, and, what's worse, of one's rhymes.  
But a week or two since, in my Ode upon Spring,  
Which I *meant* to have made a most beautiful thing,  
Where I talk'd of the "dewdrops from freshly-blown roses,"  
The nasty things made it "from freshly-blown noses!"  
And once when, to please my cross Aunt, I had tried  
To commem'rate some saint of her *clique*, who'd just died,  
Having said he "had taken up in heaven his position,"  
'They made it, he'd "taken up to heaven his physician!"  
'This is very disheartening;—but brighter days shine,  
I rejoice, love, to say, both for me and the Nine;  
For, what do you think?—so delightful! next year,  
Ob, prepare, dearest girl, for the grand news prepare,—  
I'm to write in the Keepsake—yes, Kitty, my dear,  
To write in the Keepsake, as sure as you're there!!  
'T other night, at a ball, 't was my fortunate chance  
With a very nice elderly Dandy to dance,  
Who, 't was plain, from some hints which I now and then caught,

Was the author of *something*—one could n't tell what ;  
But his satisfied manner left no room to doubt  
It was something that Colburn had lately brought out.

We conversed of *belles-lettres* through all the quadrille,—  
Of poetry, dancing, of prose, standing still ;  
Talk'd of Intellect's march—whether right 't was or wrong,—  
And then settled the point in a bold *en avant*.  
In the course of this talk 't was that, having just binted  
That I too had Poems which—long'd to be printed,  
He protested, kind man ! he had seen, at first sight,  
I was actually *born* in the Keepsake to write.  
“In the *Annals* of England let some,” he said, “shine,  
But a place in her *Annals*, lady, be thine !  
Even now future Keepsakes seem brightly to rise,  
Through the visa of years, as I gaze on those eyes,—  
All letter'd and press'd, and of large paper size !”  
How unlike that Magan, who my genius would smother,  
And how we, true geniuses, find out each other !

This, and much more, he said, with that fine frenzied glance  
One so rarely now sees, as we slid through the dance ;  
Till between us 't was finally fix'd that, next year, .

In this exquisite task I my pen should engage ;  
And, at parting, he stoop'd down and lisp'd in my ear  
These mystical words, which I could but just hear,

“Terms for rhyme,—if it 's *prime*,—ten and sixpence per page.”  
Think, Kitty my dear, if I heard his words right,

What a mint of half-guineas this small head contains ;  
If for nothing to write is itself a delight,

Ye Gods, what a bliss to be paid for one's strains !

Having dropp'd the dear fellow a curtesy profound,

Off at once, to inquire all about him, I ran ;  
And from what I could learn, do you know, dear, I've found

That he's quite a new species of literary maff ;  
One, whose task is,—to what will not fashion accustom us ?

To *edit* live authors, as if they were posthumous.  
For instance,—the plan, to be sure, is the oddest !—

If any young he or she author feels modest  
In venturing abroad, this kind gentleman-usher

Lends promptly a hand to the interesting blusher ;  
Indites a smooth preface, brings merit to light,

Which else might, by accident, shrink out of sight,  
And, in short, renders readers and critics polite.

My Aunt says,—though scarce on such points one can credit her,—  
He was Lady Jane Thingumbob's last novel's editor.

'T is certain the fashion's but newly invented ;

And, quick as the change of all things and all names is,  
Who knows but, as authors, like girls, are *presented*,

We, girls, may be *edited* soon at St. James's ?

I must now close my letter—there's Aunt, in full screech,  
 Wants to take me to hear some great Irvingite preach.  
 God forgive me, I'm not much inclined, I must say,  
 To go and sit still to be preach'd at, to-day.  
 And, besides—'t will be all against dancing, no doubt,  
 Which my poor Aunt abhors, with such hatred devout,  
 That, so far from presenting young nymphs with a head,  
 For their skill in the dance, as of Herod is said,  
 She'd wish their own heads in the platter, instead.  
 There, again—coming, Ma'am!—I'll write more, if I can,  
 Before the post goes—

Your affectionate Fan.

*Four o'clock.*

Such a sermon!—though not about dancing, my dear;  
 'T was only on the end of the world being near.  
 Eighteen Hundred and Forty's the year that some state  
 As the time for that accident,—some Forty Eight :  
 And I own, of the two, I'd prefer much the latter,  
 As then I shall be an old maid, and 't won't matter.  
 Once more, love, good bye,—I've to make a new cap;  
 But am now so dead tired with this horrid mishap  
 Of the end of the world, that I must take a nap.

#### LETTER IV.

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ., TO THE REV. RICHARD —.

HE comes from Erin's speechful shore,  
 Like fervid kettle, bubbling o'er  
 With hot effusions,—hot and weak;  
 Sound, Humbug, all your hollowest drums,  
 He comes, of Erin's martyrdoms  
 To Britain's well-fed Church to speak.  
 Puff him, ye Journals of the Lord,  
 Twin prozers, Watchman and Record!  
 Journals reserved for realms of bliss,  
 Being much too good to sell in this.  
 Prepare, ye wealthier Saints, your dinners;  
 Ye spinsters, spread your tea and crumpets;  
 And you, ye countless Tracts for Sinners,  
 Blow all your little penny trumpets.  
 He comes, the reverend man, to tell  
 To all who still the Church's part take,  
 Tales of parsonic woe, that well

<sup>1</sup> With regard to the exact time of this event, there appears to be a difference only of about two or three years among the respective calculators. M. Alphonse Nicole, Docteur en droit et Avocat, merely doubts whether it is to be in 1846, or 1847. "À cette époque," he says, "les fidèles peuvent espérer de voir s'effectuer la purification du Sanctuaire."

<sup>2</sup> "Our anxious desire is to be found on the side of the Lord."—*Record Newspaper*.



Might make ev'n grim Dissenter's heart ache :—  
 Of ten whole bishops snatch'd away  
 For ever from the light of day ;  
 ( With God knows, too, how many more,  
 For whom that doom is yet in store )—  
 Of rectors cruelly compell'd

From Bath and Cheltenham to haste home,  
 Because the tithes, by Pat withheld,

Will not to Bath or Cheltenham come ;  
 Nor will the flocks consent to pay  
 Their parsons thus to stay away ;—  
 Though, with *such* parsons, one may doubt  
 If 't is n't money well laid out ;—  
 Of all, in short, and each degree  
 Of that once happy hierarchy,

Which used to roll in wealth so pleasantly ;  
 But now, alas, is doom'd to see

Its surplus brought to nonplus presently !

Such are the themes this man of pathos,  
 Priest of prose and lord of bathos,

Will preach and preach t' ye, till you 're dull again ?  
 Then, hail him, Saints, with joint acclaim,  
 Shout to the stars his tuneful name,  
 Which Murtagh was, ere known to fame,  
 But now is *Mortimer O'Mulligan* !

All true, Dick, true as you 're alive—  
 I've seen him, some hours since, arrive.

Murtagh is come, the great Itinerant,

And Tuesday, in the Market-place,  
 Intends, to every saint and sinner in 't,

To state what *he* calls Ireland's Case ;  
 Meaning thereby the case of *his* shop,—

Of curate, vicar, rector, bishop,  
 And all those other grades seraphic,  
 That make men's souls their special traffic,  
 Though seldom minding much *which* way  
 The erratic souls go, so they *pay*.

Just as some roguish country nurse,

Who takes a foundling babe to suckle,  
 First pops the payment in her purse,

Then leaves poor dear to—suck its knuckle :  
 Ev'n so these reverend rigmaroles  
 Pocket the money—starve the souls.

Murtagh, however, in his glory,  
 Will tell, next week, a different story ;  
 Will make out all these men of barter,  
 As each a saint, a downright martyr,  
 Brought to the *stake*—i. e. a *beef* one,  
 Of all their martyrdoms the chief one ;

Though try them ev'n at this, they'll bear it,  
If tender and wash'd down with claret.

Meanwhile Miss Fudge, who loves all lions,  
Your saintly, *next* to great and high 'uns,  
(A Viscount, be he what he may,  
Would cut a Saint out, any day),  
Has just announced a godly rout,  
Where Murtagh's to be first brought out,  
And shown in his tame *week-day* state :—  
"Prayers, half-past seven, tea at eight."  
Ev'n so the circular missive orders,—  
Pink cards, with cherubs round the borders.

Haste, Dick—you're lost, if you lose time,—  
Spinsters at forty-five grow giddy,  
And Murtagh, with his tropes sublime,  
Will surely carry off old Biddy,  
Unless some spark at once propose,  
And distance him by downright prose.  
That sick rich squire, whose wealth and lands  
All pass, they say, to Biddy's hands,  
(The patron, Dick, of three fat rectories! )  
Is dying of *angina pectoris* :—

So that, unless you're stirring soon,  
Murtagh, that priest of puff and pelf,  
May come in for a honey-moon,  
And be the man of it himself!

As for me, Dick,—'t is whim, 't is folly,  
But this young niece absorbs me wholly.  
'T is true, the girl's a vile verse-maker,—

Would rhyme all nature, if you'd let her ;—  
But ev'n her oddities, plague take her,  
But make me love her all the better.

Too true it is, she's bitten sadly  
With this new rage for rhyming badly,  
Which late hath seized all ranks and classes,  
Down to that new Estate, "the masses ;"

Till one pursnit all tastes combines,—  
One common rail-road o'er Parnassus,  
Where, sliding in those tuneful grooves,  
Call'd couplets, all creation moves,

And the whole world runs mad in *lines*.  
Add to all this—what's ev'n still worse,  
As rhyme itself, though still a curse,  
Sounds better to a chinking purse,—  
Scarce sixpence hath my charmer got,  
While I can muster just a groat ;  
So that, computing self and Venus,  
Tenpence would clear the amount between us.

However, things may yet prove better :—  
 Meantime, what awful length of letter !  
 And how, while heaping thus with gibes  
 The Pegasus of modern scribes,  
 My own small hobby of farrago  
 Hath beat the pace at which ev'n *they* go !

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LETTER V.

FROM LARRY O'BRANIGAN, IN ENGLAND, TO HIS WIFE JUDY, AT MULLINAFAD.

DEAR JUDY, I sınd you this bit of a letther,  
 By mail-coach conveyance,—for want of a beithier,—  
 To tell you what luck in this world I have had  
 Since I left the sweet cabin, at Mullinafad.  
 Och, Judy, that night !—when the pig which we meant  
 To dry-nurse in the parlour, to pay off the rent,  
 Julianna, the craythur,—that name was the death of her, '—  
 Gave us the shlip, and we saw the last breath of her !  
 And *there* were the childher, six innocent sows,  
 For their nate little play-fellow tuning up howls ;  
 While yourself, my dear Judy ( though grievin' s a folly ),  
 Stud over Julianna's remains, melancholy,—  
 Cryin', half for the craythur, and half for the money,  
 “ Arrah, why did ye die till we 'd sowl'd you, my honey ? ”

But God's will be done !—and then, faith, sure enough,  
 As the pig was desaired, 't was high time to be off.  
 So we gother'd up all the poor duds we could catch,  
 Lock'd the owld cabin-door, put the kay in the thatch,  
 Then tuk lave of each other's sweet lips in the dark,  
 And set off, like the Chrishtians turn'd out of the ark ;  
 The six childher with you, my dear Judy, ochone !  
 And poor I wid myself, left condolin' alone.  
 How I came to this England, o'er say and o'er lands,  
 And what cruel hard walkin' I 've had on my hands,  
 Is, at this present writin', too tadioos to speak,  
 So I 'll mintion it all in a postscript, next week :—  
 Only starved I was, surely, as thin as a lath,  
 Till I came to an up-and-down place they call Bath,  
 Where, as luck was, I managed to make a meal's meat,  
 By dhiraggin' owld ladies all day through the street,—  
 Which their docthors ( who pocket, like fun, the pound starlins ),  
 Have brought into fashion to plase the owld darlins.  
 Div'l a boy in all Bath, though I say it, could carry  
 The grannies up hill half so handy as Larry ;

\* The Irish peasantry are very fond of giving fine names to their pigs. I have heard of one instance in which a couple of young pigs were named, at their birth, Abelard and Eloisa.

And the higher they lived, like owld crows, in the air,  
The more I was wanted to lug them up there.

But luck has two handles, dear Judy, they say,  
And mine has *both* handles put on the wrong way.  
For, pondherin', one morn, on a drame I 'd just had  
Of yourself and the babbies, at Mullinafad,  
Och, there came o'er my sines so plasin' a flutther,  
That I spilt an owld Countess right clane in the gutther,  
Muff, feathers and all!—the deseint was most awful,  
And,—what was still worse, faith,—I knew 't was unlawful:  
For, though, with mere women, no very great evil,  
T' upset an owld Countess in Bath is the devil!  
So, liftin' the chair, with herself safe upon it  
(For nothin' about her was *kilt*, but her bonnet),  
Without even mentionin' "By your lave, ma'am,"  
I tuk to my heels and—here, Judy, I am!

What 's the name of this town I can't say very well,  
But your heart sure will jump when you hear what befell  
Your own beautiful Larry, the very first day,  
(And a Sunday it was, shinin' out mighty gay)  
When his brogues to this city of luck found their way.  
Bein' hungry, Gold help me, and happenin' to stop,  
Just to dine on the shinnell of a pasthry-cook's shop,  
I saw, in the window, a large printed paper,  
And read there a name, och! that made my heart caper,—  
Though printed it was in some quare A B C,  
That might bother a schoolmasther, let alone *me*.  
By gor, you'd have laugh'd, Judy, could you've but listen'd,  
As, doubtin', I cried, "why it is!—no, it is n't!"  
But it was, after all—for, by spellin' quite slow,  
First I made out "Rev. Mortimer"—then a great "O";  
And, at last, by hard readin' and rackin' my skull again,  
Out it came, nate as imported, "O'Mulligan!"

Up I jump'd, like a sky-lark, my jew'l, at that name,—  
Div'l a doubt on my mind, hut it *must* be the same.  
"Masther Murthagh himself," says I, "all the world over!  
My own foster-brother—by jinks, I'm in clover.  
Though *there*, in the play-bill, he figures so grand,  
One wet-nurse it was brought us *both* up by hand,  
And he 'll not let me shtarve in the enemy's land!"

Well, to make a long hishtory short, niver doubt  
But I managed, in no time, to find the lad out;  
And the joy of the meetin' bethuxt him and me,—  
Such a pair of owld eumroques—was charmin' to see.  
Nor is Murthagh less plased with the evint than I am,  
As he just then was wanting a vally-de-sham,  
And, for *dressin'* a gentleman, one way or t' other,  
Your nate Irish lad is beyant every other.

But now, Judy, comes the quare part of the case;  
 And, in throth, it 's the only draw-back on my place.  
 'T was Murthagh's ill luck to be cross'd, as you know,  
 With an awkward mishfortune some short time ago;  
 That 's to say, he turn'd Protestant,—*why*, I can't laru,  
 But, of coorse, he knew best, an' it 's not my consarn.  
 All I know is, we both were good Cath'lics, at nurse,  
 And myself am so still,—nayther betther nor worse.  
 Well, our bargain was all right and tight in a jiffey,  
 And lads more contint never yet left the Liffey,  
 When Murthagh,—or Morthimer, as he's now chrishen'd,  
 His name being convarted, at laist, if he is n't,—  
 Lookin' sly at me (faith, 't was divartin' to see),  
 "Of coorse, you 're a Protestant, Larry," says he:—  
 Upon which, says myself, wid a wink just as shly,  
 "Is 't a Protestant?—oh yes, I am, Sir," says I:—  
 And there the chat ended, and div'l a more word  
 Controversial between us has since then occur'd.

What Murthagh could mane, and, in throth, Judy dear,  
 What I *myself* meant, does n't seem mighty clear;  
 But the thruth is, though still for the Owld Light a stickler,  
 I was just then too shtarved to be over partic'lar:  
 And, God knows, between us, a comic'ler pair  
 Of twin Protestants could n't be seen any where.

Next Tuesday (as towld in the play-bills I mintion'd,  
 Address'd "to the loyal and godly-intintion'd,")  
 His Rivirence, my master, comes forward to preach,—  
 Myself does n't know whether sarmon or speech,  
 But it 's all one to him, he 's a dead hand at each;  
 Like us, Paddys, in gin'ral, whose skill in orations  
 Quite bothers the blarney of all other nations.  
 But, whisht!—there 's his Rivirence, shoutin' out "Larry,"  
 And sorra a word more will this shmall paper carry;  
 So, here, Judy, ends my short bit of a lettlier,  
 Which, faix, I 'd have made a much bigger and betther;  
 But div'l a one Post-office hole in this town  
 Fit to swallow a dacent-sized billy-dux down.  
 So, good luck to the childer!—tell Molly, I love her;  
 Kiss Onagh's sweet mouth, and kiss Katty all over,—  
 Not forgettin' the mark of the red-currant whiskey  
 She got at the fair when yourself was so frisky.  
 The heav'ns be your bed!—I will write when I can again;  
 Yours to the world's end,

LARRY O'BRANIGAN.

## LETTER VI.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MRS. ELIZABETH —.

How I grieve you're not with us!—pray, come, if you can,  
 Ere we're robb'd of this dear oratorical man,  
 Who combines in himself all the multiple glory  
 Of Orangeman, Saint, *quondam* Papist, and Tory;—  
 (Choice mixture! like that from which, duly confounded,  
 The best sort of *brass* was, in old times, compounded)—  
 The sly and the saintly, the worldly and godly,  
 All fused down in brogue so deliciously oddly!  
 In short, he's a *dear*,—and *such* audiences draws,  
 Such loud peals of laughter and shouts of applause,  
 As can't but do good to the Protestant cause.  
 Poor dear Irish Church!—he to-day sketch'd a view  
 Of her hist'ry and prospects, to me at least new,  
 And which (if it *takes* as it ought) must arouse  
 The whole Christian world her just rights to espouse.  
 As to *reasoning*,—you know, dear, that's now of no use,  
 People still will their *facts* and dry *figures* produce,  
 As if saving the souls of a Protestant flock were  
 A thing to be managed “according to Cocker!”  
 In vain do we say (when rude radicals hector  
 At paying some thousands a-year to a Rector,  
 In places where Protestants *never yet were*),  
 “Who knows but young Protestants may be born there?  
 And, granting such accident, think, what a shame,  
 If they did n't find Rector and Clerk when they came!  
 It is clear that, without such a staff on full pay,  
 These little Church embryos must go astray;  
 And, while fools are computing what Parsons would cost,  
 Precious souls are meanwhile to the Establishment lost!”

In vain do we put the case sensibly thus;  
 They'll still with their figures and facts make a fuss,  
 And ask “if, while all, choosing each his own road,  
 Journey on, as we can, tow'rd the Heav'nly Abode,  
 It is right that seven eightths of the travellers should pay  
 For one eighth that goes quite a different way?”—  
 Just as if, foolish people, this was n't, in reality,  
 A proof of the Church's extreme liberality,  
 That, though hating Pop'ry, in *other* respects,  
 She to Catholic money in no way objects;  
 And so lib'ral her very best Saints, in this sense,  
 That they ev'n go to heav'n at the Cath'lic's expense.  
 But, though clear to *our* minds all these arguments be,  
 People cannot or *will* not their cogency see;  
 And, I grieve to confess; did the poor Irish Church  
 Stand on reasoning alone, she'd be left in the lurch.  
 It was therefore, dear Lizzy, with joy most sincere,

That I heard this nice Rev'rend O' *something* we've here  
Produce, from the depths of his knowledge and reading,  
A view of that marvellous Church, far exceeding,  
In novelty, force, and profoundness of thought,  
All that Irving himself, in his glory, e'er taught.

Looking through the whole history, present and past,  
Of the Irish Law Church, from the first to the last;  
Considering how strange its original birth,—  
Such a thing having *never* before been on earth,—  
How opposed to the instinct, the law, and the force  
Of nature and reason has been its whole course;  
Through centuries encount'ring repugnance, resistance,  
Scorn, hate, execration,—yet still in existence!  
Considering all this, the conclusion he draws  
Is, that Nature exempts this one Church from her laws,—  
That Reason, dumb-founder'd, gives up the dispute,  
And before the portentous anom'y stands mute;—  
That, in short, 't is a Miracle!—and, *once* begun,  
And transmitted through ages, from father to son,  
For the honour of miracles, *ought to go on*.

Never yet was conclusion so cogent and sound,  
Or so fitted the Church's weak foes to confound.  
For, observe, the more low all her merits they place,  
The more strong they make out the miraculous case,  
And the more all good Christians must deem it profane  
To disturb such a prodigy's marvellous reign.  
As for scriptural proofs, he quite placed beyond doubt  
That the whole in the Apocalypse may be found out,  
As clear and well-proved, he would venture to swear,  
As anything else has been *ever* found there :  
While the mode in which, bless the dear fellow, he deals  
With that whole lot of vials and trumpets and seals,  
And the ease with which vial on vial he strings,  
Shows him quite a *first-rate* at all these sorts of things.

So much for theology :—as for the affairs  
Of this temporal world—the light drawing-room cares  
And gay toils of the toilet, which, God knows, I seek,  
From no love of such things, but in humbleness meek,  
And to be, as the Apostle was, “ weak with the weak,”—  
Thou wilt find quite enough (till I'm somewhat less busy)  
In the extracts inclosed, my dear news-loving Lizzy.

#### EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

*Thursday.*

Last night, having nought more holy to do,  
Wrote a letter to dear Sir Andrew Agnew,

About the "Do-nothing-on-Sunday-Club,"  
Which we wish by some shorter name to dub :  
As the use of more vowels and consonants  
Than a Christian, on Sunday, *really* wants,  
Is a grievance that ought to be done away,  
And the Alphabet left to rest that day.

*Sunday.*

Sir Andrew's answer!—but shocking to say,  
Being frank'd unthinkingly yesterday,  
To the horror of Agnews yet unborn,  
It arrived on this blessed Sunday morn' !—  
How shocking!—the postman's self cried "shame on't,"  
Seeing the immaculate Andrew's name on't!!  
What will the Club do?—meet, no doubt.  
'Tis a matter that touches the Class Devout,  
And the friends of the Sabbath must speak out.

*Tuesday.*

Saw to-day, at the raffle,—and saw it with pain,—  
That those stylish Fitzwigrams begin to dress plain.  
Even gay little Sophy smart trimmings renounces,—  
She, who long has stood by me through all sorts of flounces,  
And show'd, by upholding the toilet's sweet rites,  
That we, girls, may be Christians, without being frights.  
This, I own, much alarms me; for though one's religious,  
And strict and—all that, there's no need to be hideous;  
And why a nice bonnet should stand in the way  
Of one's going to heav'n, 't is n't easy to say.  
Then, there's Gimp, the poor thing,—if her custom we drop,  
Pray, what's to become of her soul and her shop?  
If by saints like ourselves no more orders are given,  
She'll lose all the interest she now takes in heaven;  
And this nice little "fire-brand, pluck'd from the burning,"  
May fall in again at the very next turning.

*Wednesday.*

*Mem.*—To write to the India-Mission Society;  
And send 20*l.*—heavy tax upon piety!  
Of all Indian lux'ries we now-a-days boast,  
Making "Company's Christians" \* perhaps cost the most.  
And the worst of it is, that these converts full grown,  
Having lived in our faith mostly die in their own,  
Praying hard, at the last, to some god who, they say,  
When incarnate on earth, used to steal curds and whey.  
Think, how horrid, my dear!—so that all's thrown away;

\* The title given by the natives to such of their countrymen as become converts.

\* Of such relapses we find innumerable instances in the accounts of the Missionaries.

\* The god Krishna, one of the incarnations of the god Vishnu. 'One day (says the Bhagavata) Krishna's play-fellows complained to Yasoda that he had pilfered and ate their curds.'



And (what is still worse) for the rum and the rice  
 They've consumed, while believers, we saints pay the price.  
 Still 't is cheering to find that we do save a few,—  
 The Report gives six Christians for Cunnangcadoo;  
 Doorkohtchum reckons seven, and four Trevandrum,  
 While but one and a half's left at Cooroopadum.  
 In this last-mention'd place 't is the barbers enslave 'em,  
 For, once they turn Christians, dear, nobody 'll shave 'em.\*

To atone for this rather small Heathen amount,  
 Some Papists, turn'd Christians;† are tack'd to the account.  
 And though, to catch Papists, one need n't go so far,  
 Such fish are worth hooking, wherever they are;  
 And just now, when so great of such converts the lack is,  
 One Papist well caught is worth millions of Blackies.

Friday.

Last night had a dream so odd and funny  
 I cannot resist recording it here.—  
 Methought that the Genius of Matrimony  
 Before me stood, with a joyous leer,  
 Leading a husband in each hand  
 And both for me, which look'd rather queer;—  
 One I could perfectly understand,  
 But why there were two was n't quite so clear.  
 'T was meant, however, I soon could see,  
 To afford me a choice,—a most excellent plan;  
 And—who should this brace of candidates be,  
 But Messrs. O'Mulligan and Magan :—  
 A thing, I suppose, unheard of till then,  
 To dream, at once, of two Irishmen !—  
 That handsome Magan, too, with wings on his shoulders,  
 (For all this pass'd in the realms of the Blest)  
 And quite a creature to dazzle beholders;  
 While even O'Mulligan, feather'd and drest  
 As an elderly cherub, was looking his best.  
 Ah Liz, you, who know me, scarce can doubt  
 As to which of the two I singled out.  
 But,—awful to tell,—when, all in dread  
 Of losing so bright a vision's charms,  
 I grasp'd at Magan, his image fled,  
 Like a mist, away, and I found but the head  
 Of O'Mulligan, wings and all, in my arms!

\* "Boteen wants shaving; but the barber here will not do it. He is run away lest he should be compelled. He says he will not shave Yesoo Krees's people."—*Bapt. Mission Society*, Vol. ii. p. 495.

† In the Reports of the Missionaries, the Roman Catholics are almost always classed along with the Heathen. "I have extended my labours (says James Venning, in a Report for 1851), to the Heathen, Mahomedans and Roman Catholics." "The Heathen and Roman Catholics in this neighbourhood (says another missionary for the year 1852), are not indifferent, but withstand, rather than yield to the force of truth."

The Angel had flown to some nest divine,  
And the elderly Cherub alone was mine!

Heigho!—it is certain that foolish Magan  
Either can't or won't see that he *might* be the man;  
And, perhaps, dear,—who knows?—if nought better befall—  
But—O'Mulligan *may* be the man, after all.

N. B.

Next week mean to have my first scriptural rout,  
For the special discussion of matters devout;—  
Like those *soirées*, at Pow'rscourt, ' so justly renown'd  
For the zeal with which doctrine and negus went round;—  
Those theology-routs which the pious Lord R-d-n,  
That pink of Christianity, first set the mode in;  
Where, blessed down-pouring! \* from tea until nipe,  
The subjects lay all in the Prophecy line;—  
Then, supper—and then, if for topics hard driven,  
From thence until bed-time to Satan was given;  
While R-d-n, deep read in each topic and tome,  
On all subjects (especially the last) was *at home*.

## LETTER VII.

FROM MISS FANNY FUDGE, TO HER COUSIN, MISS KITTY —.

### IRREGULAR ODE.

BRING me the slumbering souls of flowers,  
While yet, beneath some northern sky,  
Ungilt by beams, ungemm'd by showers,  
They wait the breath of summer hours,

\* An account of these Powerscourt Conversaziones (under the direct presidency of Lord Roden), as well as a list of the subjects discussed at the different meetings, may be found in the *Christian Herald* for the month of December, 1852. The following is a specimen of the nature of the questions submitted to the company:—*Monday Evening, Six o'clock, September 24, 1852.*—"An examination into the quotations given in the New Testament from the Old, with their connexion and explanation. viz: etc. etc."—*Wednesday.*—"Should we expect a personal Antichrist? and to whom will he be revealed?" etc. etc.—*Friday.*—"What light does Scripture throw on present events, and their moral character? What is next to be looked for or expected?" etc.

The rapid progress made at these tea-parties in settling points of Scripture, may be judged from a paragraph in the account given of one of their evenings, by the *Christian Herald*:—

"On Daniel a good deal of light was thrown, and there was some, I think not so much, perhaps, upon the Revelations, though particular parts of it were discussed with considerable accession of knowledge. There was some very interesting inquiry as to the quotation of the Old Testament in the New; particularly on the point, whether there was any 'accommodation,' or whether they were quoted according to the mind of the Spirit in the Old; this gave occasion to some very interesting development of Scripture. The progress of the Antichristian powers was very fully discussed."


\* "About eight o'clock the Lord began to pour down his spirit copiously upon us—for they had all by this time assembled in my room for the purpose of prayer. This down-pouring continued till about ten o'clock."—Letter from Mary Campbell to the Rev. John Campbell, of Row (dated Ferrisburgh, April 4, 1850), giving an account of her "miraculous cure."

To wake to light each diamond eye,  
And let loose every florid sigh!

Bring me the first-born ocean waves,  
From out those deep primeval caves,  
Where from the dawn of Time they 've lain,—  
THE EMBRYOS OF A FUTURE MAIN!—  
Untaught as yet, young things, to speak  
The language of their PARENT SEA,  
(Polyphlysbæan\* named, in Greek)  
Though soon, too soon, in bay and creek,  
Round startled isle and wondering peak,  
They'll thunder loud and long as HE!

Bring me, from Hecla's iced abode,  
Young fires——

I had got, dear, thus far in my Ode,  
Intending to fill the whole page to the bottom,  
But, having invoked such a lot of fine things,  
Flowers, billows and thunderbolts, rainbows and wings;  
Didn't know *what* to do with 'em, when I had got 'em.  
The truth is, my thoughts are too full, at this minute,  
Of past MSS. any new ones to try.  
This very night's coach brings my destiny in it,—  
Decides the great question, to live or to die!  
And, whether I'm henceforth immortal or no,  
All depends on the answers of Simkins and Co.!

You 'll think, love, I rave, so 't is best to let out  
The whole secret, at once—I have publish'd a Book!!!  
Yes, an actual Book:—if the marvel you doubt,  
You have only in last Monday's Courier to look,  
And you'll find "This day published by Simkins and Co.  
A Romaunt, in twelve Cantos, entitled 'Woe, Woe!'  
By Miss Fanny F——, known more commonly so ."  
This I put that my friends may n't be left in the dark,  
But may guess at my writing by knowing my mark.  
How I managed, at last, this great deed to achieve,  
Is itself a "Romaunt" which you'd scarce, dear, believe;  
Nor can I just now, being all in a whirl,  
Looking out for the Magnet,\* explain it, dear girl.  
Suffice it to say, that one half the expense  
Of this leasehold of fame for long centuries hence,—  
(Though "God knows," as aunt says, my humble ambition  
Aspires not beyond a small Second Edition.)—  
One half the whole cost of the paper and printing,  
I've managed, this last year, to scrape up, by stinting

\* If you guess what this word means, 'tis more than I can:—  
I but give 't, as I got it from Mr. Megan.

\* A day coach of that name.

My own little wants in gloves, ribbons, and shoes,  
Thus defrauding the toilet to fit out the Muse!

And who, my dear Kitty, would not do the same?  
What's *eau de Cologne* to the sweet breath of fame?  
Yards of ribbon soon end,—but the measures of rhyme,  
Dipp'd in hues of the rainbow, stretch out through all time.  
Gloves languish and fade away, pair after pair,  
While couplets shine out, but the brighter for wear,  
And the dancing-shoe's gloss in an evening is gone,  
While light-footed lyrics through ages trip on.

The remaining expense, trouble, risk,—and alas!  
My poor copyright too—into other hands pass;  
And my friend, the Head Dev'l of the "County Gazette,"  
(The only Mecenas I've ever had yet),  
He who set up in type my first juvenile lays,  
Is now set up by them for the rest of his days;  
And while Gods (as my "Heathen Mythology" says)  
Live on nought but ambrosia, his lot how much sweeter  
To live, lucky dev'l, on a young lady's metre!  
As for *puffing*,—that first of all literary boons,  
And essential alike both to bards and balloons;  
As, unless well supplied with inflation, 't is found  
Neither bards nor balloons budge an inch from the ground;—  
In *this* respect, nought could more prosp'rous befall;  
As my friend (for no less this kind imp can I call)  
Knows the whole world of critics, dear,—*hypers* and all.  
I suspect, indeed, he himself dabbles in rhyme,  
Which, for imps diabolic, is not the first time;  
As I've heard uncle Bob say, 't was known among Gnostics,  
That the Dev'l on Two Sticks was a dev'l at Acrostics.

But bark! there's the Magnet just dash'd in from Town—  
How my heart, Kitty, beats! I shall surely drop down.  
That awful Court Journal, Gazette, Athenæum,  
All full of my book—I shall sink when I see 'em.  
And then, the great point—whether Simkins and Co.  
Are actually pleased with their bargain or no!

*Five o'clock.*

All's delightful—such praises!—I really fear  
That this poor little head will turn giddy, my dear.  
I've hut time now to send you two exquisite scraps,—  
All the rest by the Magnet, on Monday, perhaps.

FROM THE "MORNING POST."

"T is known that a certain distinguish'd physician  
Prescribes, for *dyspepsia*, a course of light reading;  
And Rhymes by young Ladies, the first, fresh edition  
(Ere critics have injured their powers of nutrition),

Are, he thinks, for weak stomachs, the best sort of feeding.  
 Satires irritate—love-songs are found calorific,  
 But smooth female sonnets he deems a specific,  
 And, if taken at bed-time, a sure soporific.  
 Among works of this kind, the most pleasing we know,  
 Is a volume just publish'd by Simkins and Co.,  
 Where all such ingredients,—the flowery, the sweet,  
 And the gently narcotic,—are mix'd *per* receipt,  
 With a hand so judicious, we 've no hesitation  
 To say that—'bove all, for the young generation,—  
 'T is an elegant, soothing, and safe preparation.

*Nota bene*—For readers, whose object 's to sleep,  
 And who read, in their night-caps, the publishers keep  
 Good fire-proof binding, which comes very cheap.

ANECDOTE—FROM THE "COURT JOURNAL."

T'other night, at the Countess of \*\*\*'s rout,  
 An amusing event was much whisper'd about.  
 It was said that Lord —, at the Council, that day,  
 Had, more than once, jump'd from his seat, like a rocket,  
 And flown to a corner, where, heedless, they say,  
 How the country's resources were squander'd away,  
 He kept reading some papers he 'd brought in his pocket.  
 Some thought them dispatches from Spain, or the Turk,  
 Others swore they brought word we had lost the Mauritius;  
 But it turn'd out 't was only Miss Fudge's new work,  
 Which his Lordship devour'd with such zeal expeditious.—  
 Messrs. Simkins and Co. to avoid all delay  
 Having sent it in sheets, that his Lordship might say,  
 He had distanced the whole reading world by a day!

LETTER VIII.

FROM BOB FUDGE, ESQ., TO THE REV. MORTIMER O'MULLIGAN.

*Tuesday Evening.*

I MUCH regret, dear Reverend Sir,  
 I could not come to \*\*\* to meet you;  
 But this curst gout won't let me stir,—  
 Ev'n now I but by proxy greet you;  
 As this vile scrawl, whate'er its sense is,  
 Owes all to an amanuensis.  
 Most other scourges of disease  
 Reduce men to *extremities*,—  
 But gout won't leave one even *these*.

From all my sister writes, I see  
 That you and I will quite agree.  
 I 'm a plain man, who speak the truth,

And trust you 'll think me not uncivil,  
When I declare that, from my youth,  
I've wish'd your country at the devil :  
Nor can I doubt, indeed, from all

I've heard of your high patriot fame,—  
From every word your lips let fall,—

That you most truly wish the same.  
It plagues one's life out—thirty years  
Have I had dinning in my ears,

"Ireland wants this, and that, and t' other,"  
And, to this hour, one nothing hears

But the same vile eternal bother.

While of those countless things she wanted,  
Thank God, but little has been granted,  
And ev'n that little, if we 're men  
And Britons, we 'll have back again!

I really think that Catholic question  
Was what brought on my indigestion;  
And still each year, as Popery's curse  
Has gather'd round us, I've got worse;  
Till ev'n my pint of Port a-day  
Can't keep the Pope and bile away.  
And whereas, till the Catholic bill,  
I never wanted draught or pill,  
The settling of that cursed question  
Has quite unsettled my digestion.

Look what has happen'd since—the Elect  
Of all the bores of every sect,  
The chosen triers of men's patience,  
From all the Three Denominations,  
Pour'd in upon us,—even Quakers,  
Turn'd into speakers and law-makers,  
Who 'll move no question, stiff-rump'd elves,  
Till first the Spirit moves themselves;  
And whose shrill Yeas and Nays, in chorus,  
Conquering our Ays and Nos sonorous,  
Will soon to death's own slumber snore us.  
Then, too, those Jews!—I really sicken

To think of such abomination;  
Fellows, who won't eat ham with chicken,  
To legislate for this great nation!—  
Depend upon 't, when once they've sway,  
With rich old Goldsmid at the head o' them,  
The Excise laws will be done away,  
And Circumcise ones pass'd instead o' them!

In short, dear Sir, look where one will,  
Things all go on so devilish ill,  
That, 'pon my soul, I rather fear

Our reverend Rector may be right,  
 Who tells me the Millennium 's near;  
 Nay, swears he knows the very year,  
 And regulates his leases by 't;—  
 Meaning their terms should end, no doubt,  
 Before the world's own lease is out.  
 He thinks, too, that the whole thing 's ended  
 So much more soon than was intended,  
 Purely to scourge those men of sin  
 Who brought the accurst Reform Bill in.<sup>1</sup>

However, let 's not yet despair;  
 Though Toryism 's eclipsed, at present,  
 And,—like myself, in this old chair,—  
 Sits in a state by no means pleasant;  
 Feet crippled,—hands, in luckless hour,  
 Disabled of their grasping power;  
 And all that rampant glee, which revell'd  
 In this world's sweets, be-dull'd, bedevil'd,—  
 Yet, though condemn'd to frisk no more,  
 And both in Chair of Penance set,  
 There 's something tells me, all 's not o'er  
 With Toryism or Bobby yet;  
 That though, between us, I allow  
 We 've not a leg to stand on now;  
 Though curst Reform and *colchicum*  
 Have made us both look deuced glum,  
 Yet still, in spite of Grote and Gout,  
 Again we 'll shine triumphant out!

Yes—back again shall come, egad,  
 Our turn for sport, my reverend lad.  
 And then, O'Mulligan,—oh then,  
 When mounted on our nags again,  
 You, on your high-flown Rosinante,  
 Bedizen'd out, like Show-Gallante,—  
 Glitter great from substance scanty;—  
 While I, Bob Fudge, Esquire, shall ride  
 Your faithful Sancho, by your side,  
 Then,—talk of tilts and tournaments!  
 Dam' me, we 'll—

\* \* \* \* \*

'Squire Fudge's clerk presents  
 To Reverend Sir his compliments;  
 Is grieved to say an accident

<sup>1</sup> This appears to have been the opinion also of an eloquent writer in the *Morning Watch*.  
<sup>2</sup> One great object of Christ's second Advent, as the Man and as the King of the Jews, is to  
 punish the Kings who do not acknowledge that their authority is derived from him, and  
 who submit to receive it from that many-headed monster, the mob.—No 49, p. 375.

Has just occur'd which will prevent  
 The Squire,—though now a little better,—  
 From finishing this present letter.  
 Just when he 'd got to "Dam' me, we 'll ——"  
 His Honour, full of martial zeal,  
 Grasp'd at his crutch, but not being able  
 To keep his balance or his hold,  
 Tumbled, both self and crutch, and roll'd  
 Like ball and bat, beneath the table.

All 's safe,—the table, chair, and crutch ;—  
 Nothing, thank God, is broken much,  
 But the Squire's head, which, in the fall,  
 Got bump'd considerably—that 's all  
 At this no great alarm we feel,  
 As the Squire's head can bear a deal.

*Wednesday Morning.*

Squire much the same—head rather light,—  
 Raved about "Barbers' Wigs" all night.

Our house-keeper, old Mrs. Griggs,  
 Suspects that he meant "Barbarous Whigs."

LETTER IX.

FROM LARRY O'BRANIGAN TO HIS WIFE JUDY.

As it was but last week that I sint you a letther,  
 You 'll wondher, dear Judy, what this is about ;  
 And, throth, it 's a letther myself would like betther,  
 Could I manage to lave the contints of it out ;  
 For sure, if it makes even *me* onaisy,  
 Who takes things quiet, 't will drhve *you* crazy.  
 Oh Judy, that riverind Murthagh, ba<sup>o</sup>scrán to him !  
 That ev'r I should come to 've been sarvant-man to him,  
 Or so far demane the O'Branigan blood,  
 And my Aunts, the Diluvians (whom not ev'n the Flood  
 Was able to wash away clane from the earth \*)  
 As to sarve one whose name, of mere yestherday's birth,  
 Can no more to a great O, *before* it, purtend,  
 Than minè can to wear a great Q at its end.

But that 's now all over—last night I'gev warnin',  
 And, masth'r as he is, will discharge him this mornin'.  
 The thief of the world !—but it 's no usc balraggin ;"

\* "I am of your Patriarchs, I, a branch of one of your antediluvian families,—fellows  
 that the Flood could not wash away."—*Congreve, Love for Love.*

\* To *balrag* is to abuse. Mr. Lover makes it *ballyrag*, and he is high authority : but if I



All I know is, I 'd fifty times rather be dragin'  
 Ould ladies up hill to the ind of my days,  
 Than with Murthagh to rowl in a chaise at my aise,  
 And be forced to discind thro' the same dirty ways.  
 Arrah, sure, if I 'd heerd where he last show'd his phyz,  
 I 'd have known what a quare sort of monsther he is;  
 For, by gor, 't was at Exether Change, sure enough,  
 That himself and his other wild Irish show'd off;  
 And it 's pity, so 't is, that they had n't got no man  
 Who knew the wild crathurs to act as their showman,—  
 Sayin' "Ladies and Gintlemen, plaze to take notice,  
 How shlin and how shleek this black animal's coat is;  
 All by raison, we 're towld, that the nathur o' th' baste  
 Is to change its coat *once* in its life-time, *at laste*;  
 And such objiks, in *our* counbry, not bein' common ones,  
 Are *bought up*; as this was, by way of Fine Nomenons.  
 In regard of its *name*,—why, in throth, I 'm consarn'd  
 To differ on this point so much with the larn'd,  
 Who call it a 'Morthimer,' wheras the craythur  
 Is plainly a 'Murthagh,' by name and by nathur."  
 This is how I 'd have towld them the rights of it all.  
 Had I been their showman at Exether Hall,—  
 Not forgettin' that other great wondher of Airin,  
 (Of th' owld bittther breed which they call Prosbetairin,)  
 The famed Daddy C—ke—who, by gor, I 'd have shown 'em  
 As proof how such bastes may be tamed, when you 've thrown 'em  
 A good frindly sop of the rale *Raigin Douem*."

But, throth, I 've no laisure just now, Judy dear,  
 For any thing, barrin' our own doings here,  
 And the cursin' and dammin' and thund'rin', lick mad,  
 We Papists, God help us, from Murthagh have had.  
 He says we 're all murtherers—div'l a bit less,—  
 And that even our priests, when we go to confess,  
 Give us lessons in murth'rin', and wish us success!

When ax'd how he dared, by tongue or by pen,  
 To belie, in this way, seven millions of men,  
 Faith, he said, 't was all towld him by Docthor Den!"  
 "And who the div'l 's *he*?" was the question that flew  
 From Christian to Christian—but not a sowl knew.  
 While on went Murthagh, in iligant style,  
 Blasphaming us Cath'lics all the while,  
 As a pack of desaivers, parjurers, villians,  
 All the whole kit of the aforesaid millions, —

remember rightly. Curran, in his national stories, used to employ the word as above.—  
 See Lover's most amusing and genuinely Irish work, the "Legends and Stories of Ireland."

<sup>1</sup> Larry evidently means the *Regium Douem*;—a sum contributed by the government  
 annually to the support of the Presbyterian churches in Ireland.

<sup>2</sup> Correctly, Dens,—Larry not being very particular in his nomenclature.

<sup>3</sup> "The deeds of darkness which are reduced to horrid practice over the drunken de-

Yourself, dear Judy, as well as the rest,  
And the innocent craythur that 's at your breast,  
All rogues together, in word and deed,  
Owld Den our instructor and Sin our creed!

When ax'd for his proofs again and again,  
Div'l an answer he'd give but Docthor Den.  
Could n't he call into coort some *livin'* men?  
"No, thank you"—he'd stick to Docthor Den,—  
An ould gentleman dead a century or two,  
Who all about us, live Cath'lics, knew;  
And of coorse was more handy, to call in a hurry,  
Than Docthor Mac Hale or Docthor Murray!

But, throth, it's no case to be jokin' upon,  
Though myself, from bad habits, is *makin'* it one.  
And yourself, had you witness'd his grand clymachtries,  
Which actially threw one owld maid in hysterics,  
Or, och! had you heerd such a purty remark as his,  
That Papists are only "*Humanity's carcasses,*  
*Ris'n*"—but, by dad, I'm afeard I can't give it ye,—  
"*Ris'n from the sepulchre of—inactivity;*  
*And, like owld corpses, dug up from antikity.*  
*Wandrin' about in all sorts of inikity!!*"

Even you, Judy, true as you are to the Owld Light,  
Would have laugh'd, out and out, at this iligant flight,  
Of that figure of speech called the Blatherumskite.  
As for me, though a funny thought now and then came to me,  
Rage got the better at last,—and small blame to me!  
So, slapping my thigh, "by the Powers of Delf,"  
Says I boldly, "I'll make an oration myself."  
And with that up I jumps,—but, my darlint, the minit  
I cock'd up my head, div'l a sinse remain'd in it.  
Though, *saited*, I could have got beautiful on,  
When I tuk to my legs, faith, the gab was all gone:—  
Which was odd for us, Pats, who, whate'er we've a hand in,  
At laste in our *legs* show good sthrong undberstandin'.

Howsunderver, detarmin'd the chaps should parsaive  
What I thought of their doin's, before I tuk lave,  
"In regard of all that," says I—there I stopp'd short—  
Sorra a word more would come, though I shtruggled hard for't.

bauch of the midnight assassin, are debated, in principle, in the sober morning religious conferences of the priests."—*Speech of the Rev. Mr. N'Ghee.* "The character of the Irish people generally is, that they are given to lying and to acts of theft."—*Speech of the Rev. Robert Daly.*

"But she (Popery) is no longer the tenant of the sepulchre of inactivity. She has come from the burial-place, walking forth a monster, as if the spirit of evil had corrupted the carcass of her departed humanity; noxious and noisome, an object of abhorrence and dismay to all who are not leagued with her in iniquity."—Report of the Rev. Gentleman's Speech, June 20th, in the Record Newspaper.

We may well ask, after reading this and other such Reverend ravings,

"Quis dubitat quin omne sit hoc rationis egostas?"

So, snapping my fingers at what 's call'd the Chair,  
 And the owld Lord (or Lady, I b'lieve) that sat there,—  
 "In regard of all that," says I bowldly again,—  
 "To owld Nick I pitch Mortimer,—and Docthor Den;—"  
 Upon which the whole company cried out, "Amen;"  
 And myself was in hopes 't was to what I had said,  
 But, by gor, no such thing,—they were not so well bred;  
 For, 't was all to a pray'r Murthagh just had read out,  
 By way of fit finish to job so devout;  
 That is,—*asther* well damning one half the community,  
 To pray God to keep all in pace an' in unity!

This is all I can shuff in this letter, though plinty  
 Of news, faith, I 've got to fill more—if 't was twinty.  
 But I 'll add, on the *outside*, a line, should I need it,  
 (Writin' "Private" upon it, that no one may read it,)  
 To tell you how *Mortimer* (as the Saints chrishten him)  
 Bears the big shame of his sarvant's dismissin' him.

(*Private outside.*)

Just come from his Riv'rence—the job is all done—  
 By the powers, I 've discharged him as sure as a gun!  
 And now, Judy dear, what on earth I 'm to do  
 With myself and my appetite,—both good as new,—  
 Without ev'n a single traneeen in my pocket,  
 Let alone a good dacent pound-starlin', to stock it—  
 Is a mysht'ry I lave to the One that 's above,  
 Who takes care of us, dissolute sows, when hard dhrove!

## LETTER X.

FROM THE REV. MORTIMER O'MULLIGAN TO THE REV. ———.

THESE few brief lines, my reverend friend,  
 By a safe private hand I send,  
 (Fearing lest some low Catholic wag,  
 Should pry into the Letter-bag,)  
 To tell you, far as pen can dare,  
 How we, poor errant martyrs, fare;—  
 Martyrs, not quite to fire and rack,  
 As Saints were, some few ages back,  
 But,—scarce less trying, in its way,—  
 To laughter, whereso'er we stray;  
 To jokes, which Providence mysterious  
 Permits on men and things so serious,  
 Lowering the Church still more each minute,  
 And—injuring our preferment in it.  
 Just think, how wearing out, my friend,

To have, where'er our footsteps bend,  
 Small jokes, like squibs, around us whizzing;  
 And hear the eternal torturing play  
 Of that great engine of our day,  
 Unknown to the Inquisition,—quizzing!

Your men of thumb-screws and of racks  
 Aimed at the *body* their attacks;  
 But modern torturers, more refined,  
 Work *their* machinery on the *mind*.  
 Had St. Sebastian had the luck

With me to be a godly rover,  
 Instead of arrows, he'd be stuck  
 With stings of ridicule all over;  
 And poor St. Lawrence, who was kill'd  
 By being on a gridir'n grill'd,  
 Had he but shared *my* errant lot,  
 Instead of grill on gridir'n hot,  
 A *moral* roasting would have got.  
 Nor should I, trying as all this is,

Much heed the suffering or the shame,—  
 As, like an actor, *used* to hisses,  
 I long have known no other fame,  
 But that (as I may own to *you*,  
 Though to the *world* it would not do,)  
 No hope appears of fortune's beams  
 Shining on *any* of my schemes;  
 No chance of something more *per ann*.  
 As supplement to K—llym—n;  
 No prospect that, by fierce abuse  
 Of Ireland, I shall e'er induce  
 The rulers of this thinking nation  
 To rid us of Emancipation;  
 To forge anew the sever'd chain,  
 And bring back Penal Laws again.

Ah happy time! when wolves and priests  
 Alike were hunted, as wild beasts;  
 And five pounds was the price, *per* head,  
 For bagging *either*, live or dead;—  
 Though oft, we're told, *one* outlaw'd brother  
 Saved cost, by eating up *the other*.  
 Wise state of things! when sons were bribed  
 With their sires' wealth; and *one* profest  
 Conformist, of a race proscribed,  
 Had power to beggar all the rest! \*

\* "Among other amiable enactments against the Catholics at this period (1649), the price of five pounds was set on the head of a Romish priest,—being exactly the same sum offered by the same legislators for the head of a wolf."—*Memoirs of Captain Rock*, book I. chap. 10.

\* "By the laws now in force in this kingdom, a son, however undutiful and profligate,

Then, then, indeed, good converts brought  
 A price that set all shame at nought,  
 Nay, made it glory to be bought.  
 Ah, how unlike the paltry pay  
 We fetch in this degenerate day!  
 A poor small rectory all our lot,—  
 If zealous, laugh'd at, and, if not,  
 Scored off as "paid for," and forgot!

Yes, all's now o'er—I see too plain  
 Those good times ne'er can come again.  
 Our very progress here betrays  
 That we are fall'n on thankless days.  
 So dull are thought our "yarns" devout,  
 Not Kenyon's self can sit them out;  
 Nor ev'n that Saint, Lord Mandeville,  
 Gulp down such endless length of pill.  
 So that, at last,—so dire our pinch,  
 When thus all decent chairmen flinch,—  
 We're forced to take to Mr. F—nch!  
 Then, too, they tell us, with what zeal  
 All England throbs to our appeal:  
 But, why (if the interest so intense is)  
 Why do n't they pay the room's expenses?  
 When Kenyon begg'd, in our behalf,  
 He raised—not money, but a laugh!

'T is true, they flock to us, as a show,—  
 As men dug up (dead long ago),  
 A sort of strolling Corpse and Co.  
 (Like those old carcasses that lately  
 I set upon their legs so stately)

shall not merely, by the merit of conforming to the established religion, deprive the Roman Catholic father of the free and full possession of his estate, the power to mortgage, etc. etc., but shall himself have full liberty immediately to mortgage, or otherwise alienate, the reversion of that estate from his family for ever."—*Address presented by the Catholics in 1775.*

\* Lord Kenyon—"A previous engagement renders it necessary for me to depart at four o'clock;—that hour has now arrived, and I must leave. I would therefore suggest to the meeting that my noble friend Lord Mandeville do take the chair." The motion that Lord Mandeville should take the chair was agreed to; but it appeared that the noble Viscount had left the platform a short time before. Lord Kenyon then said, "I am informed that my friend Lord Mandeville has left the platform; I will therefore move that Mr. Finch do take the chair."—*Report of the Proceedings, June 20th, in the Record Newspaper.*

\* Several touching appeals have been made to the public on this point, and Lord Kenyon, at the close of the second day's proceedings, said, "I hope the meeting will permit me to remind them, that very considerable expense has been incurred by the deputation and the committee. There will be a collection made at the door, in order to defray those expenses, and I trust that those who are able will contribute liberally." From the following complaint, however, in the Record (July 9th), it appears that the noble Lord's appeal was unavailing: "We have to remark that the contributions at the doors at the last meeting at Exeter Hall by no means defrayed the expenses, which are somewhat heavy (40*l.* is charged for the room alone), and we may be excused for requesting our readers to exercise a little more liberality at the approaching meeting on Saturday."

All Doctor Dens' contemporaries,  
 And quoting still his dead vagaries,  
 'Mong living thinking men, who stare  
 To see such resurrections there,  
 And hear a dead dull Doctor's thought  
 As witness of live feelings brought!  
 While ev'n the Church, in whose defence  
 We've drawn the oratoric blade,  
 Dreads the uplifted eloquence,  
 And shudders at such perilous aid,—  
 "Foes I can brave," she shrinking cries,  
 "But save me from my dear Allies."  
 Finding thus all those schemes and hopes  
 I built upon my flowers and tropes  
 All scatter'd, one by one, away,  
 As flashy and unsound as they,  
 The question comes—what's to be done?  
 And there's but one course left me,—*one*.  
 Heroes, when tired of war's alarms,  
 Seek sweet repose in Beauty's arms;  
 The weary Day-God's last retreat is  
 The breast of silv'ry-footed Thetis;  
 And mine, as mighty Love's my judge,  
 Shall be the arms of rich Miss Fudge!

Start not, my friend,—the tender scheme,  
 Wild and romantic though it seem,  
 Beyond a parson's fondest dream,  
 Yet shines, too, with those golden dyes,  
 So pleasing to a parson's eyes,—  
 That only *gilding* which the Muse  
 Cannot around *her* sons diffuse;—  
 Which, whencesoever flows its bliss,  
 From wealthy Miss or benefice,  
 To Mortimer indiff'rent is,  
 So he can only make it *his*.  
 There is but one slight damp I see  
 Upon this scheme's felicity,  
 And that is, the fair heroine's claim  
 That I shall take *her* family name.  
 To this (though it may look henpeck'd)  
 I can't quite decently object,  
 Having myself long chosen to shine  
 Conspicuous in the *alias* line;  
 So that henceforth, by wife's decree,

\* In the first edition of his Dictionary, Doctor Johnson very significantly exemplified the meaning of the word "*alias*" by the instance of Mallet, the poet, who had exchanged for this more refined name his original Scotch patronymic, Malloch. "What other proofs he gave (says Johnson) of disrespect to his native country, I know not; but it was remarked of him that he was the only Scot whom Scotchmen did not commend."—*Life of Mallet*.

(For Biddy from this point won't budge)  
 Your old friend's new address must be  
 The *Rev. Mortimer O'Fudge*.—  
 The "O" being kept, that all may see  
 We 're both of ancient family.

Such, friend, nor need the fact amaze you,  
 My public life's calm Euthanasia.  
 Thus bid I long farewell to all  
 The freaks of Exeter's old Hall,<sup>1</sup>—  
 Freaks, in grimace, its apes exceeding,  
 And rivalling its bears in breeding.  
 Farewell, the platform fill'd with preachers,—  
 The pray'r given out, as grace, ' by speakers,  
 Ere they cut up their fellow-creatures.  
 Farewell to dead old Dens's volumes,  
 And, scarce less dead, old Standard's columns :—  
 From each and all I now retire,—  
 My task, henceforth, as spouse and sire,  
 To bring up little filial Fudges,  
 To be M. P. 's, and Peers, and Judges,—  
*Parsons* I 'd add, too, if, alas!  
 There yet were hope the Church could pass  
 The gulf now oped for her's and her,  
 Or long survive what *Exeter*,—  
 Both Hall and Bishop, of that name,—  
 Have done to sink her reverend name.

Adieu, dear friend,—you 'll oft hear from me,  
 Now I 'm no more a travelling drudge;  
 Meanwhile I sign (that you may judge  
 How well the surname will become me)

Yours truly,

MORTIMER O'FUDGE.

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## LETTER XI.

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ., TO THE REV. RICHARD ———.

——, *Ireland*.

DEAR Dick—just arrived at my own humble *gîte*,  
 I inclose you, post-haste, the account, all complete,  
 Just arrived, *per express*, of our late noble feat.

\* "I think I am acting in unison with the feelings of a Meeting assembled for this solemn object, when I call on the Rev. Doctor Holloway to open it by prayer." —  
*Speech of Lord Kenyon.*

[Extract from the "County Gazette."]

"THIS place is getting gay and full again.

Last week was married, 'in the Lord,'  
The Reverend Mortimer O'Mulligan,  
Preacher, in *Irish*, of the Word  
(He, who the Lord's force lately led on;  
Exeter Hall his *Armagh-geddon*),  
To Miss B. Fudge, of Pisgah Place,  
One of the chos'n, as 'heir of grace,'  
And likewise heiress of Phil. Fudge,  
Esquire, defunct, of Orange Lodge."

"Same evening, Miss F. Fudge, 't is hinted,—  
Niece of the above (whose 'Sylvan Lyre,'  
In our Gazette, last week, we printed),  
Eloped with Pat. Magan, Esquire.  
The fugitives were track'd, some time,  
After they 'd left the Aunt's abode,  
By scraps of paper, scrawl'd with rhyme,  
Found strew'd along the Western road;  
Some of them *ci-devant* curl-papers,  
Others half burnt in lighting tapers.  
This clue, however, to their flight,  
After some miles was seen no more;  
And from inquiries made last night,  
We find they 've reach'd the Irish shore."

Every word of it true, Dick,—the escape from Aunt's thrall,—  
Western road,—lyric fragments,—curl-papers and all.  
My sole stipulation, ere link'd at the shrine  
(As some balance between Fanny's numbers and mine),  
Was that, when we were one, she must give up the *Nine*,  
Nay, devote to the Gods her whole stock of MS.,  
With a vow never more against prose to transgress.  
This she did, like a heroine;—smack went to bits  
The whole produce sublime of her dear little wits,—  
Sonnets, elegies, epigrams, odes, canzonets,—  
Some twisted up neatly, to form *allumettes*,  
Some turn'd into *papillotes*, worthy to rise  
And enwreath Berenice's bright locks in the skies!  
While the rest, honest Larry (who 's now in my pay)  
Begg'd, as "lover of *po'thry*," to read on the way.

Having thus of life's *poetry* dared to dispose,  
How we now, Dick, shall manage to get through its *prose*,  
With such slender materials for *style*, Heaven knows!

\* The rectory which the Rev. gentleman holds is situated in the county of *Armagh*!—a most remarkable coincidence,—and well worthy of the attention of certain expounders of the Apocalypse.



But—I 'm call'd off abruptly—another Express!  
What the deuce can it mean?—I 'm alarm'd, I confess.

P.S.

Hurra, Dick, hurra, Dick, ten thousand hurras!  
I 'm a happy rich dog to the end of my days.  
There,—read the good news,—and while glad, for my sake,  
That Wealth should thus follow in Love's shining wake,  
Admire also the *moral*, that he, the sly elf,  
Who has fudged all the world, should be now fudged *himself*!

EXTRACT FROM LETTER INCLOSED.

“With pain the mournful news I write,  
Miss Fudge's uncle died last night;  
And much to mine and friends' surprise  
By will doth all his wealth devise,—  
Lands, dwellings,—rectories likewise,—  
To his 'beloved grand-niece,' Miss Fanny,  
Leaving Miss Fudge herself, who many  
Long years hath waited,—not a penny!  
Have notified the same to latter,  
And wait instructions in the matter.  
For self and partners, etc., etc.”

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# TRIFLES, REPRINTED.

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[The Author avails himself of the opportunity which this publication affords, to form a collection of all such trifles as he has, from time to time, published, since the appearance of his last miscellaneous volume,—entitled, “Odes upon Cash, Corn, Catholics, etc.” In that volume, and in the following pages, are to be found, with but very few exceptions, all the delinquencies, in this way, for which his pen is answerable.)

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## SONG OF THE DEPARTING SPIRIT OF TITHE.

“The parting genius is with sighing sent.”—*Milton*.

It is o’er, it is o’er, my reign is o’er;  
I hear a Voice, from shore to shore,  
From Dunfanaghy to Baltimore,  
And it saith, in sad, parsonic tone,  
“Great Tithes,—and Small,—are dead and gone!”

Even now, I behold your vanishing wings,  
Ye Tenths of all conceivable things  
Which Adam first, as Doctors deem,  
Saw, in a sort of night-mare dream,  
After the feast of fruit abhorr’d,—  
First indigestion on record!—  
Ye decimate ducks, ye chosen chicks,  
Ye pigs which, though ye be Catholics,  
Or of Calvin’s most select depraved,  
In the Church must have your bacon saved;—  
Ye fields, where Labour counts his sheaves,  
And, whatsoever *himself* believes,  
Must bow to the Establish’d Church belief,  
That the tenth is always a *Protestant* sheaf;—  
Ye calves, of which the man of Heaven  
Takes *Irish* tithe, one calf in seven;\*

\* A reverend prebendary of Hereford, in an Essay on the Revenues of the Church of England, has assigned the origin of Tithes to “some unrecorded revelation made to Adam.”

\* “The tenth calf is due to the parson of common right; and if there are seven, he shall have one.”—*Rees’s Cyclopædia*, Art. “Tithes.”

Ye tenths of rape, hemp, barley, flax,  
 Eggs, ' timber, milk, fish, and bees' wax;  
 All things, in short, since earth's creation,  
 Doom'd, by the Church's dispensation,  
 To suffer eternal decimation,—  
 Leaving the whole *lay*-world, since then,  
 Reduced to nine parts out of ten;  
 Or,—as we calculate thefts and arsons,—  
 Just *ten per cent.* the worse for Parsons!

Alas, and is all this wise device  
 For the saving of souls thus gone in a trice?—  
 The whole put down, in the simplest way,  
 By the souls resolving not to pay!  
 And even the Papists, thankless race,  
 Who have had so much the easiest case,—  
 To pay for our sermons doom'd, 't is true,  
 But not condemn'd to *hear them*, too—  
 (Our holy business being, 't is known,  
 With the ears of their barley, not their own).  
 Even *they* object to let us pillage,  
 By right divine, their tenth of tillage,  
 And, horror of horrors, even decline  
 To find us in sacramental wine!

It is o'er, it is o'er, my reign is o'er,  
 Ah, never shall rosy Rector more,  
 Like the shepherds of Israel, idly eat,  
 And make of his flock "a prey and meat."<sup>1</sup>  
 No more shall be his the pastoral sport  
 Of suing his flock in the Bishop's Court,  
 Through various steps, Citation, Libel,—  
*Scriptures* all, but not the Bible;  
 Working the law's whole apparatus,  
 To get at a few pre-doom'd potatoes,  
 And summoning all the powers of wig,  
 To settle the fraction of a pig!—  
 Till, parson and all committed deep  
 In the case of "Shepherds *versus* Sheep,"  
 The Law usurps the Gospel's place,  
 And, on Sundays, meeting face to face,  
 While Plaintiff fills the preacher's station,  
 Defendants form the congregation.

<sup>1</sup> Chaucer's *Plowman* complains of the parish rectors, that

"For the tithing of a dack,  
 Or an apple, or an eye (egg),  
 They make him swear upon a boke;  
 Thus they foulen Christ's lay."

<sup>2</sup> Among the specimens laid before Parliament of the sort of Church-rates levied upon Catholics in Ireland, was a charge of two pipes of port for sacramental wine.

<sup>3</sup> *Ezekiel*, xxxiv. 8.—"Neither shall the shepherds feed themselves any more; for I will deliver my flock from their mouth, that they may not be meat for them."—V. 10.

So lives he, Mammon's priest, not Heaven's,  
 For *tenth*s thus all at *sizes* and *sevens*,  
 Seeking what parsons love no less  
 Than tragic poets—a good *distress*.  
 Instead of studying St. Augustin,  
 Gregory Nyss., or old St. Justin,  
 (Books fit only to hoard dust in,)  
 His reverence stints his evening readings  
 To learn'd Reports of Tithe Proceedings,  
 Sipping, the while, that port so ruddy,  
 Which forms his only *ancient* study;—  
 Port so old, you 'd swear its tartar  
 Was of the age of Justin Martyr,  
 And, had the Saint sipp'd such, no doubt  
 His martyrdom would have been—to gout.

Is all then lost?—alas, too true,—  
 Ye Tenth's beloved, adieu, adieu!  
 My reign is o'er, my reign is o'er,—  
 Like old Thumb's ghost, "I can no more."

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### THE EUTHANASIA OF VAN.

---

"We are told that the bigots are growing old and fast wearing out. If it be so, why not let us die in peace?"

*Lord Bexley's Letter to the Freeholders of Kent*

---

Stop, Intellect, in mercy stop,  
 Ye curst improvements, cease;  
 And let poor Nick V—ns—tt—t drop  
 Into his grave in peace.

Hide, Knowledge, hide thy rising sun;  
 Young Freedom, veil thy head;  
 Let nothing good be thought or done,  
 Till Nick V—ns—tt—t 's dead!

Take pity on a dotard's fears,  
 Who much doth light detest;  
 And let his last few drivelling years  
 Be dark as were the rest.

You, too, ye fleeting one-pound notes,  
 Speed not so fast away—  
 Ye rags, on which old Nicky gloats,  
 A few months longer stay.

\* *Pecunia parcat charitas.*

Together soon, or much I err,  
 You *both* from life may go,—  
 The notes unto the scavenger,  
 And Nick—to Nick below.

Ye Liberals, whate'er your plan,  
 Be all reforms suspended;  
 In compliment to dear old Van,  
 Let nothing bad be mended.

Ye Papists, whom oppression wrings,  
 Your cry politely cease,  
 And fret your hearts to fiddle-strings  
 That Van may die in peace.

So shall he win a fame sublime  
 By few old rag-men gain'd;  
 Since all shall own, in Nicky's time,  
 Nor sense, nor justice reign'd.

So shall his name through ages pass,  
 And dolts ungotten yet,  
 Date from "the days of Nicholas,"  
 With fond and sad regret;—

And sighing say, "Alas, had he  
 Been spared from Pluto's bowers,  
 The blessed reign of Bigotry  
 And Rags might still be ours!"

### TO THE REVEREND——,

ONE OF THE SIXTEEN REQUISITIONISTS OF NOTTINGHAM.

WHAT, you, too, my \*\*\*\*\* in hashes so knowing,  
 Of sauces and soups Aristarchus protest!  
 Are you, too, my savoury Brunswicker, going  
 To make an old fool of yourself with the rest?

Far better to stick to your kitchen receipts;  
 And if *something* to tease you must have, for variety,  
 Go study how Ude, in his "Cookery," treats  
 Live eels, when he wants them for polish'd society.

Just smuggling them in, 'twixt the bars of the fire,  
 He leaves them to wriggle and writhe on the coals,  
 In a manner that H—r—r himself would admire,  
 And wish, 'stead of *eels*, they were Catholic souls.

\* The only way, Monsieur Ude assures us, to get rid of the oil so objectionable in this fish.

Ude tells us, the fish little suffering feels ;  
 While Papists, of late, have more sensitive grown ;  
 So, take my advice, try your hand at live eels,  
 And, for once, let the other poor devils alone.

I have ev'n a still better receipt for your cook,—  
 How to make a goose die of confirm'd *hepatitis* ;  
 And, if you 'll, for once, *fellow-feelings* o'erlook,  
 A well-tortured goose a most capital sight is.

First, catch him, alive,—make a good steady fire,—  
 Set your victim before it, both legs being tied  
 (As,—if left to himself,—he *might* wish to retire),  
 And place a large bowl of rich cream by his side.

There roasting by inches, dry, fever'd, and faint,  
 Having drunk all the cream, you so civilly laid, off,  
 He dies of as charming a liver complaint  
 As ever sleek parson could wish a pie made of.

Besides, only think, my dear one of Sixteen,  
 What an emblem this bird, for the epicure's use meaut,  
 Presents of the mode in which Ireland has been  
 Made a tid-bit for yours and your brethren's amusement :

Tied down to the stake, while her limbs, as they quiver,  
 A slow fire of tyranny wastes by degrees :  
 No wonder disease should have swell'd up her liver,  
 No wonder you, gourmands, should love her disease.

### IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

ACCORDING to some learn'd opinions,  
 The Irish once were Carthaginians ;  
 But, trusting to more late descriptions,  
 I'd rather say they were Egyptians.  
 My reason's this :—the Priests of Isis,  
 When forth they march'd in long array,  
 Employ'd, 'mong other grave devices,  
 A Sacred Ass to lead the way ;  
 And still the antiquarian traces  
 'Mong Irish Lords this Pagan plan,  
 For still, in all religious cases,  
 They put Lord R—d—n in the van.

\* A liver complaint. The process by which the livers of geese are entarged for the famous *Pâtés de foies d'oie*.

\* To this practice the ancient adage alludes, "*Asinus portans mysteria*."

## A CURIOUS FACT.

THE present Lord K—ny—n (the Peer who writes letters,  
 For which the waste-paper folks much are his debtors)  
 Hath one little oddity, well worth reciting,  
 Which puzzleth observers, even more than his writing:  
 Whenever Lord K—ny—n doth chance to behold  
 A cold Apple-pie—mind, the pie must be cold—  
 His Lordship looks solemn (few people know why),  
 And he makes a low bow to the said apple-pie.  
 This idolatrous act, in so "vital" a Peer,  
 Is, by most serious Protestants, thought rather queer,—  
 Pie-worship, they hold, coming under the head  
 (*Vide Chrutium, chap. iv.*) of the Worship of Bread.  
 Some think 't is a tribute, as author, he owes  
 For the service that pie-crust hath done to his prose;—  
 The only good things in his pages, they swear,  
 Being those that the pastry-cook sometimes puts there.  
*Others* say, 't is an homage, through pie-crust convey'd,  
 To our Glorious Deliverer's much-honour'd shade;  
 As that Protestant Hero (or Saint, if you please)  
 Was as fond of cold pie as he was of green peas,<sup>1</sup>  
 And 't is solely in loyal remembrance of that,  
 My Lord K—ny—n to apple-pie takes off his hat.  
 While others account for this kind salutation  
 By what Tony Lumpkin calls "concatenation"—  
 A certain good-will that, from sympathy's ties,  
 'Twixt old *Apple-women* and *Orange-men* lies.  
 But 't is needless to add, these are all vague surmises,  
 For thus, we're assured, the whole matter arises:  
 Lord K—ny—n's respected old father (like many  
 Respected old fathers) was fond of a penny;  
 And loved so to save,\* that—there 's not the least question—  
 His death was brought on by a bad indigestion,  
 From cold apple-pie-crust his Lordship would stuff in,  
 At breakfast, to save the expense of hot muffin.  
 Hence it is, and hence only, that cold apple-pies  
 Are beheld by his Heir with such reverent eyes—  
 Just as honest King Stephen his beaver might doff  
 To the fishes that carried his kind uncle off,—  
 And while *filial* piety urges so many on,  
 'T is pure *apple-pie-ety* moves my Lord K—ny—n.

<sup>1</sup> See the anecdote, which the Duchess of Marlborough relates in her Memoirs, of this polite hero appropriating to himself one day, at dinner, a whole dish of green peas,—the first of the season,—while the poor Princess Anne, who was then in a longing condition, sat by, vainly entreating with her eyes for a share.

\* The same prudent propensity characterizes his descendant, who (as is well known) would not even go to the expense of a diphthong on his father's monument, but had the inscription spelled, economically, thus:—"Mors janua vita."

## NEW-FASHIONED ECHOES.

SIR,

Most of your readers are, no doubt, acquainted with the anecdote told of a certain not over-wise judge, who, when in the act of delivering a charge in some country court-house, was interrupted by the braying of an ass at the door. "What noise is that?" asked the angry judge. "Only an extraordinary echo there is in court, my Lord," answered one of the counsel.

As there are a number of such "extraordinary echoes" abroad just now, you will not, perhaps, be unwilling, Mr. Editor, to receive the following few lines suggested by them.

Yours, etc.

S.

---

*Hæ coæmus, \* ait; nullique libentius unquam  
Responsura sono, Coæmus, retulit echu.—Ovid.*

---

There are echoes, we know, of all sorts,  
From the echo, that "dies in the dale,"  
To the "airy-tongued babbler," that sports  
Up the tide of the torrent her "tale."

There are echoes that bore us, like Blues,  
With the latest smart *mot* they have heard;  
There are echoes, extremely like shrews,  
Letting—nobody have the last word.

In the bogs of old Paddy-land, too,  
Certain "talented" echoes \* there dwell,  
Who, on being ask'd "How do you do?"  
Politely reply, "Pretty well."

But why should I talk any more  
Of such old-fashion'd echoes as these,  
When Britain has new ones in store.  
That transcend them by many degrees?

For, of all repercussions of sound,  
Concerning which hards make a pother,  
There 's none like that happy rebound  
When one blockhead echoes another;—

When K—ny—n commences the bray,  
And the Borough-Duke follows his track,  
While loudly from Dublin's sweet bay,  
R—thd—ne brays, with interest, back?

\* "Let us form Clubs."

\* Commonly called "Paddy Blake's Echoes."



And while, of *most* echoes the sound  
 On our ear by reflection doth fall,  
 These Brunswickers pass the bray round,  
 Without any reflection at all.

Oh Scott, were I gifted like you,  
 Who can name all the echoes there are  
 From Benvoirlich to bold Ben-venne,  
 From Benledi to wild Uamvar;

I might track, through each hard Irish name,  
 The rebounds of this asinine strain,  
 Till from Neddy to Neddy, it came  
 To the *chief* Neddy K—ny—n, again;

Might tell how it roar'd in R—thd—ne,  
 How from D—ws—n it died off genteelly,—  
 How hollow it rung from the crown  
 Of the fat-pated Marquis of E—y;

How, on hearing my Lord of G—e,  
 Thistle-eaters, the stoutest, gave way,  
 Outdone, in their own special line,  
 By the forty-ass power of his bray!

But, no,—for so humble a bard  
 'T is a subject too trying to touch on;  
 Such noblemen's names are too hard,  
 And their noddles too soft to dwell much on.

Oh Echo, sweet nymph of the hill,  
 Of the dell, and the deep sounding shelves;  
 If, in spite of Narcissus, you still  
 Take to fools who are charm'd with themselves,

Who knows but, some morning retiring  
 To walk by the Trent's wooded side,  
 You may meet with N—wc—stle, admiring  
 His own lengthen'd ears in the tide!

Or on into Cambria straying,  
 Find K—ny—n, that double-tongued elf,  
 In his love of *ass*-cendency, braying  
 A Brunswick duet with himself!

### INCANTATION.

FROM THE NEW TRAGEDY OF "THE BRUNSWICKERS."

SCENE.—*Penenden Plain. In the middle, a caldron boiling. Thunder.*  
 —Enter the Brunswickers.

1st. *Brunsw.*—Thrice hath scribbling K—ny—n scrawl'd,

2d. *Brunsw.*—Once hath fool N—wc—stle bawl'd,

3d. *Bruns.*—B—xl—y snores :—'t is time, 't is time,

1st. *Bruns.*—Round about the caldron go ;

In the pois'nous nonsense throw.

Bigot spite, that long hath grown

Like a toad within a stone,

Sweltering in the heart of S—tt,

Boil we in the Brunswick pot.

*All.*—Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,

Eld—n, talk, and K—ny—n, scribble.

2d. *Bruns.*—Slaver from N—wc—stle's quill

In the noisome mess distil,

Brimming high our Brunswick broth

Both with venom and with froth.

Mix the brains (though apt to hash ill,

Being scant) of Lord M—ntc—shel,

With that malty stuff which C—s

Drivels as no other man does.

Catch (i. e. if catch you can)

One idea, spick and span,

From my Lord of S—y.

One idea though it be

Smaller than the "happy flea,"

Which his sire, in sonnet terse,

Wedded to immortal verse.<sup>\*</sup>

Though to rob the son is sin,

Put his one idea in ;

And, to keep it company,

Let that conjuror W—nch—is—a

Drop but *half* another there,

If he hath so much to spare.

Dreams of murders and of arsons,

Hatch'd in heads of Irish parsons,

Bring from every hole and corner,

Where ferocious priests, like H—n—r,

Purely for religious good,

Cry aloud for Papists' blood,—

Blood for W—lls, and such old women,

At their ease to wade and swim in.

*All.*—Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,

B—xl—y, talk, and K—ny—n, scribble.

3d. *Bruns.*—Now the charin begin to brew ;

Sisters, sisters, add thereto

<sup>\*</sup> Alluding to a well-known lyric composition of the late Marquis, which, with a slight alteration, might be addressed either to a flea or a fly. For instance :—

" Oh, happy, happy, happy fly,  
If I were you, or you were I."

Or,

Oh, happy, happy, happy flea,  
If I were you, or you were me ;  
But since, alas ! that cannot be,  
I must remain Lord S—y.

Scraps of L—thbr—dge's old speeches,  
 Mix'd with leather from his breeches.  
 Rinsings of old B—xl—y's brains,  
 Thicken'd (if you 'll take the pains)  
 With that pulp which rags create,  
 In their middle, *nympha* state,  
 Ere, like insects frail and sunny,  
 Forth they wing abroad as money.  
 There—the Hell-broth we've enchanted—  
 Now but *one* thing more is wanted.  
 Squeeze o'er all that Orange juice,  
 — — — keeps cork'd for use,  
 Which, to work the better spell, is  
 Colour'd deep with blood of ———,  
 Blood of powers far more various  
 Ev'n than that of Januarius,  
 Since so great a charm hangs o'er it  
 England's parsons bow before it!  
*All.*—Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,  
 B—xl—y, talk, and K—ny—n, scribble.  
*2d. Bruus.*—Cool it now with ———'s blood,  
 So the charn is firm and good.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### HOW TO MAKE A GOOD POLITICIAN.

"WHENE'ER you 're in doubt, said a Sage I once knew,  
 'Twixt two lines of conduct *which* course to pursue,  
 Ask a woman's advice, and, whate'er she advise,  
 Do the very reverse, and you 're sure to be wise.

Of the same use as guides are the Brunswicker throng;  
 In their thoughts, words, and deeds, so instinctively wrong,  
 That, whatever they counsel, act, talk, or indite,  
 Take the opposite course, and you 're sure to be right.  
 So golden this rule, that, had nature denied you  
 The use of that finger-post, Reason, to guide you,—  
 Were you even more doltish than any given man is,  
 More soft than N—wc—stle—more twaddling than Van is,  
 I'd stake my repute, on the following conditions,  
 To make you the soundest of sound politicians.

Place yourself near the skirts of some high-flying Tory,—  
 Some Brunswicker parson, of port-drinking glory,—  
 Watch well how he dines, during any great Question,—  
 What makes him feed gaily, what spoils his digestion,—  
 And always feel sure that *his* joy o'er a stew  
 Portends a clear case of dyspepsia to you.  
 Read him backwards, like Hebrew—whatever he wishes,  
 Or praises, note down as absurd or pernicious,

Like the folks of a weather-house, shifting about,  
 When he's *out* be an *In*,—when he's *in*, be an *Out*.  
 Keep him always reversed in your thoughts, night and day,  
 Like an Irish barometer turn'd the wrong way :—  
 If he's *up*, you may swear that foul weather is nigh;  
 If he's *down*, you may look for a bit of blue sky.  
 Never mind what debaters or journalists say,  
 Only ask what *he* thinks, and then think t'other way.

Does he hate the Small-note Bill? then firmly rely  
 The Small-note Bill's a blessing, though you don't know why.  
 Is Brougham his aversion? then Harry's your man.  
 Does he quake at O'Connell? take doubly to Dan.  
 Is he all for the Turks? then at once take the whole  
 Russian Empire (Czar, Cossacks, and all) to your soul.  
 In short, whatsoever he talks, thinks, or is,  
 Be your thoughts, words, and essence the contrast of his.  
 Nay, as Siamese ladies—at least, the polite ones—  
 All paint their teeth black, 'cause the devil has white ones—  
 If ev'n, by the chances of time or of tide,  
 Your Tory, for once, should have sense on his side,  
 Even *then* stand aloof,—for, be sure that Old Nick,  
 When a Tory talks sensibly, means you some trick.

Such my recipe is,—and, in one single verse,  
 I shall now, in conclusion, its substance rehearse.  
 Be all that a Brunswicker is not, nor *could* be,  
 And then—you'll be all that an honest man should be.

### EPISTLE OF CONDOLENCE,

FROM A SLAVE-LORD TO A COTTON-LORD.

ALAS! my dear friend, what a state of affairs!  
 How unjustly we both are despoil'd of our rights!  
 Not a pound of black flesh shall I leave to my heirs,  
 Nor must you any more work to death little whites.

Both forced to submit to that general controller  
 Of King, Lords, and cotton-mills—Public Opinion,  
 No more shall you beat with a big billy-roller,  
 Nor I with the cart-whip assert my dominion.

Whereas, were we suffer'd to do as we please  
 With our Blacks and our Whites, as of yore we were let,  
 We might range them alternate, like harpsichord keys,  
 And between us thump out a good piebald duet.

But this fun is all over;—farewell to the zest  
 Which Slavery now lends to each tea-cup we sip;  
 Which makes still the cruellest coffee the best,  
 And that sugar the sweetest which smacks of the whip.

Farewell, too, the Factory's white picaninnies,—  
 Small living machines, which, if flogg'd to their tasks,  
 Mix so well with their namesakes, the "Billies" and "Jennies,"  
 That ~~which~~ have got souls in 'em nobody asks;—  
 Little Maids of the Mill, who, themselves but ill-fed,  
 Are obliged, 'mong their other benevolent cares,  
 To "keep feeding the scribblers,"—and better, 't is said,  
 Than old Blackwood or Fraser have ever fed theirs.  
 All this is now o'er, and so dismal my loss is,  
 So hard 't is to part from the smack of the thong,  
 That I mean (from pure love for the old whipping process)  
 To take to whipt syllabub all my life long.

### THE GHOST OF MILTIADES.\*

Ah quoties dubius *Scriptis* exarsit amator!—OVID.

THE Ghost of Miltiades came at night,  
 And he stood by the bed of the Benthamite,  
 And he said, in a voice that thrill'd the frame,  
 "If ever the sound of Marathon's name  
 Hath fired thy blood or flush'd thy brow,  
 Lover of Liberty, rouse thee now!"

The Benthamite, yawning, left his bed—  
 Away to the Stock Exchange he sped,  
 And he found the Scrip of Greece so high,  
 That it fired his blood, it flush'd his eye,  
 And oh, 't was a sight for the Ghost to see,  
 For never was Greek more Greek than he!  
 And still as the premium higher went,  
 His ecstasy rose—so much *per cent.*  
 (As we see in a glass, that tells the weather,  
 The heat and the *silver* rise together),  
 And Liberty sang from the patriot's lip,  
 While a voice from his pocket whisper'd "Scrip!"  
 The Ghost of Miltiades came again;—  
 He smiled, as the pale moon smiles through rain,  
 For his soul was glad at that patriot strain;  
 (And poor, dear ghost—how little he knew  
 The jobs and the tricks of the Philhellene crew!)  
 "Blessings, and thanks!" was all he said;  
 Then, melting away, like a night-dream, fled!

\* One of the operations in cotton-mills usually performed by children.

\* These verses, which appeared at a much earlier period than any of the others in this volume, were (for a reason which now no longer exists) omitted in the former collection, entitled, "Cash, Corn, and Catholics."

The Benthamite hears—amazed that ghosts  
 Could be such fools—and away he posts,  
 A patriot still? Ah no, ah no—  
 Goddess of Freedom, thy Scrip is low,  
 And, warm and fond as thy lovers are,  
 Thou triest their passion when under *par*.  
 The Benthamite's ardor fast decays,  
 By turns he weeps, and swears, and prays,  
 And wishes the d—I had Crescent and Cross,  
 Ere *he* had been forced to sell at a loss.  
 They quote him the Stock of various nations,  
 But, spite of his classic associations,  
 Lord, how he loathes the Greek *quotations*!  
 "Who 'll buy my Scrip? Who 'll buy my Scrip?"  
 Is now the theme of the patriot's lip,  
 As he runs to tell how hard his lot is  
 To Messrs. Orlahdo and Luriottis,  
 And says, "Oh Greece, for Liberty's sake,  
 Do buy my Scrip, and I vow to break  
 Those dark unholy bonds of thine—  
 If you 'll only consent to buy up *mine*!"  
 The Ghost of Miltiades came once more;—  
 His brow, like the night, was lowering o'er,  
 And he said, with a look that flash'd dismay,  
 "Of Liberty's foes the worst are they,  
 Who turn to a trade her cause divine,  
 And gamble for gold on Freedom's shrine!"  
 Thus saying, the Ghost, as he took his flight,  
 Gave a Parthian kick to the Benthamite,  
 Which sent him, whimpering, off to Jerry—  
 And vanish'd away to the Stygian ferry!

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#### ALARMING INTELLIGENCE—REVOLUTION IN THE DICTIONARY—ONE GALT AT THE HEAD OF IT.

God preserve us!—there 's nothing now safe from assault;—  
 Thrones toppling around, churches brought to the hammer;  
 And accounts have just reach'd us that one Mr. Galt  
 Has declared open war against English and Grammar!

He had long been suspected of some such design,  
 And, the better his wicked intentions t' arrive at,  
 Had lately 'mong C—lb——n's troops of the line  
 (The penny-a-line men), enlisted as private.

There school'd, with a rabble of words at command,  
 Scotch, English, and slang, in promiscuous alliance,  
 He at length, against Syntax has taken his stand,  
 And sets all the Nine Parts of Speech at defiance.

Next advices, no doubt, further facts will afford;  
 In the mean time the danger most imminent grows,  
 He has taken the Life of one eminent Lord,  
 And who he 'll next murder the Lord only knows.

*Wednesday Evening.*

Since our last, matters, luckily, look more serene;  
 Though the rebel, 't is stated, to aid his defection,  
 Has seized a great Powder—no, Puff Magazine,  
 \* And the explosions are dreadful in every direction.

What his meaning exactly is nobody knows,  
 As he talks (in a strain of intense botheration)  
 Of lyrical "ichor," "gelatinous" prose,  
 And a mixture call'd amber immortalization.<sup>3</sup>

Now, he raves of a bard he once happen'd to meet,  
 Seated high "among rattlings," and churning a sonnet;<sup>4</sup>  
 Now, talks of a mystery, wrapped in a sheet,  
 With a halo (by way of a night-cap) upon it!<sup>5</sup>

We shudder in tracing these terrible lines;  
 Something bad they must mean, tho' we can't make it out;  
 For, whate'er may be guess'd of Galt's secret designs,  
 That they're all Anti-English no Christian can doubt.

### RESOLUTIONS PASSED AT A LATE MEETING OF REVERENDS AND RIGHT REVERENDS.

RESOLVED,—to stick to every particle  
 Of every Creed and every Article,  
 Reforming nought, or great or little,  
 We 'll stanchly stand by "every tittle,"<sup>1</sup>  
 And scorn the swallow of that soul  
 Which cannot boldly bolt the whole.

Resolved, that, though St. Athanasius  
 In damning souls is rather spacious,—  
 Though wide and far his curses fall,  
 Our Church "hath stomach for them all;"<sup>2</sup>  
 And those who 're not content with such,  
 May e'en be d—d ten times as much.

<sup>1</sup> "That dark diseased ichor which coloured his effusions."—*Galt's Life of Byron*.

<sup>2</sup> "That gelatinous character of their effusions."—*Id.*

<sup>3</sup> "The poetical embalmment, or rather amber immortalization."—*Id.*

<sup>4</sup> "Sitting amidst the shrouds and rattlings, churning an inarticulate melody."—*Id.*

<sup>5</sup> "He was a mystery in a winding-sheet, crowned with a halo."—*Id.*

<sup>6</sup> One of the questions propounded to the Puritans in 1575 was—"Whether the Book of Service was good and godly, every tittle grounded on the Holy Scripture?" On which an honest Dissenter remarks—"Surely they had a wonderful opinion of their Service Book that there was not a tittle amiss in it."

Resolved,—such liberal souls are we,—  
 Though hating Nonconformity,  
 We yet believe the cash no worse is  
 That comes from Nonconformist purses.  
 Indifferent *whence* the money reaches  
 The pockets of our reverend breeches,  
 To us the Jumper's jingling penny  
 Chinks with a tone as sweet as any;  
 And ev'n our old friends Yea and Nay  
 May through the nose for ever pray,  
 If also through the nose they 'll pay.

Resolved, that Hooper, ' Latimer, '  
 And Cranmer, ' all extremely err,  
 In taking such a low-bred view  
 Of what Lords Spiritual ought to do :—  
 All owing to the fact, poor men,  
 That Mother Church was modest then,  
 Nor knew what golden eggs her goose,  
 The Public, would in time produce,  
 One Piskah peep at modern Durham  
 To far more lordly thoughts would stir 'em.

Resolved, that when we, Spiritual Lords,  
 Whose income just enough affords  
 To keep our Spiritual Lordships cozy,  
 Are told, by Antiquarians prosy,  
 How ancient Bishops cut up theirs,  
 Giving the poor the largest shares,—  
 Our answer is, in one short word,  
 We think it pious, but absurd.  
 Those good men made the world their debtor,  
 But we, the Church reform'd, know better;  
 And, taking all that all can pay,  
 Balance the account the other way.

Resolved, our thanks profoundly due are  
 To last month's Quarterly Reviewer,  
 Who proves (by arguments so clear,  
 One sees how much he holds per year)  
 That England's Church, though out of date,  
 Must still be left to lie in state,  
 As dead, as rotten, and as grand as  
 The mummy of King Osymandyas,

“ They,” the Bishops, “ know that the primitive Church had no such Bishops. If the fourth part of the bishopric remained unto the Bishop, it were sufficient.”—*On the Commandments*, p. 72.

“ Since the Prelates were made Lords and Nobles, the plough standeth, there is no work done, the people starve.”—*Lat. Sermon*.

“ Of whom have come all these glorious titles, styles, and 'poms into the Church. But I would that I, and all my brethren, the Bishops, would leave all our styles, and write the styles of our offices,” etc.—*Life of Cranmer, by Strype, appendix*.



All pickled snug;—the brains drawn out —  
 Fine costly cerements swathed about,—  
 And "Touch me not," those words terrific,  
 Scrawl'd o'er her in good hieroglyphic.

### SIR ANDREW'S DREAM.

"Nec te sperno pils venientia somnia portis :  
 Cum pla venerunt somnia, pondus habent."

*Propert., Lib. 4, Eleg. 2.*

As snug, on a Sunday eve, of late,  
 In his easy chair Sir Andrew sate,  
 Being much too pious, as every one knows,  
 To do aught, of a Sunday eve, but doze,  
 He dreamt a dream, dear holy man,  
 And I'll tell you his dream as well as I can.  
 He found himself, to his great amaze,  
 In Charles the First's high Tory days,  
 And just at the time that gravest of courts  
 Had publish'd its Book of Sunday Sports.\*—  
 Sunday Sports! what a thing for the ear  
 Of our Andrew, even in sleep, to hear!—  
 It chanced to be, too, a Sabbath day,  
 When the people from church were coming away;  
 And Andrew with horror heard this song,  
 As the smiling sinners flock'd along:—  
 "Long life to the Bishops, hurra! hurra!  
 For a week of work and a Sunday of play  
 Make the poor man's life run merry away."  
 "The Bishops!" quoth Andrew, "Popish, I guess,"  
 And he grin'd with conscions holiness.  
 But the song went on, and, to brim the cup  
 Of poor Andy's anguish, the fiddles struck up!  
 "Come, take out the lasses—let's have a dance—  
 For the Bishops allow us to skip our fill,  
 Well knowing that no one's the more in advance  
 On the road to heaven, for standing still.  
 Oh, it never was meant that grim grimaces  
 Should sour the cream of a creed of love;  
 Or that fellows with long disastrous faces

\* Part of the process of embalment.

\* *The Book of Sports*, drawn up by Bishop Moreton, was first put forth in the reign of James I., 1616, and afterwards republished, at the advice of Laud, by Charles I., 1633, with an injunction that it should be "made public by order from the Bishops." We find it therein declared, that "for his good people's recreation, His Majesty's pleasure was, that after the end of divine service they should not be disturbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawful recreations, such as dancing, either of men or women, archery for men, leaping, vaulting, or any such harmless recreations, nor having of May-games, Whitsun-ales, or Morris-dances, or setting up of May-poles, or other sports therewith used," etc.

Alone should sit among cherubs above.

Then hurra for the Bishops, etc.

"For Sunday fun we never can fail,  
When the church herself each sport points out;—  
There's May-games, archery, Whitsun-ale,  
And a May-pole high to dance about.  
Or, if chance we be for a pole hard driven,  
Some lone lank saint, of aspect fell,  
With his pockets on earth, and his nose in heaven,  
Will do for a May-pole just as well.  
Then hurra for the Bishops, hurra! hurra!  
A week of work and a Sabbath of play  
Make the poor man's life run merry away."

To Andy, who does n't much deal in history,  
This Sunday scene was a downright mystery;  
And God knows where might have ended the joke,  
But, in trying to stop the fiddles, he woke.  
And the odd thing is, (as the rumour goes)  
That since that dream, which one would suppose,  
Should have made his godly stomach rise,  
Even more than ever, 'gainst Sunday pies,—  
He has view'd things quite with different eyes;  
Is beginning to take, on matters divine,  
Like Charles and his Bishops, the *sporting* line,—  
Is all for Christians jiggling in pairs,  
As an interlude 'twixt Sunday prayers;—  
Nay, talks of getting Archbishop H—l—y  
To bring in a Bill, enacting duly,  
That all good Protestants, from this date,  
May, freely and lawfully, recreate,  
Of a Sunday eve, their spirits moody,  
With Jack in the Straw, or Punch and Judy.

### LOVE SONG.

TO MISS —.

*Air.*—"Come, live with me and be my love."

COME wed with me, and we will write,  
My Blue of Blues, from morn till night.  
Chased from our classic souls shall be  
All thoughts of vulgar progeny;  
And thou shalt walk through smiling rows  
Of chubby duodecimos,  
While I, to match thy products nearly,  
Shall lie-in of a quarto yearly.  
'T is true, ev'n books entail some trouble;  
But *live* productions give one double.  
Correcting children is *such* bother,—

While printers' dev'ls correct the other.  
 Just think, my own Malthusian dear,  
 How much more decent 't is to hear  
 From male or female,—as it may be,—  
 “How is your book?” than “How 's your baby?”  
 And, whereas physic and wet nurses  
 Do much exhaust paternal nurses,  
 Our books, if rickety, may go  
 And be well dry-nursed in *the Row*;  
 And, when God wills to take them hence,  
 Are buried at *the Row's* expense.

Besides, (as 't is well proved by thee,  
 In thy own Works, vol. 93),  
 The march, just now, of population  
 So much outstrips all moderation,  
 That ev'a prolific herring-shoals  
 Keep pace not with our erring souls.  
 Oh far more proper and well-bred  
 To stick to writing books instead;  
 And show the world how two Blue lovers  
 Can coalesce, like two book-covers,  
 (Sheep-skin, or calf, or such wise leather)  
 Letter'd at back, and stitch'd together,  
 Fondly as first the binder fix'd 'em,  
 With nought but—literature betwixt 'em..

### SUNDAY ETHICS.

A SCOTCH ODE.

PUR, profligate Londoners, having heard tell  
 That the De'il 's got amang ye, and fearing 't is true,  
 We ha' sent ye a mon wha 's a match for his spell,  
 A chiel o' our ain, that the De'il himsel  
 Will be glad to keep clear of, one Andrew Agnew.

So, at least, ye may reckon, for ane day entire  
 In ilka long week ye'll be tranquil enough,  
 As Anld Nick, do him justice, abhors a Scotch squire,  
 An' would sooner gae roast by his ain kitchen fire  
 Than pass a hale Sunday wi' Andrew Agnew.

For bless the gude mon, gin he had his ain way,  
 He'd na let a cat, on the Sabbath say “mew;”  
 Nae birdie maun whistle, nae lambie maun play.  
 An' Phœbus himsel could na travel that day,  
 As he 'd find a new Joshua in Andie Agnew.

\* See “Ella of Garveloch.”—Garveloch being a place where there was a large herring-fishery, but where, as we are told by the author, “the people increased much faster than the produce.”

Only hear, in your Senate, how awfu' he cries,  
 "Wae, wae to a' sinners who boil an' who stew !  
 Wae, wae to a' eaters o' Sabbath-baked pies,  
 For as surely again shall the crust thereof rise  
 In judgment against ye," saith Andrew Agnew !

Ye may think, from a' this, that our Andie 's the lad  
 To ca' o'er the coals your nobility, too ;  
 That their drives, o' a Sunday, wi' flunkies, ' a' clad  
 Like shawmen, behind 'em, would mak the mon mad,—  
 But he 's nae sic a noodle, our Andie Agnew.

If Lairds an' fine Ladies, on Sunday, think right  
 To gang to the deevil,—as maist o' em do,—  
 To stop them our Andie would think na polite ;  
 And 't is odds (if the chiel could get ony thing by 't)  
 But he 'd follow 'em, boeing, ' would Andrew Agnew.

#### AWFUL EVENT.

YES, W—nch—is— (I tremble while I pen it),  
 W—nch—is—a's Earl hath cut the British Senate,—  
 Hail said to England's Peers, in accent gruff,  
 "That for ye all," [snapping his fingers,] and exit, in a huff!

Disastrous news !—like that, of old, which spread  
 From shore to shore, "our mighty Pan is dead,"  
 O'er the cross benches (cross from *being* crost)  
 Sounds the loud wail, "Our W—nch—is—a is lost !"

Which of ye, Lords, that heard him, can forget  
 The deep impression of that awful threat,  
 "I quit your house !!"—'midst all that histories tell,  
 I know but one event that 's parallel :—

It chanced at Drury Lane, one Easter night,  
 When the gay Gods, too blest to be polite,  
 Gods at their ease, like those of learn'd Lucretius,  
 Laugh'd, whistled, groan'd, uproariously facetious,—  
 A well-dress'd member of the middle gallery,  
 Whose "ears polite" disdain'd such low canaillerie,  
 Rose in his place—so grand, you 'd almost swear  
 Lord W—nch—is—a himself stood towering there,—  
 And, like that Lord of dignity and nous,  
 Said, "Silence, fellows, or I 'll leave the house !!"

How brook'd the Gods this speech? Ah, well-a-day,  
 That speech so fine should be so thrown away!

<sup>1</sup> Servants in livery.

<sup>2</sup> For the "gude effects and utcelity of boeing," see the *Man of the World*.

In vain did this mid-gallery grandee  
 Assert his own two-shilling dignity,—  
 In vain he menaced to withdraw the ray  
 Of his own full price countenance away,—  
 Fun against Dignity is fearful odds,  
 And as the Lords laugh now, so giggled *then* the Gods!

### THE NUMBERING OF THE CLERGY.

PARODY ON SIR CHARLES HAN. WILLIAMS'S FAMOUS ODE,

*"Come, Cloe, and give me sweet kisses."*

*"We want more Churches and more Clergy-men."*

*Bishop of London's late Charge.*

*"Rectorum numerum, terris peremptibus, augent."*

*Claudian. in Eutrop.*

COME, give us more Livings and Rectors,  
 For, richer no realm ever gave;  
 But why, ye unchristian objectors,  
 Do ye ask us how many we crave?

Oh, there can't be too many rich Livings  
 For souls of the Pluralist kind,  
 Who, despising old Cocker's misgivings,  
 To numbers can ne'er be confined.<sup>1</sup>

Count the cormorants hovering about,<sup>2</sup>  
 At the time their fish season sets in,  
 When these models of keen diners-out  
 Are preparing their beaks to begin.

Count the rooks that, in clerical dresses,  
 Flock round when the harvest 's in play,  
 And, not minding the farmer's distresses,  
 Like devils in grain peck away.

Go, number the locusts in heaven,<sup>4</sup>  
 On their way to some titheable shore;

<sup>1</sup> Come, Cloe, and give me sweet kisses,  
 For sweeter sure never girl gave;  
 But why, in the midst of my blisses,  
 Do you ask me how many I 'd have?

<sup>2</sup> For whilst I love thee above measure,  
 To numbers I 'll ne'er be confined.

<sup>3</sup> Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,  
 Count the flowers that enamel its fields,  
 Count the flocks, etc.

<sup>4</sup> Go number the stars in the heaven,  
 Count how many sands on the shore;  
 When so many kisses you 've given,  
 I still shall be craving for more.

And when so many Parsons you've given,  
We still shall be craving for more.

Then, unless ye the Church would submerge, ye  
Must leave us in peace to augment;  
For the wretch who could number the Clergy,  
With few will be ever content.\*

### A SAD CASE.

"If it be the undergraduate season at which this *rabies religiosa* is to be so fearful, what security has Mr. Goulburn against it at this moment, when his son is actually exposed to the full venom of an association with Dissenters?"—*The Times*, March 25.

How sad a case!—just think of it—  
If G—lb—n junior should be bit  
By some insane Dissenter, roaming  
Through Granta's halls, at large and foaming,  
And with that aspect, *ultra* crabbed,  
Which marks Dissenters when they're rabid!  
God only knows what mischiefs might  
Result from this one single bite,  
Or how the venom, once suck'd in,  
Might spread and rage through kith and kin.  
Mad folks, of all denominations,  
First turn upon their own relations:  
So that one G—lb—n, fairly bit,  
Might end in maddening the whole kit,  
Till, ah, ye gods, we'd have to rue  
Our G—lb—n senior bitten too;  
The Hychurchphobia in those veins,  
Where Tory blood now redly reigns;  
And that dear man, who now perceives  
Salvation only in lawn sleeves,  
Might, tainted by such coarse infection,  
Run mad in the opposite direction,  
And think, poor man, 't is only given  
To linsey-woolsey to reach Heaven!

Just fancy what a shock 't would be  
Our G—lb—n in his fits to see,  
Tearing into a thousand particles  
His once-loved Nine and Thirty Articles;  
(Those Articles his friend, the Duke,  
For Gospel, t' other night, mistook;)  
Cursing cathedrals, deans, and singers,—  
Wishing the ropes might hang the ringers,—

\* But the wretch who can number his kisses,  
With few will be ever content.

\* The Duke of Wellington, who styled them "the Articles of Christianity."

Pelting the church with blasphemies,  
 Even worse than Parson B—v—r—y's;—  
 And ripe for severing Church and State,  
 Like any creedless reprobate, .  
 Or like that class of Methodists  
 Prince Waterloo styles "Atheists!"

But 't is too much,—the Muse turns pale,  
 And o'er the picture drops a veil,  
 Praying, God save the G—b—rns all  
 From mad Dissenters, great and small!

### A DREAM OF HINDOSTAN.

—Pium teneatis, amici.

"THE longer one lives, the more one learns,"  
 Said I, as off to sleep I went,  
 Bemused with thinking of Tithe concerns,  
 And reading a book, by the Bishop of FERNS,  
 On the Irish Church Establishment.  
 But, lo, in sleep not long I lay,  
 When Fancy her usual tricks began,  
 And I found myself bewitch'd away  
 To a goodly city in Hindostan,—  
 A city, where he, who dares to dine  
 On aught but rice, is deem'd a sinner;  
 Where sheep and kine are held divine,  
 And, accordingly—never drest for dinner.

"But how is this?" I wondering cried,—  
 As I walk'd that city, fair and wide,  
 And saw, in every marble street,  
 A row of beautiful butcher's shops,—  
 "What means, for men who do n't eat meat,  
 This grand display of loins and chops?"  
 In vain I ask'd—'t was plain to see  
 That nobody dared to answer me.

So, on, from street to street I strode;  
 And you can't conceive how vastly odd  
 The butchers look'd,—a roseate crew,  
 Inshrined in stalls, with nought to do;  
 While some on a bench, half dozing, sat,  
 And the Sacred Cows were not more fat.

Still posed to think what all this scene  
 Of sinecure trade was meant to mean,

"And, pray," ask'd I—"By whom is paid  
The expense of this strange masquerade?"—  
"The expense!—oh, that 's of course defray'd  
(Said one of these well-fed Hecatombers)  
By yonder rascally rice-consumers."  
"What! they, who never must eat——"  
"No matter—  
(And, while he spoke, his cheeks grew fatter)  
The rogues may munch their *Paddy* crop;  
But the rogues must still support our shop.  
And, depend upon it, the way to treat  
Heretical stomachs that thus dissent,  
Is to burden all that won't eat meat,  
With a costly MEAT ESTABLISHMENT."  
On hearing these words so gravely said,  
With a volley of laughter loud I shook;  
And my slumber fled, and my dream was sped,  
And I found I was lying snug in bed,  
With my nose in the Bishop of FERNS'S book.

## PROPOSALS FOR A GYNŒCOCRACY,

ADDRESSED TO A LATE RADICAL MEETING.

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———"Quas ipse decus sibi dis Camilla  
Delegit, parisque bonas bellique ministros."—*Virgil*.

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As Whig Reform has had its range,  
And none of us are yet content,  
Suppose, my friends, by way of change,  
We try a *Female parliament*;  
And since, of late, with *he* M. P. 's  
We 've fared so badly, take to *she*'s,—  
Petticoat patriots, flounced John Russells,  
Burdetts in *blonde*, and Broughams in *bustles*.  
The plan is startling, I confess,  
But 't is but an affair of dress;  
Nor see I much there is to choose  
'Twixt Ladies (so they 're thorough-bred ones)  
In ribands of all sorts of hues,  
Or Lords in only blue or red ones.

At least, the fiddlers will be winners,  
Whatever other trade advances;  
As then, instead of Cabinet dinners,  
We 'll have, at Almack's, Cabinet dances;  
Nor let this world's important questions  
Depend on Ministers' digestions.



If Ude's receipts have done things ill,  
 To Weippert's band they may go better;  
 There 's Lady \*\*, in one quadrille,  
 Would settle Europe, if you 'd let her :  
 And who the deuce 'or asks or cares,  
 When Whigs or Tories have undone 'em,  
 Whether they've danced through State affairs,  
 Or simply, dully, dined upon 'em?

Hurra then for the Petticoats!  
 To them we pledge our free-born votes,  
 We'll have all *she*, and only *she*.—  
 Pert blues shall act as "best debaters,"  
 Old dowagers our Bishops be,  
 And termagants our Agitators.

If Vestris, to oblige the nation,  
 Her own Olympus will abandon,  
 And help to prop the Administration,  
 It can't have better legs to stand on.  
 The famed Macaulay (Miss) shall show,  
 Each evening, forth in learn'd oration;  
 Shall move (midst general cries of "Oh!")  
 For full returns of population :—  
 And, finally, to crown the whole,  
 The Princess Olive, Royal soul,  
 Shall from her bower in Banco Regis,  
 Descend, to bless her faithful-lieges,  
 And, mid our Unions' loyal chorus,  
 Reign jollily for ever o'er us.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE \*\*\*.

SIR,

Having heard some rumours respecting the strange and awful visitation under which Lord H—n—y has for some time past been suffering, in consequence of his declared hostility to "anthems, solos, duets, etc.," I took the liberty of making inquiries at his Lordship's house this morning, and lose no time in transmitting to you such particulars as I could collect. It is said that the screams of his Lordship, under the operation of this nightly concert (which is, no doubt, some trick of the Radicals), may be heard all over the neighbourhood. The female who personates St. Cecilia is supposed to be the same that, last year, appeared in the character of Isis, at the Rotunda. How the cherubs are managed, I have not yet ascertained.

Yours, etc.,

P. P.

## LORD H—NL—Y AND ST. CECILIA.

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———In Mell descendat Judicis aures.—Horat.

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As snug in his bed Lord H—nl—y lay,  
 Revolving much his own renown,  
 And hoping to add thereto a ray,  
 By putting duets and anthems down,

Sudden a strain of choral sounds  
 Mellifluous o'er his senses stole;  
 Whereat the Reformer mutter'd, "Zounds!"  
 For he loathed sweet music with all his soul.

Then, starting up, he saw a sight  
 That well might shock so learn'd a snorer,—  
 Saint Cecilia, robed in light,  
 With a portable organ slung before her.

And round were cherubs, on rainbow wings,  
 Who, his Lordship fear'd, might tire of flitting,  
 So begg'd they'd sit,—but ah! poor things,  
 They had, none of them, got the means of sitting.

"Having heard," said the Saint, "you're fond of hymns,  
 And indeed, that musical store betray'd you,  
 Myself, and my choir of Cheruhims,  
 Are come, for a while, to serenade you."

In vain did the horrified H—nl—y say  
 "'T was all a mistake"—"she was misdirected;"  
 And point to a concert, over the way,  
 Where fiddlers and angels were expected.

In vain—the Saint could see in his looks  
 (She civilly said) much tuneful lore;  
 So, at once, all open'd their music-hooks,  
 And herself and her Cherubs set off at score.

All night duets, terzets, quartets,  
 Nay, long quintets most dire to hear,  
 Ay, and old motets and canzonets,  
 And glees, in sets, kept boring his ear.

He tried to sleep,—but it would n't do;  
 So loud they squall'd, he must attend to 'em;  
 Though Cherubs' songs, to his cost he knew,  
 Were like themselves, and had no end to 'em.

"Assesyez-vous, mes enfans."—"Il n'y a pas de quoi, mon Seigneur."

Oh judgment dire on judges bold,  
 Who meddle with music's sacred strains !  
 Judge Midas tried the same of old,  
 And was punish'd, like H—n!—y, for his pains.

But worse on the modern judge, alas !  
 Is the sentence launch'd from Apollo's throne ;  
 For Midas was given the ears of an ass,  
 While H—n!—y is doom'd to keep his own !

## THE DANCE OF BISHOPS; OR, THE EPISCOPAL QUADRILLE.

### A DREAM.

" Solemn dances were, on great festivals and celebrations, admitted among the primitive Christians, in which even the Bishops and dignified Clergy were performers. Scalliger says, that the first Bishops were called *Frazzles* for no other reason than that they led off these dances."—*Cyclopædia*, Art. Dances.

I've had such a dream,—a frightful dream,—  
 Though funny, mayhap, to wags 't will seem,  
 By all who regard the Church, like us,  
 'T will be thought exceedingly ominous !

As reading in bed I lay last night,  
 Which (being insured) is my delight,—  
 I happen'd to doze off just as I got to  
 The singular fact which forms my motto.  
 Only think, thought I, as I dozed away,  
 Of a party of churchmen dancing the hay !  
 Clerks, curates, and rectors, capering all,  
 With a neat-legg'd Bishop to open the ball !  
 Scarce had my eye-lids time to close,  
 When the scene I had fancied before me rose,—  
 An Episcopal Hop, on a scale so grand  
 As my dazzled eye-lids could hardly stand.  
 For Britain and Erin clubb'd their Sees  
 To make it a Dance of Dignities,  
 And I saw,—oh brightest of Church events !  
 A quadrille of the two Establishments,  
 Bishop to Bishop *vis-à-vis*,  
 Footing away prodigiously !

There was Bristol capering up to Derry,  
 And Cork with London making merry ;  
 While huge Llandaff, with a See, so so,  
 Was to dear old Dublin pointing his toe.  
 There was Chester, hatch'd by woman's smile,  
 Performing a *chaîne des dames* in style ;  
 While he who, when'er the Lords' House dozes,

\* Literally, First Dancers.

Can waken them up by citing Moses,  
 The portly Thum was all in a hurry  
 To set, *en avant*, to Canterbury.  
 Meantime, while pamphlets stuff'd his pockets;  
 (All out of date, like spent sky-rockets)  
 Our Exeter stood forth to caper  
 As high on the floor as he doth on paper,—  
 Much like a dapper Dancing Dervise,—  
 Who pirouettes his whole church-service,—  
 Performing, 'midst those reverend souls,  
 Such *entrechats*, such *cabrioles*,  
 Such *balloons*,\* such—rigmaroles,  
 Now high, now low, now this, now that,  
 That none could guess what the devil he'd be at;  
 Though, watching his various steps, some thought  
 That a step in the Church was all he sought.  
 But alas, alas! while thus so gay,  
 These reverend dancers frisk'd away,  
 Nor Paul himself (not the Saint, but he  
 Of the Opera-house) could brisker be,  
 There gather'd a gloom around their glee,—  
 A shadow, which came and went so fast,  
 That ere you could say "'t is there," 't was past,  
 And, lo, when the scene again was clear'd,  
 Ten of the dancers had disappear'd,  
 Ten able-bodied quadrillers swept  
 From the hallow'd floor where late they stept;  
 While twelve was all that footed it still,  
 On the Irish side of that grand Quadrille!

Nor this the worst:—still danced they on,  
 But the pomp was sadden'd, the smile was gone,  
 And again, from time to time, the same  
 Ill-omen'd darkness round them came,—  
 While still, as the light broke out anew,  
 Their ranks look'd less by a dozen or two;  
 Till ah! at last there were only found  
 Just Bishops enough for a four-hands-round;  
 And when I awoke, impatient getting,  
 I left the last holy pair *poussetting*!

*Nota bene.*—As ladies in years, it seems,  
 Have the happiest knack at solving dreams,  
 I shall leave to my ancient feminine friends  
 Of the *Standard* to say what this portends.

\* "And what does Moses say?"—One of the ejaculations with which this eminent prelate enlivened his famous speech on the Catholic question.

\* A description of the method of executing this step may be useful to future performers in the same line:—"Ce pas est composé de deux mouvemens différens, savoir, *plier*, et sauter sur un pied, et se rejeter sur l'autre." — *Dictionnaire de Danse*, Art. *Contre-temps*.

## DICK \* \* \* \*

## A CHARACTER.

Of various scraps and fragments built,  
 Borrow'd alike from fools and wits,  
 Dick's mind was like a patch-work quilt,  
 Made up of new, old, motley bits,—  
 Where, if the Co. call'd in their shares,  
 If petticoats their quota got,  
 And gowns were all refunded theirs,  
 The quilt would look but shy, God wot.

And thus he still, new plagiaries seeking,  
 Reversed ventriloquism's trick,  
 For, 'stead of Dick through others speaking,  
 'T was others we heard speak through Dick.  
 A Tory now, all bounds exceeding,  
 Now best of Whigs, now worst of rats;  
 One day, with Malthus, foe to breeding,  
 The next, with Sadler, all for brats.

Poor Dick!—and how else could it be?  
 With notions all at random caught,  
 A sort of mental fricassee,  
 Made up of legs and wings of thought,—  
 The leavings of the last Debate, or  
 A dinner, yesterday, of wits,  
 Where Dick sate by and, like a waiter,  
 Had the scraps for perquisites.

## A CORRECTED REPORT OF SOME LATE SPEECHES.

"Then I heard one saint speaking, and another saint said unto that saint."

St. S—nd—r rose and declared in sooth,  
 That he would n't give sixpence to Maynooth.  
 He had hated priests the whole of his life,  
 For a priest was a man who had no wife,  
 And, having no wife, the Church was his mother,  
 The Church was his father, sister, and brother.

"He objected to the maintenance and education of a clergy bound by the particular vows of celibacy, which, as it were, gave them the church as their only family, making it fill the places of father and mother and brother."—Debate on the Grant to Maynooth College, *The Times*, April 19.

This being the case, he was sorry to say,  
 That a gulf 'twixt Papist and Protestant lay,<sup>1</sup>  
 So deep and wide, scarce possible was it  
 To say even "how d' ye do?" across it :  
 And though your Liberals, nimble as fleas,  
 Could clear such gulfs with perfect ease,  
 'T was a jump that nothing on earth could make  
 Your proper, heavy-built Christian take.  
 No, no,—if a Dance of Sects must be,  
 He would set to the Baptist willingly,<sup>2</sup>  
 At the Independent deign to smirk,  
 And rigadon with old Mother Kirk ;  
 Nay ev'n, for once, if needs must be,  
 He would take hands round with all the three ;  
 But, as to a jig with Popery, no,—  
 To the Harlot ne'er would he point his toe.

St. M—nd—v—le was the next that rose,—  
 That Saint who round, as a pedlar, goes,  
 With his pack of piety and prose,  
 Heavy and hot enough, God knows,—  
 And he said that Papists were much inclined  
 To extirpate all of Protestant kind,  
 Which he could n't, in truth, so much condemn,  
 Having rather a wish to extirpate them ;  
 That is,—to guard against mistake,—  
 To extirpate them for their doctrine's sake ;  
 A distinction Churchmen always make,—  
 Inasmuch that, when they 've prime control,  
 Though sometimes roasting heretics whole,  
 They but cook the body for sake of the soul.

Next jump'd St. J—hnst—n jollily forth,  
 The spiritual Dogberry of the North,<sup>3</sup>  
 A right "wise fellow and, what 's more,  
 An officer,"<sup>4</sup> like his type of yore ;  
 And he ask'd, if we grant such toleration,  
 Pray, what 's the use of our Reformation ?<sup>5</sup>

What is the use of our Church and State ?  
 Our Bishops, Articles, Tithe, and Rate ?

<sup>1</sup> " It had always appeared to him that between the Catholic and Protestant a great gulf intervened, which rendered it impossible, etc. "

<sup>2</sup> " The Baptist might acceptably extend the offices of religion to the Presbyterian and the Independent, or the member of the Church of England to any of the other three ; but the Catholic. " etc.

<sup>3</sup> " Could he then, holding as he did a spiritual office in the Church of Scotland (cries of hear, and laughter) with any consistency give his consent to a grant of money ? " etc.

<sup>4</sup> " I am a wise fellow, and, which is more, an officer. "—*Much Ado about Nothing*. "

<sup>5</sup> " What, he asked, was the use of the Reformation ? What was the use of the Articles of the Church of England, or of the Church of Scotland ? " etc.

And, still as he yell'd out "what 's the use?"  
 Old Echoes, from their cells recluse  
 Where they 'd for centuries slept, broke loose,  
 Yelling responsive, "What 's the use?"

### THE BRUNSWICK CLUB.

A letter having been addressed to a very distinguished personage, requesting him to become the Patron of this Orange Club, a polite answer was forthwith returned, of which we have been fortunate enough to obtain a copy.

*Brimstone-Hall, September 1, 1828.*

*Private.*—Lord Belzebub presents  
 To the Brunswick Club his compliments,  
 And much regrets to say that he  
 Cannot, at present, their Patron be.  
 In stating this, Lord Belzebub  
 Assures, on his honour, the Brunswick Club,  
 That 't is n't from any lukewarm lack  
 Of zeal, or fire, he thus holds back—  
 As ev'n Lord Coal ' himself is not  
 For the Orange party more red-hot:  
 But the truth is, till their Club affords  
 A somewhat decentér shew of Lords,  
 And on its list of members gets  
 A few less rubbishy Baronets,  
 Lord Belzebub must heg to be  
 Excused from keeping such company.  
 Who the devil, he humbly begs to know,  
 Are Lord Glandine, and Lord Dunlo?  
 Or who, with a grain of sense, would go  
 To sit and be bored by Lord M—yo?  
 What living creature—*except his nurse*—  
 For Lord M—ntc—sh—l cares a curse,  
 Or thinks 't would matter if Lord M—sk—rry  
 Were t' other side of the Stygian ferry?  
 Breathes there a man in Duhlin town,  
 Who 'd give but half of half-a-crown  
 To save from drowning my Lord R—thd—ne,  
 Or who would n't also gladly hustle in  
 Lords R—d—n, B—nd—n, C—le, and J—o—c—l—n?  
 In short, though, from his tenderest years,  
 Accustom'd to all sorts of Peers,  
 Lord Belzebub much questions whether  
 He ever yet saw, mix'd together,  
 As 't were in one capacious tub,  
 Such a mess of noble silly-hub  
 As the twenty Peers of the Brunswick Club.

\* Usually written "Cole."

It being impossible that Lord B.  
 Could stoop to such society,  
 Thinking, he owns (though no great prig),  
 For one in his station 't were *infra dig*.  
 He begs to propose, in the interim,  
 Till they find some prop'rer Peers for him,  
 His Highness of C—d, as *Sub*,  
 To take his place at the Brunswick Club—  
 Begging, meanwhile, himself to dub  
 Their obedient servant, BELZEBUB.

It luckily happens, the R—y—l Duke  
 Resembles so much in air and look  
 The head of the Belzebub family,  
 That few can any difference see;  
 Which makes him, of course, the better suit  
 To serve as Lord B. 's substitute.

## ADVERTISEMENT.\*

MISSING or lost, last Sunday night,  
 A Waterloo coin, whereon was traced  
 The inscription, " Courage! " in letters bright,  
 Though a little by rust of years defaced.

The metal thereof is rough and hard,  
 And—'t is thought of late—mix'd up with brass ;  
 But it bears the stamp of Fame's award,  
 And through all Posterity's hands will pass.

How it was lost, God only knows,  
 But certain *City* thieves, they say,  
 Broke in on the owner's evening doze,  
 And filched this " gift of gods " away!

One ne'er could, of course, the Cits suspect,  
 If we had n't, that evening, chanced to see,  
 At the robb'd man's door, a *Mare* elect,  
 With an ass, to keep ber company.

Whosoever of this lost treasure knows,  
 Is begg'd to state all facts about it,  
 As the owner can't well face his foes,  
 Nor, indeed, just now, his friends,—without it.

\* Written at that memorable crisis when a distinguished Duke, then Prime Minister, acting under the inspirations of Sir C. H—n—r and other *City* worthies, advised his Majesty to give up his announced intention of dining with the Lord Mayor.



And if Sir Clod will bring it back,  
 Like a trusty Baronet, wise and able,  
 He shall have a ride on the whitest hack  
 That is left in old King George's stable.

## THE MAD TORY AND THE COMET.

FOUNDED ON A LATE DISTRESSING INCIDENT.

"Mutantem regna cometen."—Lucan.

"THOUGH all the pet mischiefs we count upon, fail,  
 Though Cholera, hurricanes, Wellington leave us,  
 We've still in reserve, mighty Comet, thy tail;—  
 Last hope of the Tories, wilt thou too deceive us?"

"No—'t is coming, 't is coming, the avenger is nigh;  
 Heed, heed not, ye placemen, how Herapath flatters;  
 One whisk from that tail, as it passes us by,  
 Will settle, at once, all political matters;—

"The East-India Question! the Bank, the Five Powers,  
 (Now turn'd into two) with their rignarole protocols;—  
 Ha! ha! ye gods, how this new friend of ours  
 Will knock, right and left, all diplomacy's what d' ye calls!

"Yes, rather than Whigs at our downfall should mock,  
 Meet planets and suns in one general husle!  
 While, happy in vengeance, we welcome the shock  
 That shall jerk from their places, Grey, Althorp, and Russell."

Thus spoke a mad Lord, as, with telescope raised,  
 His wild Tory eye on the heavens he set;  
 And though nothing destructive appear'd as he gazed,  
 Much hoped that there *would*, before Parliament met.

And still, as odd shapes seem'd to flit through his glass,  
 "Ha! there it is now," the poor maniac cries;  
 While his fancy with forms but too monstrous, alas,  
 From his own Tory zodiac, peoples the skies:—

"Now I spy a big body, good heavens, how big!  
 Whether Bucky or Taurus, I cannot well say;  
 And, yonder, there's Eld—n's old Chancery-wig,  
 In its dusty aphelion fast fading away.

\* Eclipses and comets have been always looked to as great changers of administrations.  
 Thus Milton, speaking of the former:—

"With fear of change  
 Perplexing monarchs."

And in Statius we find,

"Mutant que sceptra comete."

"I see," mong those fatuous meteors behind,  
 L—nd—nd—ry, in *vacuo*, flaring about ;—  
 While that dim double star, of the nebulous kind,  
 Is the Gemini, R—den and L—rt—n, no doubt.

"Ah, El—b'r—h ! 'faith, I first thought 't was the Comet ;  
 So like that in Milton, it made me quite pale :  
 The head with the same ' horrid hair ' coming from it  
 And plenty of vapour, but—where is the tail ?"

Just then, up aloft jump'd the gazer, elated—  
 For, lo, his bright glass a phenomenon show'd,  
 Which he took to be C—b—d, *upwards* translated,  
 Instead of his natural course, t' other road !

But too awful that sight for a spirit so shaken, —  
 Down dropp'd the poor Tory in fits and grimaces,  
 Then off to the Bedlam in Charles-street was taken,  
 And is now one of Halford's most favourite cases.

FROM THE HON— — HENRY— — TO LADY EMMA— —

*Paris, March 30.*

You bid me explain, my dear angry Ma'amselle,  
 How I came thus to bolt without saying farewell ;  
 And the truth is,—as truth you will have, my sweet railer, —  
 There are two worthy persons I always feel loth  
 To take leave of at starting,—my mistress and tailor, —  
 As somehow one always has scenes with them both ;  
 The Snip in ill-humour, the Syren in tears,  
 She calling on Heaven, and he on the attorney,—  
 Till sometimes, in short, 'twixt his duns and his dears,  
 A young gentleman risks being stopp'd in his journey.

But to come to the point,—though you think, I dare say,  
 That 't is debt or the Cholera drives me away,  
 'Pon honour you 're wrong ;—such a mere bagatelle  
 As a pestilence nobody, now-a-days, fears ;  
 And the fact is, my love, I 'm thus bolting, pell-mell,  
 To get out of the way of these horrid new Peers ;  
 This deluge of coronets, frightful to think of,  
 Which England is now, for her sins, on the brink of ;  
 This coinage of nobles,—coin'd, all of them, badly,  
 And sure to bring Counts to a discount most sadly.

Only think, to have Lords overrunning the nation,  
 As plenty as frogs in a Dutch inundation ;

\* " And from his horrid hair  
 Shakes pestilence and war."

\* Written at the time of the last great creation of Peers.

No shelter from Barons, from Earls no protection,  
 And tadpole young Lords, too, in every direction,—  
 Things created in haste, just to make a Court list of,  
 Two legs and a coronet all they consist of!  
 The prospect's quite frightful, and what Sir George R—e  
 (My particular friend) says is perfectly true,  
 That, so dire the alternative, nobody knows,  
 'Twixt the Peers and the Pestilence, what he's to do;  
 And Sir George even doubts, —could he choose his disorder,—  
 'Twixt coffin and coronet, which he would order.

This being the case, why, I thought, my dear Emma,  
 'Twere best to fight shy of so cursed a dilemma;  
 And though I confess myself somewhat a villain,  
 To 've left *idol mio* without an *addio*,  
 Console your sweet heart, and, a week hence, from Milan  
 I'll send you—some news of Bellini's last trio.

N. B.—Have just pack'd up my travelling set-out,  
 Things a tourist in Italy can't go without—  
 Viz., a pair *gants gras*, from old Houbigant's shop,  
 Good for hands that the air of Mont Cenis may chap.  
 Small presents for ladies,—and nothing so wheedles  
 The creatures abroad as your golden-eyed needles.  
 A neat pocket Horace, by which folks are cozen'd  
 To think one knows Latin, when—one, perhaps, does n't;  
 With some little book about heathen mythology,  
 Just large enough to refresh one's theology;  
 Nothing on earth being half such a bore as  
 Not knowing the difference 'twixt Virgins and Floras.  
 Once more, love, farewell, best regards to the girls,  
 And mind you beware of damp feet and new Earls.

HENRY.

" COLLEGE.—We announced, in our last, that Lefroy and Shaw were returned. They were chaired yesterday; the Students of the College determined, it would seem, to imitate the mob in all things, harnessing themselves to the car, and the Masters of Arts bearing Orange flags and bludgeons before, beside, and behind the car."

Dublin Evening Post, Dec. 20.

Ay, yoke ye to the bigot's car,  
 Ye chosen of Alma Mater's scions;—  
 Fleet chargers drew the God of War,  
 Great Cybele was drawn by lions,  
 And Sylvan Pan, as Poets dream,  
 Drove four young panthers in his team.

Thus, classical L—fr—y, for once, is,  
 Thus, studious of a like turn-out,  
 He harnesses young sucking dunces,  
 To draw him, as their chief, about,  
 And let the world a picture see  
 Of Dulness yoked to Bigotry;

Showing us how young College hacks,  
Can pace with bigots at their backs,  
As though the cubs were born to draw  
Such luggage as L—fr—y and Sh—w.

- Oh shade of Goldsmith, shade of Swift,  
Bright spirits whom, in days of yore,  
This Queen of Dulness sent adrift,  
As aliens to her foggy shore ;<sup>1</sup>—  
Shade of our glorious Grattan, too,  
Whose very name her shame recalls ;  
Whose effigy her bigot crew  
Reversed upon their monkish walls,<sup>2</sup>—  
Bear witness (lest the world should doubt)  
To your mute Mother's dull renown,  
Once famous but for Wit turn'd out,  
And Eloquence turn'd upside down ;  
But now ordain'd new wreaths to win,  
Beyond all fame of former days,  
By breaking thus young donkeys in  
To draw M. P.'s, amid the brays  
Alike of donkeys and M. A.'s—  
Defying Oxford to surpass 'em  
In this new "Gradus ad Parnassum."

## TRANSLATION FROM THE GULL LANGUAGE.

BY DR. BOWRING.

*Scripta manet.*

'T WAS graved on the Stone of Destiny,<sup>3</sup>  
In letters four, and letters three ;  
And ne'er did the King of the Gulls go by  
But those awful letters scared his eye ;  
• For he knew a Prophet Voice had said,  
As long as those words by man were read,  
The ancient race of the Gulls should ne'er  
One hour of peace or plenty share.  
But years on years successive flew,  
And the letters still more legible grew.—  
At top, a T, an H, an E,  
And underneath, D. E. B. T.

<sup>1</sup> See the lives of these two poets for the circumstances under which they left Dublin College.

<sup>2</sup> In the year 1799, the Board of Trinity College, Dublin, thought proper as a mode of expressing their disapprobation of Mr. Grattan's public conduct, to order his portrait, in the Great Hall of the University to be turned upside down, and in this position it remained for some time.

<sup>3</sup> Liafail, or the Stone of Destiny,—for which see Westminster Abbey.

Some thought them Hebrew,—such as Jews,  
 Who deal more in Scrip than Scripture, use;  
 While some surmised 't was an ancient way  
 Of keeping accounts (well known in the day  
 Of the famed Didlerius Jeremias,  
 Who had thereto a wonderful bias),  
 And proved, in books most learnedly boring,  
 'T was call'd the Pontick way of scoring.

Howe'er this be, there never were yet  
 Seven letters of the alphabet,  
 That, 'twixt them, form'd so grim a spell,  
 Or scared a Land of Gulls so well  
 As did this awful riddle-me-ree  
 Of T. H. E. D. E. B. T.

Hark!—it is struggling Freedom's cry;  
 "Help, help, ye nations, or I die;  
 'T is Freedom's fight, and, on the field  
 Where I expire your doom is seal'd."  
 The Gull-King hears the awakening call,  
 He hath summon'd his Peers and Patriots all,  
 And he asks, "Ye noble Gulls, shall we  
 Stand basely by at the fall of the Free,  
 Nor utter a curse, nor deal a blow?"  
 And they answer, with voice of thunder, "No."

Out fly their flashing swords in the air!—  
 But,—why do they rest suspended there?  
 What sudden blight, what baleful charm,  
 Hath chill'd each eye, and check'd each arm?  
 Alas, some withering hand hath thrown  
 The veil from off that fatal stone;  
 And pointing now, with sapless finger,  
 Showeth where dark those letters linger,  
 Letters four, and letters three,  
 T. H. E. D. E. B. T.

At sight thereof, each lifted brand  
 Powerless falls from every hand;  
 In vain the Patriot knits his brow,—  
 Even talk, his staple, fails him now.  
 In vain the King like a hero treads,  
 His Lords of the Treasury shake their heads;  
 And to all his talk of "brave and free,"  
 No answer getteth His Majesty  
 But "T. H. E. D. E. B. T."

In short the whole Gull nation feels  
 They 're fairly spell-bound neck and heels;

And so, in face of the laughing world,  
 Must e'en sit down, with banners furl'd,  
 Adjourning all their dreams sublime  
 Of glory and war to—some other time.

## NOTIONS ON REFORM.

BY A MODERN REFORMER.

OF all the misfortunes as yet brought to pass  
 By this comet-like Bill, with its long tail of speeches,  
 The saddest and worst is the schism which, alas!  
 It has caused between W—th—r—I's waistcoat and breeches.

Some symptoms of this Anti-Union propensity  
 Had oft broken out in that quarter before;  
 But the breach, since the Bill, has attain'd such immensity,  
 Daniel himself could have scarce wish'd it more.

Oh! haste to repair it, ye friends of good order,  
 Ye Atw—ds and W—nns, ere the moment is past:  
 Who can doubt that we tread upon Anarchy's border,  
 When the ties that should hold men are loosening so fast?

Make W—th—r—I yield to "some sort of Reform,"  
 (As we all must, God help us! with very wry faces);  
 And loud as he likes let him bluster and storm  
 About Corporate Rights, so he 'll only wear braces.

Or, if those he now sports have been long in possession,  
 And, like his own borough, are worse for the wear,  
 Advise him, at least, as a prudent concession  
 To intellect's progress, to buy a new pair.

Oh! who that e'er saw him when vocal he stands,  
 With a look something midway 'twixt Fitch's and Lockit's,  
 While still, to inspire him, his deeply-thrust hands  
 Keep jingling the rhino in both breeches-pockets—

Who that ever has listen'd, through groan and through cough,  
 To the speeches inspired by this music of pence,—  
 But must grieve that there 's anything like *falling off*  
 In that great nether source of his wit and his sense?

Who that knows how he look'd when, with grace debonair,  
 He began first to court—rather late in the season—  
 Or when, less fastidious, he sat in the chair  
 Of his old friend, the Nottingham Goddess of Reason:

<sup>1</sup> It will be recollected that the learned gentleman himself boasted, one night, in the House of Commons, of having sat in the very chair which this allegorical lady had occupied.

That Goddess, whose borough-like virtue attracted.

All mongers in *both* wares to proffer their love;  
Whose chair like the stool of the Pythoness acted,  
As W—th—r—l's rants, ever since, go to prove;

Who, in short, would not grieve, if a man of his graces  
Should go on rejecting, unwarn'd by the past,  
The "moderate Reform" of a pair of new braces,  
Till, some day,—he all falls to pieces at last.

### TORY PLEDGES.

I PLEDGE myself, through thick and thin,  
To labour still, with zeal devout,  
To get the Outs, poor devils, in,  
And turn the Ins, the wretches, out.

I pledge myself, though much bereft  
Of ways and means of ruling ill,  
To make the most of what are left,  
And stick to all that 's rotten still.

Though gone the days of place and pelf,  
And drones no more take all the honey,  
I pledge myself to cram myself  
With all I can of public money.

To quarter on that social purse  
My nephews, nieces, sisters, brothers,  
Nor, so *we* prosper, care a curse  
How much 't is at the expense of others.

I pledge myself, whenever Right  
And Might on any point divide,  
Not to ask which is black or white,  
But take, at once, the strongest side.

For instance, in all Tithe discussions,  
I'm *for* the Reverend encroachers :—  
I loathe the Poles, applaud the Russians,—  
Am *for* the Squires, *against* the Poachers.

Betwixt the Corn-Lords and the Poor  
I've not the slightest hesitation,—  
The People *must* be starved, t' insure  
The land its due remuneration.

\* Lucan's description of the effects of the tripod on the appearance and voice of the  
sitter, shows that the symptoms are at least very similar:

*Sponnea tunc primum rabies vesana per ora  
Effluit—  
tunc moestus vastis ululatus in aëtris.*

I pledge myself to be no more  
 With Ireland's wrongs bepros'd or sham'd.—  
 I vote her grievances a bore,  
 So she may suffer and be d—d.

Or if she kick, let it console us,  
 We still have plenty of red coats,  
 To cram the Church, that general bolus,  
 Down any given amount of throats.

I dearly love the Frankfort Diet,—  
 Think newspapers the worst of crimes;  
 And would, to give some chance of quiet,  
 Hang all the writers of The Times;

Break all their correspondents' bones,  
 All authors of "Reply," Rejoinder,"  
 From the Anti-Tory, Colonel J—es,  
 To the Anti-Suttee, Mr. P—ynd—r.

Such are the Pledges I propose;  
 And though I can't now offer gold,  
 There's many a way of buying those  
 Who've but the taste for being sold.

So here's, with three times three hurrahs,  
 A toast, of which you'll not complain,—  
 "Long life to jobbing; may the days  
 Of speculation shine again!"

## ST. JEROME ON EARTH.

### FIRST VISIT.

As St. Jerome, who died some ages ago,  
 Was sitting, one day, in the shades below,  
 "I've heard much of English bishops," quoth he,  
 "And shall take a trip up to earth, to see  
 How far they agree, in their lives and ways,  
 With our good old bishops of ancient days."

He had learn'd—but learn'd without misgivings—  
 Their love for good living, and eke good livings;  
 Not knowing (as ne'er having taken degrees)  
 That good living means claret and fricassees,  
 While its plural means simply—pluralities.  
 "From all I hear," said the innocent man,  
 "They are quite on the good old primitive plan.  
 For wealth and pomp they little can care,  
 As they all say 'no' to the Episcopal chair;  
 And their vestal virtue it well denotes



That they all, good men, wear petticoats."  
 Thus saying, post-haste to earth he hurries,  
 And knocks at the Archbishop of Canterbury's.  
 The door was oped by a lackey in lace,  
 Saying, "What 's your business with his Grace?"  
 "His Grace!" quoth Jerome—for posed was he,  
 Not knowing what *sort* this Grace could be;  
 Whether Grace *preventing*, Grace *particular*,  
 Grace of that breed called *Quinquarticular*—  
 In short, he rummaged his holy mind,  
 The exact description of Grace to find,  
 Which thus could represented be  
 By a footman in full livery!  
 At last, out loud in a laugh he broke  
 (For dearly the good saint loved his joke,)"  
 And said—surveying, as sly he spoke,  
 The costly palace from roof to base—  
 "Well, it isn't, at least, a *saving* Grace!"

"Umph!" said the lackey, a man of few words,  
 "The Archbishop is gone to the House of Lords."  
 "To the House of the Lord, you mean, my son,  
 For, in my time, at least, there was but one;  
 Unless such many-fold priests as these  
 Seek, ev'n in their Lord, pluralities!"  
 "No time for gab," quoth the man in lace:  
 Then, slamming the door in St. Jerome's face,  
 With a curse to the single knockers all,  
 Went to finish his port in the servants' hall,  
 And propose a toast (humanely meant  
 To include even Curates in its extent)  
 "To all-as *serves* the Establishment."

## ST. JEROME ON EARTH.

### SECOND VISIT.

"This much I dare say, that, since *fording* and *loitering* hath come up, preaching hath come down, contrary to the Apostles' times. For they preached and *forded* not: and now they *lord* and preach not. . . . Ever since the-Presters were made Lords and Nobles, the plough standeth; there is no work done, the people starve."—*Lutimer, Sermon of the Plough.*

"Once more," said Jerome, "I'll run up and see  
 How the Church goes on,"—and off set he,  
 Just then the packet-boat, which trades  
 Betwixt our planet and the Shades,

<sup>1</sup> So called from the proceedings of the Synod of Dori.

<sup>2</sup> Witness his well-known pun on the name of his adversary, Vigilantius, whom he calls facetiously Dormitantius.

<sup>3</sup> The suspicion attached to some of the early Fathers of being Arians in their doctrine would appear to derive some confirmation from this passage.

Had arrived below, with a freight so queer,  
 "My eyes!" said Jerome, "what have we here?"—  
 For he saw, when nearer he explored,  
 They 'd a cargo of Bishops' wigs aboard.  
 "They are ghosts of wigs," said Charon, "all,  
 Once worn by nobles Episcopal.  
 For folks on earth, when they 've got a store  
 Of things like these they want no more,  
 Oft send them down, as gifts, you know,  
 To a certain Gentleman here below."

"A sign of the times, I plainly see,"  
 Said the Saint to himself as, pondering, he  
 Sail'd off in the death-boat gallantly.

Arrived on earth, quoth he, "No more  
 I'll affect a body, as before;  
 For I think I'd best, in the company  
 Of Spiritual Lords, a spirit be,  
 And glide, unseen, from See to See."

But oh! to tell what scenes he saw,—  
 It was more than Rabelais' pen could draw.  
 For instance, he found Ex—t—r,  
 Soul, body, inkstand, all in a stir.—  
 For love of God? for sake of King?  
 For good of people?—no such thing;  
 But to get for himself, by some new trick,  
 A shove to a better bishoprick.

He found that pious soul, Van M—ld—t,  
 Much with his money-bags bewilder'd;  
 Snubbing the Clerks of the Diocese,  
 Because the rogues show'd restlessness  
 At having too little cash to touch,  
 While he so Christianly bears too much.  
 He found Old Sarum's wits as gone  
 As his own beloved text in John,—  
 Text he hath prosed so long upon,  
 That 't is thought when ask'd, at the gate of heaven,  
 His name, he'll answer "John v. 7."  
 "But enough of Bishops I've had to-day,"  
 Said the weary Saint,—"I must away.  
 Though I own I should like, before I go,  
 To see for once (as I'm ask'd below  
 If really such odd sights exist),  
 A regular six-fold Pluralist."  
 Just then he heard a general cry,  
 "There's Doctor Hodgson galloping by!"

\* See the Bishop's Letter to Clergy of his Diocese.

\* John, v. 7. A text which, though long given up by all the rest of the orthodox world, is still pertinaciously adhered to by this Right Reverend scholar.

"Ay, that's the man," says the Saint, "to follow,"  
 And off he sets, with a loud view-hollo,  
 At Hodgson's heels, to catch, if he can,  
 A glimpse of this singular plural man.  
 But,—talk of Sir Boyle Roche's bird !  
 To compare him with Hodgson is absurd.  
 "Which way, Sir, pray is the Doctor gone?"—  
 "He is now at his living at Hillingdon."  
 "No no,—you're out, by many a mile,  
 He's away at his Deanery, in Carlisle."—  
 "Pardon me, Sir; but I understand  
 He's gone to his living in Cumberland."—  
 "God bless me, no,—he can't be there;  
 You must try St. George's, Hanover square."  
 Thus all in vain the Saint inquired,  
 From living to living, mock'd and tired;—  
 'T was Hodgson here, 't was Hodgson there,  
 'T was Hodgson nowhere, everywhere;  
 Till, fairly beat, the Saint gave o'er,  
 And flitted away to the Stygian shore,  
 To astonish the natives under ground  
 With the comical things he on earth had found.

### THE CONSULTATION.

"When they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful."—*The Critic.*

*Scene discovers Dr. Whig and Dr. Tory in consultation. Patient on the floor between them.*

*Dr. Whig.*—This wild Irish patient *does* pester me so,  
 That what to do with him, I'm curst if I know.  
 I've promised him anodynes—

*Dr. Tory.* Anodynes!—Stuff.  
 Tie him down—gag him well—he 'll be tranquil enough.  
 That's *my* mode of practice.

*Dr. Whig.* True, quite in *your* line,  
 But unluckily not much, till lately, in *mine*.  
 'T is so painful—

*Dr. Tory.*—Pooh, nonsense—ask Ude how he feels,  
 When, for Epicure feasts, he prepares his live eels,  
 By flinging them in, 'twixt the bars of the fire,  
 And letting them wriggle on there till they tire.  
*He, too, says* " 't is painful "—"quite makes his heart bleed"—  
 But "*your eels are a vile oleaginous breed.*"—  
 He would fain use them gently, but Cookery says "No,"

\* It was a saying of the well-known Sir Boyle, that, "a man could not be in two places at once, unless he was a bird."

And—in short—eels were *born* to be treated just so.  
 'T is the same with these Irish,—who 're odder fish still,—  
 Your tender Whig heart shrinks from using them ill ;  
 I, myself, in my youth, ere I came to get wise,  
 Used, at some operations, to blush to the eyes ;—  
 But, in fact, my dear brother,—if I may make bold  
 To style you, as Peachum did Lockit, of old,—  
 We, Doctors, must act with the firmness of Ude,  
 And, indifferent, like him,—so the fish is *but* stew'd,—  
 Must torture live Pats for the general good.

( *Here patient groans and kicks a little.* )

*Dr. Whig.*—But what, if one's patient 's so devilish perverse,  
 That he won't be thus tortured ?

*Dr. Tory.* Coerce, Sir, coerce.  
 You 're a juvenile performer, but once you begin,  
 You can't think how fast you may train your hand in :  
 And ( *smiling* ) who knows but old Tory may take to the shelf,  
 With the comfort that, while he retires on his pelf,  
 He 's succeeded by one just as—bad as himself ?

*Dr. Whig* ( *looking flattered* ).—Why, to tell you the truth,  
 I 've a small matter here,

Which you help'd me to make for my patient last year,—

( *Goes to a cupboard and brings out a strait-  
 waistcoat and gag.* )

And such rest I 've enjoy'd from his raving, since then,  
 That I 've made up my mind he shall wear it again.

*Dr. Tory* ( *embracing him* ).—Oh, charming !—My dear  
 Doctor Whig, you 're a treasure,  
 Next to torturing, *myself*, to help you is a pleasure.

( *Assisting Dr. Whig.* )

Give me leave—I 've some practice in these mad machines ;  
 There—tighter—the gag in the mouth, by all means.  
 Delightful !—all 's snug—not a squeak need you fear,—  
 You may now put your anodynes off till next year.

[ *Scene closes.* ]

TO THE REV. CH—RL—S OV—RT—N,

CURATE OF ROMALDKIRK.

( *See Edinburgh Review, N. 117.* )

SWEET singer of Romaldkirk, thou who art reckon'd,  
 By critics Episcopal, David the Second, \*

\* This eminent artist, in the second edition of the work wherein he propounds this mode of purifying his eels, professes himself much concerned at the charge of inhumanity brought against his practice, but still begs leave respectfully to repeat that it *is* the only proper mode of preparing eels for the table.

\* " Your Lordship," says Mr. Ov—rt—n, in the Dedication of his Poem to the Bishop of Chester, " has kindly expressed your persuasion that my " Muse will always be a Muse of sacred song, and that it will be tuned as David's was."

If thus, as a Cnrate, so lofty your flight,  
Only think, in a Rectory, how you *would* write!  
Once fairly inspired by the "Tithe-crown'd Apollo,"  
(Who beats, I confess it, our *lay* Phœbus hollow;  
Having gotten, besides the old Niue's inspiration,  
The *Teuth* of all eatable things in creation),  
There's nothing, in fact, that a poet like you,  
So be-nined and be-tenth'd, could n't easily do.

Round the lips of the sweet-tongued Athenian, <sup>they say,</sup>  
While yet but a babe in his cradle he lay,  
Wild honey-bees swarm'd, as a presage to tell  
Of the sweet-flowing words that thence afterwards fell.  
Just so round our Ov—rt—n's cradle, no doubt,  
Tenth ducklings and chicks were seen flitting about;  
Goose embryos, waiting their doom'd decimation,  
Came, shadowing forth his adult destination,  
And small sucking tithe-pigs, in unisical droves,  
Announced the Church poet whom Chester approves.

Oh Horace, when thou, in thy vision of yore,  
Didst dream that a snowy-white plumage came o'er  
Thy etherealized limbs, stealing downily on,  
Till, by Fancy's strong spell, thou wert turn'd to a swan,\*  
Little thought'st thou such fate could a poet befall,  
Without any effort of faucy, at all;  
Little thought'st thou the world would in Ov—rt—n find  
A bird, ready-made, somewhat different in kind,  
But as perfect as Michaelmas' self could produce,  
By gods yclept *anser*, by mortals a goose.

#### SCENE FROM A PLAY, ACTED AT OXFORD, CALLED "MATRICULATION."

[*Boy discovered at a table, with the Thirty-Nine Articles before him.—*  
*Enter the Rt. Rev. Doctor Ph—Hp—ts.*]

Doctor P.—There, my lad, lie the Articles—(*Boy begins to count them*) just thirty-nine—

No occasion to count—you've now only to sign.  
At Cambridge, where folks are less High-Church than we,  
The whole Nine-and-Thirty are lump'd into Three.  
Let's run o'er the items;—there's Justification,  
Predestination, and Supererogation,—  
Not forgetting Salvation and Creed Athanasian,  
Till we reach, at last, Queen Bess's Ratification.

\* Sophocles.

—album motor in alitem  
Sopernè : nascunturque iuvos  
Per digitos humerosque plumæ.

That 's sufficient—now, sign—having read quite enough,  
You "believe in the full and true meaning thereof?"

(*Boy stares.*)

Oh, a mere form of words, to make things smooth and brief,—  
A commodious and short make-believe of belief,  
Which our Church has drawn up, in a form thus articular,  
To keep out, in general, all who 're particular.  
But what 's the boy doing? what! reading all through.  
And my luncheon fast cooling!—this never will do.

*Boy (poring over the Articles).*—Here are points which—pray,  
Doctor, what 's "Grace of Congruity?"

*Doctor P. (sharply).*—You 'll find out, young Sir, when you 've  
more ingenuity.

At present, by signing, you pledge yourself merely,  
Whate'er it may be, to believe it sincerely.

Both in *dining* and *signing* we take the same plan,—  
First, to swallow all down, then digest—as we can.

*Boy (still reading).*—I 've to gulp, I see, St. Athanasius's  
Creed,

Which, I 'm told, is a very tough morsel, indeed;  
As he damns—

*Doctor P. (aside).*—Ay, and so would I, willingly, too,  
All confounded particular young boobies, like you.  
This comes of Reforming!—all 's o'er with our land,  
When people won't stand what they can't understand;  
Nor perceive that our ever-revered Thirty-Nine  
Were made, not for men to believe, but to sign.

[*Exit Doctor P. in a passion.*]

## LATE TITHE CASE.

"*Sic vos non vobis.*"

"THE Vicar of B—mh—m desires me to state that, in consequence of the passing of a recent Act of Parliament, he is compelled to adopt measures which may by some be considered harsh or precipitate; but, in duty to what he owes to his successors, he feels bound to preserve the rights of the vicarage."—*Letter from Mr. S. Powell, August 6.*

No, not, for yourselves, ye reverend men,  
Do you take one pig in every ten,  
But for Holy Church's future heirs,  
Who 've an abstract right to that pig, as theirs;—  
The law supposing that such heirs male  
Are already seized of the pig, in tail.  
No, not for himself hath B—mh—m's priest  
His "well-beloved" of their pennies fleeced:  
But it is that, before his prescient eyes,  
All future Vicars of B—mh—m rise,  
With their embryo daughters, nephews, nieces,  
And 't is for *them* the poor he fleeces.  
He heareth their voices, ages hence,

Saying "Take the pig"—"Oh take the pence;"  
 The cries of little Vicarial dears,  
 The unborn B—mh—mites, reach his ears;  
 And, did he resist that soft appeal,  
 He would not like a true-born Vicar feel.

Thou, too, L—ndy of L—ck—ngt—n!  
 A Rector true, if e'er there was one,  
 Who, for sake of the L—ndies of coming ages,  
 Gripest the tenths of labourers' wages.  
 'T is true, in the pockets of thy small-clothes  
 The claim'd "obvention" \* of four-pence goes;  
 But its abstract spirit, unconfined,  
 Spreads to all future Rector-kind,  
 Warning them all to their rights to wake,  
 And rather to face the block, the stake,  
 Than give up their darling right to take.

One grain of musk, it is said, perfumes  
 (So subtle its spirit) a thousand rooms,  
 And a single four-pence, pocketed well,  
 Through a thousand rectors' lives will tell.  
 Then still continue, ye reverend souls,  
 And still, as your rich Pactolus rolls,  
 Grasp every penny, on every side,  
 From every wretch; to swell its tide:  
 Remembering still what the Law lays down,  
 In that pure poetic style of its own,  
 "If the parson *in esse* submits to loss, he  
 Inflicts the same on the parson *in posse*."

## FOOLS' PARADISE.

### DREAM THE FIRST.

I HAVE been, like Puck, I have been; in a trice,  
 To a realm they call Fools' Paradise,  
 Lying N. N. E. of the Land of Sense,  
 And seldom bless'd with a glimmer thence.  
 But they want it not in this happy place,  
 Where a light of its own gilds every face;  
 Or, if some wear a shadowy brow,  
 'T is the wish to look wise,—not knowing how.  
 Self-glory glistens o'er all that 's there,  
 The trees, the flowers have a jaunty air;

\* Fourteen agricultural labourers (one of whom received so little as six guineas for yearly wages, one eight, one nine, another ten guineas, and the best-paid of the whole not more than 18*l.* annually) were all, in the course of the autumn of 1852, served with demands of tithe at the rate of 4*d.* in the 1*l.* sterling, on behalf of the Rev. F. L—dy, Rector of—, etc. etc.—*The Times*, August 1853.

\* One of the various general terms under which oblations, tithes, etc., are comprised.

The well-bred wind in a whisper blows,  
 The snow, if it snows, is *couleur de rose*,  
 The falling founts in a titter fall,  
 And the sun looks simpering down on all.

Oh, 't is n't in tongue or pen to trace  
 The scenes I saw in that joyous place.  
 There were Lords and Ladies sitting together,  
 In converse sweet, "What charming weather!  
 You'll all rejoice to hear, I'm sure,  
 Lord Charles has got a good sinecure;  
 And the Premier says, my youngest brother,  
 (Him in the Guards) shall have another.  
 Is n't this very, *very* gallant!—  
 As for my poor old virgin aunt,  
 Who has lost her all, poor thing, at whist,  
 We must quarter *her* on the Pension List."  
 Thus smoothly time in that Eden roll'd;  
 It seem'd like an Age of *real* gold,  
 Where all who liked might have a slice,  
 So rich was that Fools' Paradise.

But the sport at which most time they spent,  
 Was a puppets-how, called Parliament,  
 Perform'd by wooden Ciceros,  
 As large as life, who stood to prose,  
 While, hid behind them, lords and squires,  
 Who own'd the puppets, pull'd the wires;  
 And thought it the very best device  
 Of that most prosperous Paradise,  
 To make the vulgar pay through the nose  
 For them and their wooden Ciceros.

And many more such things I saw  
 In this Eden of Church, and State, and Law;  
 Nor e'er were known such pleasant folk  
 As those who had the *best* of the joke.  
 There were Irish Rectors, such as resort  
 To Cheltenham yearly, to drink—port,  
 And bumper, "Long may the Church endure,  
 Where the cure of souls is a sinecure,  
 And a score of Parsons to every soul  
 Is a fair allowance on the whole."  
 There were Heads of Colleges, lying about,  
 From which the sense had all run out,  
 Ev'n to the lowest classic lees,  
 Till nothing was left but *quantities*:  
 Which made them heads most fit to be  
 Stuck up on a University,  
 Which yearly hatches, in its schools,  
 Such flights of young Elysian fools.



Thus all went on, so snug and nice,  
 In this happiest possible Paradise;  
 But it was but too plain to see, alas !  
 That a downfall soon must come to pass.  
 For grief is a lot the good and wise  
 Don't quite so much monopolize,  
 But that ("lapt in Elysium" as they are)  
 Even blessed fools must have their share.  
 And so it happen'd :—but what befell,  
 'In Dream the Second I mean to tell.

## THE RECTOR AND HIS CURATE;

OR, ONE POUND TWO.

"I trust we shall part, as we met, in peace and charity. My last payment to you paid your salary up to the 1st of this month. Since that, I owe you for one month, which being a long month, of thirty-one days, amounts, as near as I can calculate, to six pounds eight shillings. My Steward returns you as a debtor in the amount of SEVEN POUNDS TEN SHILLINGS FOR CON-ACRE GROUND, which leaves some trifling balance in my favour."—*Letter of Dismissal from the Rev. Marcus Beresford to his Curate, the Rev. T. A. Lyons.*

THE account is balanced—the bill drawn out,—  
 The debit and credit all right, no doubt—  
 The Rector, rolling in wealth and state,  
 Owes to his Curate six pounds eight ;  
 The Curate, that least well-fed of men,  
 Owes to his Rector seven pounds ten,  
 Which maketh the balance clearly due  
 From Curate to Rector, one pound two.

Ah balance, on earth unfair, uneven !  
 But sure to be all set right in heaven,  
 Where bills like these will be check'd, some day,  
 And the balance settled the other way ;  
 Were Lyons the curate's hard-wrung sum  
 Will back to his shade with interest come ;  
 And Marcus, the rector, deep may rue  
 This tot, in his favour, of one pound two.

## PADDY'S METAMORPHOSIS.

ABOUT fifty years since, in the days of our daddies,  
 That plan was commenced which the wise now applaud,  
 Of shipping off Ireland's most turbulent Paddies,  
 As good raw material for settlers abroad.

Some West-India island, whose name I forget,  
 Was the region then chosen for this scheme so romantic,  
 And such the success the first colony met,  
 That a second, soon after, set sail o'er the Atlantic.

Behold them now safe at the long-look'd-for shore,  
 Sailing in between banks that the Shannon might greet,  
 And thinking of friends whom, but two years before,  
 They had sorrow'd to lose, but would soon again meet.

And, hark, from the shore, a glad welcome there came—  
 "Arrah, Paddy from Cork, is it you, my sweet boy?"  
 While Pat stood astounded, to hear his own name  
 Thus hail'd by black devils, who caper'd for joy!

Can it possibly be?—half amazement—half doubt,  
 Pat listens again—rubs his eyes and looks steady;  
 Then heaves a deep sigh, and in horror yells out,  
 "Good Lord! only think,—black and curly already!"

Deceived by that well-mimick'd brogue in his ears,  
 Pat read his own doom in these wool-headed figures,  
 And thought, what a climate, in less than two years,  
 To turn a whole cargo of Pats into niggers!

## MORAL.

'T is thus,—but alas! by a marvel more true  
 Than is told in this rival of Ovid's best stories,—  
 Your Whigs, when in office a short year or two,  
 By a *lusus naturæ*, all turn into Tories.

And thus, when I hear them "strong measures" advise,  
 Ere the seats that they sit on have time to get steady,  
 I say, while I listen, with tears in my eyes,  
 "Good Lord! only think,—black and curly already!"

## COCKER, ON CHURCH REFORM.

FOUNDED UPON SOME LATE CALCULATIONS.

FINE figures of speech let your orators follow,  
 Old Cocker has figures that beat them all hollow.  
 Though famed for his rules Aristotle may be,  
 In but *half* of this Sage any merit I see,  
 For, as honest Joe Hume says, the "*tottle*"\* for me!  
 As for instance,—while others discuss and debate,—  
 It is thus about Bishops I ratiocinate:  
 In England, where, spite of the infidel's laughter,  
 'T is certain our souls are look'd very well after,  
 Two Bishops can well (if judiciously sunder'd)  
 Of parishes manage two thousand two hundred,—  
 Said number of parishes, under said teachers,  
 Containing three millions of Protestant creatures,—  
 So that each of said Bishops full ably controls

\* The *total*,—so pronounced by this industrious senator.

Just one million five hundred thousands of souls.  
 And now comes old Cocker. In Ireland we're told,  
*Half* a million includes the whole Protestant fold;  
 Therefore, if, for *three* millions of souls, 't is conceded  
 Two proper-sized Bishops are all that is needed,  
 'T is plain, for the Irish *half* million who want 'em,  
 One *third* of one Bishop is just the right quantum.  
 And thus, by old Cocker's sublime Rule of Three,  
 The Irish Church question 's resolved to a T;  
 Keeping always that excellent maxim in view,  
 That, in saving men's souls, we must save money too.  
 Nay, if,—as St. Roden complains is the case,—  
 The half million of *soul* is decreasing apace,  
 The demand, too, for *bishop* will also fall off,  
 Till the *tithe* of one, taken in kind, be enough.  
 But, as fractions imply that we 'd have to dissect,  
 And to cutting up Bishops I strongly object,  
 We 've a small fractionous prelate whom well we could spare,  
 Who has just the same decimal worth, to a hair;  
 And, not to leave Ireland too much in the lurch,  
 We 'll let her have Ex—t—r, *sole*,<sup>\*</sup> as her Church.

### LES HOMMES AUTOMATES.

"We are persuaded that this our artificial man will not only walk and speak, and perform most of the outward functions of animal life, but (being wound up once a-week) will perhaps reason as well as most of your country persons."—*Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*, chap. xli.

It being an object now to meet  
 With Parsons that don't want to eat,  
 Fit men to fill those Irish rectories  
 Which soon will have but scant refectories,  
 It has been suggested,—lest that Church  
 Should all at once be left in the lurch,  
 For want of reverend men endued  
 With this gift of ne'er requiring food,—  
 To try, by way of experiment, whether  
 There could n't be made, of wood and leather,<sup>\*</sup>  
 (Howe'er the notion may sound chimerical,<sup>†</sup>)  
 Jointed figures, not *lay*, but clerical,<sup>‡</sup>  
 Which, wound up carefully once a-week,  
 Might just like parsons look and speak,  
 Nay even, if requisite, reason too  
 As well as most Irish parsons do.

\* Corporation sole.

† The materials of which those Nuremberg Savans, mentioned by Scriblerus, constructed their artificial man.

‡ The wooden models used by painters are, it is well known, called "*lay figures*."

The experiment having succeeded quite,  
 (Whereat those Lords must much delight,  
 Who 've shown, by stopping the Church's food,  
 They think 't is not for her spiritual good  
 To be served by parsons of flesh and blood),  
 The Patentees of this new invention  
 Beg leave respectfully to mention,  
 They now are enabled to produce  
 A large supply, for present use,  
 Of these reverend pieces of machinery,  
 Ready for vicarage, rectory, deanery,  
 Or any such-like post of skill  
 That wood and leather are fit to fill.

N.B.—In places addicted to arson,  
 We can't recommend a wooden parson :  
 But, if the Church any such appoints,  
 They 'd better, at least, have iron joints.  
 In parts, not much by Protestants haunted,  
 A figure to look at 's all that 's wanted—  
 A block in black, to eat and sleep,  
 Which (now that the eating 's o'er) comes cheap.

P.S.—Should the Lords, by way of a treat,  
 Permit the clergy again to eat,  
 The Church will, of course, no longer need  
 Imitation-parsons that never feed,  
 And these creatures of ours, broke up, will sell  
 For secular purposes just as well—  
 Our Beresfords, turn'd to bludgeons stout,  
 May, 'stead of beating their own about,  
 Be knocking the brains of Papists out;  
 While our smooth O'Sullivans, by all means,  
 Should transmigrate into turning-machines.

### HOW TO MAKE ONESELF A PEER,

ACCORDING TO THE NEWEST RECEIPT, AS DISCLOSED IN A LATE  
 HERALDIC WORK.

CHOOSE some title that 's dormant—the Peerage hath many—  
 Lord Baron of Shamdos sounds nobly as any.  
 Next, catch a dead cousin of said defunct Peer,  
 And marry him, off hand, in some given year,  
 To the daughter of somebody,—no matter who,—  
 Fig, the grocer himself, if your 're hard run, will do;  
 For, the Medici pills still in heraldry tell,  
 And why shouldn't lollypops quarter as well?  
 Thus, having your couple,—and one a lord's cousin,—  
 Young materials for peers may be had by the dozen;  
 And 't is hard if, inventing each small mother's-son of 'em,

You can't somehow manage to prove *yourself* one of 'em.  
 Should registers, deeds, and such matters refractory  
 Stand in the way of this lord-manufactory,  
 I've merely to hint, as a secret auricular,  
 One *grand* rule of enterprise,—don't be particular.  
 A man who once takes such a jump at nobility  
 Must not mince the matter, like folks of nihility,  
 But clear thick and thin with true lordly agility.

'T is true, to a would-be descendant from Kings,  
 Parish-registers sometimes are troublesome things;  
 As oft, when the vision is near brought about,  
 Some goblin, in shape of a grocer, grins out;  
 Or some barber, perhaps, with my Lord mingles bloods,  
 And one's patent of peerage is left in the suds.

But there *are* ways—when folks are resolved to be lords—  
 Of expurg'g ev'n troublesome parish records.  
 What think ye of scissors? depend on 't no heir  
 Of a Shamdos should go unsupplied with a pair,  
 As, whate'er *else* the learn'd in such lore may invent,  
 Your scissors does wonders in proving descent.  
 Yes, poets may sing of those terrible shears  
 With which Atropos snips off both bumpkins and peers,  
 But they're nought to that weapon which shines in the hands  
 Of some would-be-Patrician, when proudly he stands  
 O'er the careless churchwarden's baptismal array,  
 And sweeps at each cut generations away.—  
 By some babe of old times is his peerage resisted?  
 One snip,—and the urchin bath *never* existed!  
 Does some marriage, in days near the Flood, interfere  
 With his one sublime object of being a Peer?  
 Quick, the shears at once nullify bridegroom and bride,—  
 No such people have ever lived, married, or died!  
 Such the newest receipt for those high-minded elves,  
 Who 've a fancy for making great lords of themselves.  
 Follow this, young aspirer, who pant'st for a peerage,  
 Take S—m for thy model and B—z for thy steerage,  
 Do all and much worse than old Nicholas Flam does,  
 And—who knows but you 'll be Lord Baron of Shamdos?

\* "This we call pure nihility, or mere nothing."—*IT tells's Logic*.

THE END.



PARIS.—PRINTED BY CASIMIR, 12, RUE DE LA VILLELLE-MONNAIE.

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